

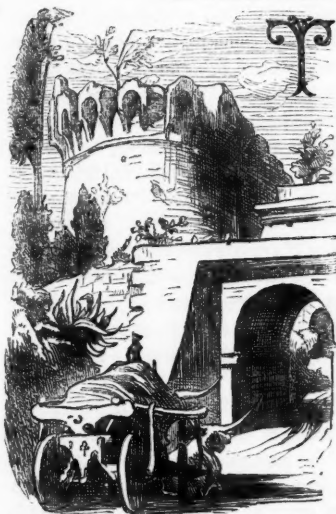
THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1863.

Romola.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE BLACK MARKS BECOME MAGICAL.



THAT journey of Tito's to Rome, which had removed many difficulties from Romola's departure, had been resolved on quite suddenly, at a supper, only the evening before. Tito had set out towards that supper with agreeable expectations. The meats were likely to be delicate, the wines choice, the company distinguished; for the place of entertainment was the Selva, or Orto de' Rucellai, or, as we should say, the Rucellai Gardens; and the host, Bernardo Rucellai, was quite a typical Florentine grandee. Even his family name has a significance which is prettily symbolic: properly understood, it may bring before us a little lichen, popularly named *orcella* or *roccella*, which grows on the rocks of Greek isles and in the Canaries; and having drunk a great deal of light into its little stems and button-heads, will, under certain circumstances, give it out again as a reddish purple dye, very grateful to the eyes of men. By bringing the excellent secret of this dye, called *oricello*, from the Levant to Florence, a certain merchant, who lived nearly a hundred years before our Bernardo's time, won for himself and his descendants much wealth, and the pleasantly-suggestive

surname of Oricellari, or Roccellari, which on Tuscan tongues speedily became Rucellai. And our Bernardo, who stands out more prominently than the rest on this purple background, had added all sorts of distinction to the family name : he had married the sister of Lorenzo de' Medici, and had had the most splendid wedding in the memory of Florentine upholstery ; and for these and other virtues he had been sent on embassies to France and Venice, and had been chosen Gonfaloniere ; he had not only built himself a fine palace, but had finished putting the black and white marble façade to the church of Santa Maria Novella ; he had planted a garden with rare trees, and had made it classic ground by receiving within it the meetings of the Platonic Academy, orphaned by the death of Lorenzo ; he had written an excellent, learned book, of a new topographical sort, about ancient Rome ; he had collected antiquities ; he had a pure Latinity. The simplest account of him, one sees, reads like a laudatory epitaph, at the end of which the Greek and Ausonian Muses might be confidently requested to tear their hair, and Nature to desist from any second attempt to combine so many virtues with one set of viscera.

His invitation had been conveyed to Tito through Lorenzo Tornabuoni, with an emphasis which would have suggested that the object of the gathering was political, even if the public questions of the time had been less absorbing. As it was, Tito felt sure that some party purposes were to be furthered by the excellent flavours of stewed fish and old Greek wine ; for Bernardo Rucellai was not simply an influential personage, he was one of the elect Twenty who for three weeks had held the reins of Florence. This assurance put Tito in the best spirits as he made his way to the Via della Scala, where the classic garden was to be found : without it, he might have had some uneasy speculation as to whether the high company he would have the honour of meeting was likely to be dull as well as distinguished ; for he had had experience of various dull suppers even in the Rucellai gardens, and especially of the dull philosophic sort, wherein he had not only been called upon to accept an entire scheme of the universe (which would have been easy to him), but to listen to an exposition of the same, from the origin of things to their complete ripeness in the tractate of the philosopher then speaking.

It was a dark evening, and it was only when Tito crossed the occasional light of a lamp suspended before an image of the Virgin, that the outline of his figure was discernible enough for recognition. At such moments any one caring to watch his passage from one of these lights to another might have observed that the tall and graceful personage with the mantle folded round him was followed constantly by a very different form, thick-set and elderly, in a serge tunic and felt hat. The conjunction might have been taken for mere chance, since there were many passengers along the streets at this hour. But when Tito stopped at the gate of the Rucellai gardens, the figure behind stopped too. The *sportello*, or smaller door of the gate, was already being held open by the servant, who, in the distraction of attending to some question, had not yet closed it since the

last arrival, and Tito turned in rapidly, giving his name to the servant, and passing on between the evergreen bushes that shone like metal in the torchlight. The follower turned in too.

"Your name?" said the servant.

"Baldassarre Calvo," was the immediate answer.

"You are not a guest; the guests have all passed."

"I belong to Tito Melema, who has just gone in. I am to wait in the gardens."

The servant hesitated. "I had orders to admit only guests. Are you a servant of Messer Tito?"

"No, friend, I am not a servant; I am a scholar."

There are men to whom you need only say, "I am a buffalo," in a certain tone of quiet confidence, and they will let you pass. The porter gave way at once, Baldassarre entered, and heard the door closed and chained behind him, as he too disappeared among the shining bushes.

Those ready and firm answers argued a great change in Baldassarre since the last meeting face to face with Tito, when the dagger broke in two. The change had declared itself in a startling way.

At the moment when the shadow of Tito passed in front of the hovel as he departed homeward, Baldassarre was sitting in that state of after-tremor known to every one who is liable to great outbursts of passion: a state in which physical powerlessness is sometimes accompanied by an exceptional lucidity of thought, as if that disengagement of excited passion had carried away a fire-mist and left clearness behind it. He felt unable to rise and walk away just yet; his limbs seemed benumbed; he was cold, and his hand shook. But in that bodily helplessness he sat surrounded, not by the habitual dimness and vanishing shadows, but by the clear images of the past: he was living again in an unbroken course through that life which seemed a long preparation for the taste of bitterness. For some minutes he was too thoroughly absorbed by the images to reflect on the fact that he saw them, and note the fact as a change. But when that sudden clearness had travelled through the distance, and came at last to rest on the scene just gone by, he felt fully where he was: he remembered Monna Lisa and Tessa. Ah! *he* then was the mysterious husband; he who had another wife in the Via de' Bardi. It was time to pick up the broken dagger and go—go and leave no trace of himself; for to hide his feebleness seemed the thing most like power that was left to him. He leaned to take up the fragments of the dagger; then he turned towards the book which lay open at his side. It was a fine large manuscript, an odd volume of Pausanias. The moonlight was upon it, and he could see the large letters at the head of the page:

ΜΕΣΣΗΝΙΚΑ. ΚΒ'.

In old days he had known Pausanias familiarly; yet an hour or two ago he had been looking hopelessly at that page, and it had suggested no more meaning to him than if the letters had been black weather-marks on a

wall ; but at this moment they were once more the magic signs that conjure up a world. That moonbeam falling on the letters had raised Messenia before him, and its struggle against the Spartan oppression. He snatched up the book, but the light was too pale for him to read further by. No matter ; he knew that chapter ; he read inwardly. He saw the stoning of the traitor Aristocrates—stoned by a whole people, who cast him out from their borders to lie unburied, and set up a pillar with verses upon it, telling how Time had brought home justice to the unjust. The words arose within him, and stirred innumerable vibrations of memory. He forgot that he was old : he could almost have shouted. The light was come again, mother of knowledge and joy ! In that exultation his limbs recovered their strength : he started up with his broken dagger and book, and went out under the broad moonlight. It was a nipping frosty air, but Baldassarre could feel no chill—he only felt the glow of conscious power. He walked about and paused on all the open spots of that high ground, and looked down on the domed and towered city, sleeping darkly under its sleeping guardians, the mountains ; on the pale gleam of the river ; on the valley vanishing towards the peaks of snow ; and felt himself master of them all. That sense of mental empire which belongs to us all in moments of exceptional clearness was intensified for him by the long days and nights in which memory had been little more than the consciousness of something gone. That city, which had been a weary labyrinth, was material that he could subdue to his purposes now : his mind glanced through its affairs with flashing conjecture ; he was once more a man who knew cities, whose sense of vision was instructed with large experience, and who felt the keen delight of holding all things in the grasp of language. Names ! Images !—his mind rushed through its wealth without pausing, like one who enters on a great inheritance.

But amidst all that rushing eagerness there was one end presiding in Baldassarre's consciousness,—a dark deity in the inmost cell, who only seemed forgotten while his hecatomb was being prepared. And when the first triumph in the certainty of recovered power had had its way, his thoughts centred themselves on Tito. That fair slippery viper could not escape him now : thanks to struggling justice, the heart that never quivered with tenderness for another had its sensitive selfish fibres that could be reached by the sharp point of anguish. The soul that bowed to no right, bowed to the great lord of mortals, Pain.

He could search into every secret of Tito's life now : he knew some of the secrets already, and the failure of the broken dagger, which seemed like frustration, had been the beginning of achievement. Doubtless that sudden rage had shaken away the obstruction which stifled his soul. Twice before, when his memory had partially returned, it had been in consequence of sudden excitement : once when he had had to defend himself from an enraged dog ; once when he had been overtaken by the waves and had had to scramble up a rock to save himself.

Yes, but if this time, as then, the light were to die out, and the dreary

conscious blank come back again! This time the light was stronger and steadier; but what security was there that before the morrow the dark fog would not be round him again? Even the fear seemed like the beginning of feebleness: he thought with alarm that he might sink the faster for this excited vigil of his on the hill, which was expending his force; and after seeking anxiously for a sheltered corner where he might lie down, he nestled at last against a heap of warm garden straw, and so fell asleep.

When he opened his eyes again it was daylight. The first moments were filled with strange bewilderment: he was a man with a double identity; to which had he awaked?—to the life of dim-sighted sensibilities like the sad heirship of some fallen greatness, or to the life of recovered power? Surely the last, for the events of the night all came back to him: the recognition of the page in Pausanias, the crowding resurgence of facts and names, the sudden wide prospect which had given him such a moment as that of the Mænad in the glorious amaze of her morning waking on the mountain top. He took up the book again, he read, he remembered without reading. He saw a name, and the images of deeds rose with it; he saw the mention of a deed, and he linked it with a name. There were stories of inexpressible crimes, but stories also of guilt that seemed successful. There were sanctuaries for swift-footed miscreants; baseness had its armour, and the weapons of justice sometimes broke against it. What then? If baseness triumphed everywhere else, if it could heap to itself all the goods of the world, and even hold the keys of hell, it would never triumph over the hatred itself awaked. It could devise no torture that would seem greater than the torture of submitting to its smile. Baldassarre felt the indestructible independent force of a supreme emotion, which knows no terror, and asks for no motive—which is itself an ever-burning motive, consuming all other desire. And now, in this morning light, when the assurance came again that the fine fibres of association were active still, and that his recovered self had not departed, all his gladness was but the hope of vengeance.

From that time till the evening on which we have seen him enter the Rucellai gardens, he had been incessantly, but cautiously, inquiring into Tito's position and all his circumstances, and there was hardly a day on which he did not contrive to follow his movements. But he wished not to arouse any alarm in Tito: he wished to secure a moment when the hated favourite of blind fortune was at the summit of confident ease, surrounded by chief men on whose favour he depended. It was not any retributive payment or recognition of himself for his own behoof, on which Baldassarre's whole soul was bent: it was to find the sharpest edge of disgrace and shame by which a selfish smiler could be pierced; it was to send through his marrow the most sudden shock of dread. He was content to lie hard, and live stintedly—he had spent the greater part of his remaining money in buying another poniard: his hunger and his thirst were after nothing exquisite but an exquisite vengeance. He had avoided

addressing himself to any one whom he suspected of intimacy with Tito, lest an alarm raised in Tito's mind should urge him either to flight, or to some other counteracting measure which hard-pressed ingenuity might devise. For this reason he had never entered Nello's shop, which he observed that Tito frequented, and he had turned aside to avoid meeting Piero di Cosimo.

The possibility of frustration gave added eagerness to his desire that the great opportunity he sought should not be deferred. The desire was eager in him on another ground; he trembled lest his memory should go again. Whether from the agitating presence of that fear, or from some other causes, he had twice felt a sort of mental dizziness, in which the inward sense or imagination seemed to be losing the distinct forms of things. Once he had attempted to enter the Palazzo Vecchio and make his way into a council-chamber where Tito was, and had failed. But now on this evening, he felt that his occasion was come.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A SUPPER IN THE RUCELLAI GARDENS.

ON entering the handsome pavilion, Tito's quick glance soon discerned in the selection of the guests the confirmation of his conjecture that the object of the gathering was political, though, perhaps, nothing more distinct than that strengthening of party which comes from good-fellowship. Good dishes and good wine were at that time believed to heighten the consciousness of political preferences, and in the inspired ease of after-supper talk it was supposed that people ascertained their own opinions with a clearness quite inaccessible to uninvited stomachs. The Florentines were a sober and frugal people; but wherever men have gathered wealth, Madonna della Gozzoviglia and San Buonvino have had their worshippers; and the Rucellai were among the few Florentine families who kept a great table and lived splendidly. It was not probable that on this evening there would be any attempt to apply high philosophic theories; and there could be no objection to the bust of Plato looking on, or even to the modest presence of the cardinal virtues in fresco on the walls.

That bust of Plato had been long used to look down on conviviality of a more transcendental sort, for it had been brought from Lorenzo's villa after his death, when the meetings of the Platonic Academy had been transferred to these gardens. Especially on every thirteenth of November, reputed anniversary of Plato's death, it had looked from under laurel leaves at a picked company of scholars and philosophers, who met to eat and drink with moderation, and to discuss and admire, perhaps with less moderation, the doctrines of the great master:—on Pico della Mirandola, once a Quixotic young genius, with long curls, astonished at his own

powers, and astonishing Rome with heterodox theses; afterwards a more humble student, with a consuming passion for inward perfection, having come to find the universe more astonishing than his own cleverness:—on innocent, laborious Marsilio Ficino, picked out young to be reared as a Platonic philosopher, and fed on Platonism in all its stages till his mind was perhaps a little pulpy from that too exclusive diet:—on Angelo Poliziano, chief literary genius of that age, a born poet, and a scholar without dullness, whose phrases had blood in them and are alive still:—or, farther back, on Leon Battista Alberti, a reverend senior when those three were young, and of a much grander type than they, a robust, universal mind, at once practical and theoretic, artist, man of science, inventor, poet:—and on many more valiant workers whose names are not registered where every day we turn the leaf to read them, but whose labours make a part, though an unrecognized part, of our inheritance, like the ploughing and sowing of past generations.

Bernardo Rucellai was a man to hold a distinguished place in that Academy even before he became its host and patron. He was still in the prime of life, not more than four and forty, with a somewhat haughty, cautiously dignified presence; conscious of an amazingly pure Latinity, but, says Erasmus, not to be caught speaking Latin—no word of Latin to be sheared off him by the sharpest of Teutons. He welcomed Tito with more marked favour than usual, and gave him a place between Lorenzo Tornabuoni and Giannozzo Pucci, both of them accomplished young members of the Medicean party.

Of course the talk was the lightest in the world while the brass bowl, filled with scented water, was passing round, that the company might wash their hands, and rings flashed on white fingers under the wax-lights, and there was the pleasant fragrance of fresh white damask newly come from France. The tone of remark was a very common one in those times. Some one asked what Dante's pattern old Florentine would think if the life could come into him again under his leathern belt and bone clasp, and he could see silver forks on the table? And it was agreed on all hands that the habits of posterity would be very surprising to ancestors, if ancestors could only know them. And while the silver forks were just dallying with the appetizing delicacies that introduced the more serious business of the supper—such as morsels of liver, cooked to that exquisite point that they would melt in the mouth—there was time to admire the designs on the enamelled silver centres of the brass service, and to say something, as usual, about the silver dish for *confetti*, a masterpiece of Antonio Pollajuolo, whom patronizing Popes had seduced from his native Florence to more gorgeous Rome.

"Ah, I remember," said Niccolò Ridolfi, a middle-aged man, with that negligent ease of manner which, seeming to claim nothing, is really based on the life-long consciousness of commanding rank—"I remember our Antonio getting bitter about his chiselling and enamelling of these metal things, and taking in a fury to painting, because, said he, 'the

artist who puts his work into gold and silver, puts his brains into the melting-pot.'"

"And that is not unlikely to be a true foreboding of Antonio's," said Giannozzo Pucci. "If this pretty war with Pisa goes on, and the revolt only spreads a little to our other towns, it is not only our silver dishes that are likely to go; I doubt whether Antonio's silver saints round the altar of San Giovanni will not some day vanish from the eyes of the faithful to be worshipped more devoutly in the form of coin."

"The Frate is preparing us for that already," said Tornabuoni. "He is telling the people that God will not have silver crucifixes and starving stomachs; and that the church is best adorned with the gems of holiness and the fine gold of brotherly love."

"A very useful doctrine of war-finance, as many a Condottiere has found," said Bernardo Rucellai, drily. "But politics come on after the *confetti*, Lorenzo, when we can drink wine enough to wash them down; they are too solid to be taken with roast and boiled."

"Yes, indeed," said Niccolò Ridolfi. "Our Luigi Pulci would have said this delicate boiled kid must be eaten with an impartial mind. I remember one day at Careggi, when Luigi was in his rattling vein, he was maintaining that nothing perverted the palate like opinion. 'Opinion,' said he, 'corrupts the saliva—that's why men took to pepper. Scepticism is the only philosophy that doesn't bring a taste in the mouth.' 'Nay,' says poor Lorenzo de' Medici, 'you must be out there, Luigi. Here is this untainted sceptic, Matteo Franco, who wants hotter sauce than any of us.' 'Because he has a strong opinion of *himself*,' flashes out Luigi, 'which is the original egg of all other opinion. He a sceptic? He believes in the immortality of his own verses. He is such a logician as that preaching friar who described the pavement of the bottomless pit.' Poor Luigi! his mind was like sharpest steel that can touch nothing without cutting."

"And yet a very gentle-hearted creature," said Giannozzo Pucci. "It seemed to me his talk was a mere blowing of soap-bubbles. What dithyrambs he went into about eating and drinking! and yet he was as temperate as a butterfly."

The light talk and the solid eatables were not soon at an end, for after the roast and boiled meats came the indispensable capon and game, and, crowning glory of a well-spread table, a peacock cooked according to the receipt of Apicius for cooking partridges, namely, with the feathers on, but not plucked afterwards, as that great authority ordered concerning his partridges; on the contrary, so disposed on the dish that it might look as much as possible like a live peacock taking its unboiled repose. Great was the skill required in that confidential servant who was the official carver, respectfully to turn the classical though insipid bird on its back, and expose the plucked breast from which he was to dispense a delicate slice to each of the honourable company, unless any one should be of so independent a mind as to decline that expensive toughness and prefer the vulgar digestibility of capon.

the

aid
vult
hes
the
the

He
ing
ess

nas
the
n;

ve
re-
vas
n,'
sm
ys
his
s.'
is
he
ng
his

ci.
at
as

or
e,
ng
rs
ng
ht
e.
ne
ts
ee
ld
ad



A SUPPER IN THE RUCELLAI GARDENS

Hardly any one was so bold. Tito quoted Horace, and dispersed his slice in small particles over his plate; Bernardo Rucellai made a learned observation about the ancient price of peacocks' eggs, but did not pretend to eat his slice; and Niccolò Ridolfi held a mouthful on his fork while he told a favourite story of Luigi Pulci's, about a man of Siena, who, wanting to give a splendid entertainment at moderate expense, bought a wild goose, cut off its beak and webbed feet, and boiled it in its feathers, to pass for a pea-hen.

In fact, very little peacock was eaten; but there was the satisfaction of sitting at a table where peacock was served up in a remarkable manner, and of knowing that such caprices were not within reach of any but those who supped with the very wealthiest men. And it would have been rashness to speak slightly of peacock's flesh, or any other venerable institution, at a time when Fra Girolamo was teaching the disturbing doctrine that it was not the duty of the rich to be luxurious for the sake of the poor.

Meanwhile, in the chill obscurity that surrounded this centre of warmth, and light, and savoury odours, the lonely disowned man was walking in gradually narrowing circuits. He paused among the trees, and looked in at the windows, which made brilliant pictures against the gloom. He could hear the laughter; he could see Tito gesticulating with careless grace, and hear his voice, now alone, now mingling in the merry confusion of interlacing speeches. Baldassarre's mind was highly strung. He was preparing himself for the moment when he could win his entrance into this brilliant company; and he had a savage satisfaction in the sight of Tito's easy gaiety, which seemed to be preparing the unconscious victim for more effective torture.

But the men seated among the branching tapers and the flashing cups could know nothing of the pale fierce face that watched them from without. The light can be a curtain as well as the darkness.

And the talk went on with more eagerness as it became less disconnected and trivial. The sense of citizenship was just then strongly forced even on the most indifferent minds. What the over-mastering Fra Girolamo was saying and prompting was really uppermost in the thoughts of every one at table; and before the stewed fish was removed, and while the favourite sweets were yet to come, his name rose to the surface of the conversation, and, in spite of Rucellai's previous prohibition, the talk again became political. At first, while the servants remained present, it was mere gossip: what had been done in the Palazzo on this first day's voting for the Great Council; how hot-tempered and domineering Francesco Valori was, as if he were to have everything his own way by right of his austere virtue; and how it was clear to everybody who heard Soderini's speeches in favour of the Great Council, and also heard the Frate's sermons, that they were both kneaded in the same trough.

"My opinion is," said Niccolò Ridolfi, "that the Frate has a longer head for public matters than Soderini or any *Piagnone* among them: you

may depend on it that Soderini is his mouth-piece more than he is Soderini's."

"No, Niccolò; there I differ from you," said Bernardo Rucellai: "the Frate has an acute mind, and readily sees what will serve his own ends; but it is not likely that Pagolantonio Soderini, who has had long experience of affairs, and has specially studied the Venetian Council, should be much indebted to a monk for ideas on that subject. No, no: Soderini loads the cannon; though, I grant you, Fra Girolamo brings the powder and lights the match. He is master of the people, and the people are getting master of us. Ecco!"

"Well," said Lorenzo Tornabuoni, presently, when the room was clear of servants, and nothing but wine was passing round, "whether Soderini is indebted or not, *we* are indebted to the Frate for the general amnesty which has gone along with the scheme of the Council. We might have done without the fear of God and the reform of morals being passed by a majority of black beans; but that excellent proposition, that our Medicean heads should be allowed to remain comfortably on our shoulders, and that we should not be obliged to hand over our property in fines, has my warm approval, and it is my belief that nothing but the Frate's predominance could have procured that for us. And you may rely on it that Fra Girolamo is as firm as a rock on that point of promoting peace. I have had an interview with him."

There was a murmur of surprise and curiosity at the farther end of the table; but Bernardo Rucellai simply nodded, as if he knew what Tornabuoni had to say, and wished him to go on.

"Yes," proceeded Tornabuoni, "I have been favoured with an interview in the Frate's own cell, which, let me tell you, is not a common favour; for I have reason to believe that even Francesco Valori very seldom sees him in private. However, I think he saw me the more willingly because I was not a ready-made follower, but had to be converted. And, for my part, I see clearly enough that the only safe and wise policy for us Mediceans to pursue is to throw our strength into the scale of the Frate's party. We are not strong enough to make head on our own behalf; and if the Frate and the popular party were upset, every one who hears me knows perfectly well what other party would be uppermost just now: Nerli, Alberti, Pazzi, and the rest—*Arrabbiati*, as somebody christened them the other day—who, instead of giving us an amnesty, would be inclined to fly at our throats like mad dogs, and not be satisfied till they had banished half of us."

There were strong interjections of assent to this last sentence of Tornabuoni's, as he paused and looked round a moment.

"A wise dissimulation," he went on, "is the only course for moderate rational men in times of violent party feeling. I need hardly tell this company what are my real political attachments: I am not the only man here who has strong personal ties to the banished family; but, apart from any such ties, I agree with my more experienced friends, who are allowing

me to speak for them in their presence, that the only lasting and peaceful state of things for Florence is the predominance of some single family interest. This theory of the Frate's, that we are to have a popular government, in which every man is to strive only for the general good, and know no party names, is a theory that may do for some isle of Cristoforo Colombo's finding, but will never do for our fine old quarrelsome Florence. A change must come before long, and with patience and caution we have every chance of determining the change in our favour. Meanwhile, the best thing we can do will be to keep the Frate's flag flying, for if any other were to be hoisted just now it would be a black flag for us."

"It's true," said Niccolò Ridolfi, in a curt decisive way. "What you say is true, Lorenzo. For my own part, I am too old for anybody to believe that I've changed my feathers. And there are certain of us—our old Bernardo del Nero for one—whom you would never persuade to borrow another man's shield. But we can lie still, like sleepy old dogs; and it's clear enough that barking would be of no use just now. As for this psalm-singing party, who vote for nothing but the glory of God, and want to make believe we can all love each other, and talk as if vice could be swept out with a besom by the Magnificent Eight, their day will not be a long one. After all the talk of scholars, there are but two sorts of government: one where men show their teeth at each other, and one where men show their tongues and lick the feet of the strongest. They'll get their Great Council finally voted to-morrow—that's certain enough—and they'll think they've found out a new plan of government; but as sure as there's a human skin under every *lucca* in the Council, their new plan will end like every other, in snarling or in licking. That's my view of things as a plain man. Not that I consider it becoming in men of family and following, who have got others depending on their constancy and on their sticking to their colours, to go a-hunting with a fine net to catch reasons in the air, like doctors of law. I say frankly that, as the head of my family, I shall be true to my old alliances; and I have never yet seen any chalk-mark on political reasons to tell me which is true and which is false. My friend Bernardo Rucellai here is a man of reasons, I know, and I've no objection to anybody's finding fine-spun reasons for me, so that they don't interfere with my actions as a man of family who has faith to keep with his connections."

"If that is an appeal to me, Niccolò," said Bernardo Rucellai, with a formal dignity, in amusing contrast with Ridolfi's curt and pithy ease, "I may take this opportunity of saying, that while my wishes are partly determined by long-standing personal relations, I cannot enter into any positive schemes with persons over whose actions I have no control. I myself might be content with a restoration of the old order of things; but with modifications—with important modifications. And the one point on which I wish to declare my concurrence with Lorenzo Tornabuoni is, that the best policy to be pursued by our friends is, to throw the weight of their interest into the scale of the popular party. For myself, I con-

descend to no dissimulation; nor do I at present see the party or the scheme that commands my full assent. In all alike there is crudity and confusion of ideas, and of all the twenty men who are my colleagues in the present crisis, there is not one with whom I do not find myself in wide disagreement."

Niccolò Ridolfi shrugged his shoulders, and left it to some one else to take up the ball. As the wine went round the talk became more and more frank and lively, and the desire of several at once to be the chief speaker, as usual caused the company to break up into small knots of two and three. It was a result which had been foreseen by Lorenzo Tornabuoni and Giannozzo Pucci, and they were among the first to turn aside from the high-road of general talk and enter into a special conversation with Tito, who sat between them; gradually pushing away their seats, and turning their backs on the table and wine.

"In truth, Melema," Tornabuoni was saying at this stage, laying one hose-clad leg across the knee of the other, and caressing his ankle, "I know of no man in Florence who can serve our party better than you. You see what most of our friends are: men who can no more hide their prejudices than a dog can hide the natural tone of his bark, or else men whose political ties are so notorious, that they must always be objects of suspicion. Giannozzo here, and I, I flatter myself, are able to overcome that suspicion; we have that power of concealment and finesse, without which a rational cultivated man, instead of having any prerogative, is really at a disadvantage compared with a wild bull or a savage. But, except yourself, I know of no one else on whom we could rely for the necessary discretion."

"Yes," said Giannozzo Pucci, laying his hand on Tito's shoulder, "the fact is, *Tito mio*, you can help us better than if you were Ulysses himself, for I am convinced that Ulysses often made himself disagreeable. To manage men one ought to have a sharp mind in a velvet sheath. And there is not a soul in Florence who could undertake a business like this journey to Rome, for example, with the same safety that you can. There is your scholarship, which may always be a pretext for such journeys; and what is better, there is your talent, which it would be harder to match than your scholarship. Niccolò Macchiavelli might have done for us if he had been on our side, but hardly so well. He is too much bitten with notions, and has not your power of fascination. All the worse for him. He has lost a great chance in life, and you have got it."

"Yes," said Tornabuoni, lowering his voice in a significant manner, "you have only to play your game well, Melema, and the future belongs to you. For the Medici, you may rely upon it, will keep a foot in Rome as well as in Florence, and the time may not be far off when they will be able to make a finer career for their adherents even than they did in old days. Why shouldn't you take orders some day? There's a cardinal's hat at the end of that road, and you would not be the first Greek who has worn that ornament."

Tito laughed gaily. He was too acute not to measure Tornabuoni's exaggerated flattery, but still the flattery had a pleasant flavour.

"My joints are not so stiff yet," he said, "that I can't be induced to run without such a high prize as that. I think the income of an abbey or two held 'in commendam,' without the trouble of getting my head shaved, would satisfy me at present."

"I was not joking," said Tornabuoni, with grave suavity; "I think a scholar would always be the better off for taking orders. But we'll talk of that another time. One of the objects to be first borne in mind, is that you should win the confidence of the men who hang about San Marco; that is what Giannozzo and I shall do, but you may carry it farther than we can, because you are less observed. In that way you can get a thorough knowledge of their doings, and you will make a broader screen for your agency on our side. Nothing of course can be done before you start for Rome, because this bit of business between Piero de' Medici and the French nobles must be effected at once. I mean when you come back, of course; I need say no more. I believe you could make yourself the pet votary of San Marco, if you liked; but you are wise enough to know that effective dissimulation is never immoderate."

"If it were not that an adhesion to the popular side is necessary to your safety as an agent of our party, *Tito mio*," said Giannozzo Pucci, who was more fraternal and less patronizing in his manners than Tornabuoni, "I could have wished your skill to have been employed in another way, for which it is still better fitted. But now we must look out for some other man among us who will manage to get into the confidence of our sworn enemies, the Arrabbiati; we need to know their movements more than those of the Frate's party, who are strong enough to play above board. Still, it would have been a difficult thing for you, from your known relations with the Medici a little while back, and that sort of kinship your wife has with Bernardo del Nero. We must find a man who has no distinguished connections, and who has not yet taken any side."

Tito was pushing his hair back automatically, as his manner was, and looking straight at Pucci with a scarcely perceptible smile on his lip.

"No need to look out for any one else," he said promptly, "I can manage the whole business with perfect ease. I will engage to make myself the special confidant of that thick-headed Dolfò Spini, and know his projects before he knows them himself."

Tito seldom spoke so confidently of his own powers, but he was in a state of exaltation at the sudden opening of a new path before him, where fortune seemed to have hung higher prizes than any he had thought of hitherto. Hitherto he had seen success only in the form of favour; it now flashed on him in the shape of power—of such power as is possible to talent without traditional ties, and without beliefs. Each party that thought of him as a tool might become dependent on him. His position as an alien, his indifference to the ideas or prejudices of the men amongst whom he moved, were suddenly transformed into advantages; he became

newly conscious of his own adroitness in the presence of a game that he was called on to play. And all the motives which might have made Tito shrink from the triple deceit that came before him as a tempting game, had been slowly strangled in him by the successive falsities of his life.

Our lives make a moral tradition for our individual selves, as the life of mankind at large makes a moral tradition for the race; and to have once acted greatly seems to make a reason why we should always be noble. But Tito was feeling the effect of an opposite tradition: he had won no memories of self-conquest and perfect faithfulness from which he could have a sense of falling.

The triple colloquy went on with growing spirit till it was interrupted by a call from the table. Probably the movement came from the listeners in the party, who were afraid lest the talkers should tire themselves. At all events it was agreed that there had been enough gravity, and Rucellai had just ordered new flasks of Montepulciano.

"How many minstrels are there among us?" he said, when there had been a general rallying round the table. "Melema, I think you are the chief: Matteo will give you the lute."

"Ah, yes!" said Giannozzo Pucci, "lead the last chorus from Poliziano's *Orfeo*, that you have found such an excellent measure for, and we will all fall in:

Ciascun segna, o Bacco, te :
Bacco, Bacco, evòè, evòè !"

The servant put the lute into Tito's hands, and then said something in an under-tone to his master. A little subdued questioning and answering went on between them, while Tito touched the lute in a pre-luding way to the strain of the chorus, and there was a confusion of speech and musical humming all round the table. Bernardo Rucellai had said, "Wait a moment, Melema;" but the words had been unheard by Tito, who was leaning towards Pucci, and singing low to him the phrases of the Mænad-chorus. He noticed nothing until the buzz round the table suddenly ceased, and the notes of his own voice, with its soft low-toned triumph, "Evòè, evòè!" fell in startling isolation.

It was a strange moment. Baldassarre had moved round the table till he was opposite Tito, and as the hum ceased there might be seen for an instant Baldassarre's fierce dark eyes bent on Tito's bright smiling unconsciousness, while the low notes of triumph dropped from his lips into the silence.

Tito looked up with a slight start, and his lips turned pale, but he seemed hardly more moved than Giannozzo Pucci, who had looked up at the same moment—or even than several others round the table; for that sallow deep-lined face with the hatred in its eyes seemed a terrible apparition across the wax-lit ease and gaiety. And Tito quickly recovered some self-command. "A mad old man—he looks like it—he *is* mad!" was the instantaneous thought that brought some courage with it; for he could conjecture no inward change in Baldassarre since they had

met before. He just let his eyes fall and laid the lute on the table with apparent ease; but his fingers pinched the neck of the lute hard while he governed his head and his glance sufficiently to look with an air of quiet appeal towards Bernardo Rucellai, who said at once,—

"Good man, what is your business? What is the important declaration that you have to make?"

"Messer Bernardo Rucellai, I wish you and your honourable friends to know in what sort of company you are sitting. There is a traitor among you."

There was a general movement of alarm. Every one present, except Tito, thought of political danger, and not of private injury.

Baldassarre began to speak as if he were thoroughly assured of what he had to say; but, in spite of his long preparation for this moment, there was the tremor of over-mastering excitement in his voice. His passion shook him. He went on, but he did not say what he had meant to say. As he fixed his eyes on Tito again the passionate words were like blows—they defied premeditation.

"There is a man among you who is a scoundrel, a liar, a robber. I was a father to him. I took him from beggary when he was a child. I reared him, I cherished him, I taught him, I made him a scholar. My head has lain hard that his might have a pillow. And he left me in slavery; he sold the gems that were mine, and when I came again, he denied me."

The last words had been uttered with almost convulsed agitation, and Baldassarre paused, trembling. All glances were turned on Tito, who was now looking straight at Baldassarre. It was a moment of desperation that annihilated all feeling in him, except the determination to risk anything for the chance of escape. And he gathered confidence from the agitation by which Baldassarre was evidently shaken. He had ceased to pinch the neck of the lute, and had thrust his thumbs into his belt, while his lips had begun to assume a slight curl. He had never yet done an act of murderous cruelty even to the smallest animal that could utter a cry, but at that moment he would have been capable of treading the breath from a smiling child for the sake of his own safety.

"What does this mean, Melema?" said Bernardo Rucellai, in a tone of cautious surprise. He, as well as the rest of the company, felt relieved that the tenor of the accusation was not political.

"Messer Bernardo," said Tito, "I believe this man is mad. I did not recognize him the first time he encountered me in Florence, but I know now that he is the servant who years ago accompanied me and my adoptive father to Greece, and was dismissed on account of misdemeanors. His name is Jacopo di Nola. Even at that time I believe his mind was unhinged, for, without any reason, he had conceived a strange hatred towards me; and now I am convinced that he is labouring under a mania which causes him to mistake his identity. He has already attempted my life since he has been in Florence; and I am in constant danger from him.

But he is an object of pity rather than of indignation. It is too certain that my father is dead. You have only my word for it; but I must leave it to your judgment how far it is probable that a man of intellect and learning would have been lurking about in dark corners for the last month with the purpose of assassinating me; or how far it is probable that, if this man were my second father, I could have any motive for denying him. That story about my being rescued from beggary, is the vision of a diseased brain. But it will be a satisfaction to me at least if you will demand from him proofs of his identity, lest any malignant person should choose to make this mad impeachment a reproach to me."

Tito had felt more and more confidence as he went on: the lie was not so difficult when it was once begun; and as the words fell easily from his lips, they gave him a sense of power such as men feel when they have begun a muscular feat successfully. In this way he acquired boldness enough to end with a challenge for proofs.

Baldassarre, while he had been walking in the gardens, and afterwards waiting in an outer room of the pavilion with the servants, had been making anew the digest of the evidence he would bring to prove his identity and Tito's baseness, recalling the description and history of his gems, and assuring himself by rapid mental glances that he could attest his learning and his travels. It might be partly owing to this nervous strain that the new shock of rage he felt as Tito's lie fell on his ears brought a strange bodily effect with it: a cold stream seemed to rush over him, and the last words of the speech seemed to be drowned by ringing chimes. Thought gave way to a dizzy horror, as if the earth were slipping away from under him. Every one in the room was looking at him as Tito ended, and saw that the eyes which had had such fierce intensity only a few minutes before had a vague fear in them. He clutched the back of a seat, and was silent.

Hardly any evidence could have been more in favour of Tito's assertion.

"Surely I have seen this man before, somewhere," said Tornabuoni.

"Certainly you have," said Tito, readily, in a low tone. "He is the escaped prisoner who clutched me on the steps of the Duomo. I did not recognize him then; he looks now more as he used to do, except that he has a more unmistakable air of mad imbecility."

"I cast no doubt on your word, Melema," said Bernardo Rucellai, with cautious gravity, "but you are right to desire some positive test of the fact." Then turning to Baldassarre, he said, "If you are the person you claim to be, you can doubtless give some description of the gems which were your property. I myself was the purchaser of more than one gem from Messer Tito—the chief rings, I believe, in his collection. One of them is a fine sard, engraved with a subject from Homer. If, as you allege, you are a scholar, and the rightful owner of that ring, you can doubtless turn to the noted passage in Homer from which that subject is taken. Do you accept this test, Melema? or have you anything to allege against its validity? The Jacopo you speak of, was he a scholar?"

It was a fearful crisis for Tito. If he said, "Yes," his quick mind told him that he would shake the credibility of his story: if he said, "No," he risked everything on the uncertain extent of Baldassarre's imbecility. But there was no noticeable pause before he said, "No. I accept the test."

There was a dead silence while Rucellai moved towards the recess where the books were, and came back with the fine Florentine Homer in his hand. Baldassarre, when he was addressed, had turned his head towards the speaker, and Rucellai believed that he had understood him. But he chose to repeat what he had said, that there might be no mistake as to the test.

"The ring I possess," he said, "is a fine sard, engraved with a subject from Homer. There was no other at all resembling it in Messer Tito's collection. Will you turn to the passage in Homer from which that subject is taken? Seat yourself here," he added, laying the book on the table, and pointing to his own seat while he stood beside it.

Baldassarre had so far recovered from the first confused horror produced by the sensation of rushing coldness and chiming din in the ears as to be partly aware of what was said to him; he was aware that something was being demanded from him to prove his identity, but he formed no distinct idea of the details. The sight of the book recalled the habitual longing and faint hope that he could read and understand, and he moved towards the chair immediately. The book was open before him, and he bent his head a little towards it, while everybody watched him eagerly. He turned no leaf. His eyes wandered over the pages that lay before him, and then fixed on them with a straining gaze. This lasted for two or three minutes in dead silence. Then he lifted his hands to each side of his head, and said, in a low tone of despair, "Lost, lost!"

There was something so piteous in the wandering look and the low cry, that while they confirmed the belief in his madness they raised compassion. Nay, so distinct sometimes is the working of a double consciousness within us, that Tito himself, while he triumphed in the apparent verification of his lie, wished that he had never made the lie necessary to himself—wished he had recognized his father on the steps—wished he had gone to seek him—wished everything had been different. But he had borrowed from the terrible usurer Falsehood, and the loan had mounted and mounted with the years, till he belonged to the usurer, body and soul.

The compassion excited in all the witnesses was not without its danger to Tito; for conjecture is constantly guided by feeling, and more than one person suddenly conceived that this man might have been a scholar and have lost his faculties. On the other hand, they had not present to their minds the motives which could have led Tito to the denial of his benefactor, and having no ill-will towards him, it would have been difficult to them to believe that he had been uttering the basest of lies. And the originally common type of Baldassarre's person, coarsened by years of hardship, told as a confirmation of Tito's lie. If Baldassarre, to begin with, could have uttered precisely the words he had premeditated, there

might have been something in the form of his accusation which would have given it the stamp not only of true experience but of mental refinement. But there had been no such testimony in his impulsive agitated words; and there seemed the very opposite testimony in the rugged face and the coarse hands that trembled beside it, standing out in strong contrast in the midst of that velvet-clad, fair-handed company. His next movement, while he was being watched in silence, told against him too. He took his hands from his head, and felt for something under his tunic. Every one guessed what that movement meant—guessed that there was a weapon at his side. Glances were interchanged; and Bernardo Rucellai said, in a quiet tone, touching Baldassarre's shoulder:—

"My friend, this is an important business of yours. You shall have all justice. Follow me into a private room."

Baldassarre was still in that half-stunned state in which he was susceptible to any prompting, in the same way as an insect, that forms no conception of what the prompting leads to. He rose from his seat, and followed Rucellai out of the room.

In two or three minutes Rucellai came back again, and said,—

"He is safe under lock and key. Piero Pitti, you are one of the Magnificent Eight, what do you think of our sending Matteo to the palace for a couple of *sbirri*, who may escort him to the Stinche?*" If there is any danger in him, as I think there is, he will be safe there; and we can inquire about him to-morrow."

Pitti assented, and the order was given.

"He is certainly an ill-looking fellow," said Tornabuoni. "And you say he has attempted your life already, Melema?"

And the talk turned on the various forms of madness, and the fierceness of the southern blood. If the seeds of conjecture unfavourable to Tito had been planted in the mind of any one present, they were hardly strong enough to grow without the aid of much daylight and ill-will. The common-looking, wild-eyed old man, clad in serge, might have won belief without very strong evidence, if he had accused a man who was envied and disliked. As it was, the only congruous and probable view of the case seemed to be the one that sent the unpleasant accuser safely out of sight, and left the pleasant serviceable Tito just where he was before.

The subject gradually floated away, and gave place to others, till a heavy tramp, and something like the struggling of a man who was being dragged away, were heard outside. The sounds soon died out, and the interruption seemed to make the last hour's conviviality more resolute and vigorous. Every one was willing to forget a disagreeable incident.

Tito's heart was palpitating, and the wine tasted no better to him than if it had been blood.

To-night he had paid a heavier price than ever to make himself safe. He did not like the price, and yet it was inevitable that he should be glad of the purchase.

* The largest prison in Florence.

And after all he led the chorus. He was in a state of excitement in which oppressive sensations, and the wretched consciousness of something hateful but irrevocable, were mingled with a feeling of triumph which seemed to assert itself as the feeling that would subsist and be master of the morrow.

And it *was* master. For on the morrow, as we saw, when he was about to start on his mission to Rome, he had the air of a man well satisfied with the world.

CHAPTER XL.

AN ARRESTING VOICE.

WHEN Romola sat down on the stone under the cypress, all things conspired to give her the sense of freedom and solitude : her escape from the accustomed walls and streets ; the widening distance from her husband, who was by this time riding towards Siena, while every hour would take her farther on the opposite way ; the morning stillness ; the great dip of ground on the roadside making a gulf between her and the sombre calm of the mountains. For the first time in her life she felt alone in the presence of the earth and sky, with no human presence interposing and making a law for her.

Suddenly a voice close to her said,—

"You are Romola de' Bardi, the wife of Tito Melema."

She knew the voice : it had vibrated through her more than once before ; and because she knew it, she did not turn round or look up. She sat shaken by awe, and yet inwardly rebelling against the awe. It was one of those black-skirted monks who was daring to speak to her, and interfere with her privacy : that was all. And yet she was shaken, as if that destiny which men thought of as a sceptred deity had come to her, and grasped her with fingers of flesh.

"You are fleeing from Florence in disguise. I have a command from God to stop you. You are not permitted to flee."

Romola's anger at the intrusion mounted higher at these imperative words. She would not turn round to look at the speaker, whose examining gaze she resented. Sitting quite motionless, she said,—

"What right have you to speak to me, or to hinder me?"

"The right of a messenger. You have put on a religious garb, and you have no religious purpose. You have sought the garb as a disguise. But you were not suffered to pass me without being discerned. It was declared to me who you were : it is declared to me that you are seeking to escape from the lot God has laid upon you. You wish your true name and your true place in life to be hidden, that you may choose for yourself a new name and a new place, and have no rule but your own

will. And I have a command to call you back. My daughter, you must return to your place."

Romola's mind rose in stronger rebellion with every sentence. She was the more determined not to show any sign of submission, because the consciousness of being inwardly shaken made her dread lest she should fall into irresolution. She spoke with more irritation than before.

"I will not return. I acknowledge no right of priests and monks to interfere with my actions. You have no power over me."

"I know—I know you have been brought up in scorn of obedience. But it is not the poor monk who claims to interfere with you: it is the truth that commands you. And you cannot escape it. Either you must obey it, and it will lead you; or you must disobey it, and it will hang on you with the weight of a chain which you will drag for ever. But you will obey it, my daughter. Your old servant will return to you with the mules: my companion is gone to fetch him; and you will go back to Florence."

She started up with anger in her eyes, and faced the speaker. It was Fra Girolamo: she knew that well enough before. She was nearly as tall as he was, and their faces were almost on a level. She had started up with defiant words ready to burst from her lips, but they fell back again without utterance. She had met Fra Girolamo's calm glance, and the impression from it was so new to her, that her anger sank ashamed as something irrelevant.

There was nothing transcendent in Savonarola's face. It was not beautiful. It was strong-featured, and owed all its refinement to habits of mind and rigid discipline of the body. The source of the impression his glance produced on Romola was the sense it conveyed to her of interest in her, and care for her, apart from any personal feeling. It was the first time she had encountered a gaze in which simple human fellowship expressed itself as a strongly-felt bond. Such a glance is half the vocation of the priest or spiritual guide of men, and Romola felt it impossible again to question his authority to speak to her. She stood silent, looking at him. And he spoke again.

"You assert your freedom proudly, my daughter. But who is so base as the debtor that thinks himself free?"

There was a sting in those words, and Romola's countenance changed as if a subtle pale flash had gone over it.

"And you are flying from your debts: the debt of a Florentine woman; the debt of a wife. You are turning your back on the lot that has been appointed for you—you are going to choose another. But can man or woman choose duties? No more than they can choose their birth-place or their father and mother. My daughter, you are fleeing from the presence of God into the wilderness."

As the anger melted from Romola's mind, it had given place to a new presentiment of the strength there might be in submission, if this man, at whom she was beginning to look with a vague reverence, had some

valid law to show her. But no—it was impossible; he could not know what determined her. Yet she could not again simply refuse to be guided; she was constrained to plead; and in her new need to be reverent while she resisted, the title which she had never given him before came to her lips without forethought.

"My father, you cannot know the reasons which compel me to go. None can know them but myself. None can judge for me. I have been driven by great sorrow. I am resolved to go."

"I know enough, my daughter: my mind has been so far illuminated concerning you, that I know enough. You are not happy in your married life; but I am not a confessor, and I seek to know nothing that should be reserved for the seal of confession. I have a divine warrant to stop you, which does not depend on such knowledge. You were warned by a message from heaven, delivered in my presence—you were warned before marriage, when you might still have lawfully chosen to be free from the marriage bond. But you chose the bond; and in wilfully breaking it—I speak to you as a pagan, if the holy mystery of matrimony is not sacred to you—you are breaking a pledge. Of what wrongs will you complain, my daughter, when you yourself are committing one of the greatest wrongs a woman and a citizen can be guilty of—withdrawing in secrecy and disguise from a pledge which you have given in the face of God and your fellow-men? Of what wrongs will you complain, when you yourself are breaking the simplest law that lies at the foundation of the trust which binds man to man—faithfulness to the spoken word? This, then, is the wisdom you have gained by scorning the mysteries of the Church?—not to see the bare duty of integrity, where the Church would have taught you to see, not integrity only, but religion."

The blood had rushed to Romola's face, and she shrank as if she had been stricken. "I would not have put on a disguise," she began; but she could not go on,—she was too much shaken by the suggestion in the Frate's words of a possible affinity between her own conduct and Tito's.

"And to break that pledge you fly from Florence: Florence, where there are the only men and women in the world to whom you owe the debt of a fellow-citizen."

"I should never have quitted Florence," said Romola, tremulously, "as long as there was any hope of my fulfilling a duty to my father there."

"And do you own no tie but that of a child to her father in the flesh? Your life has been spent in blindness, my daughter. You have lived with those who sit on a hill aloof, and look down on the life of their fellow-men. I know their vain discourse. It is of what has been in the times which they fill with their own fancied wisdom, while they scorn God's work in the present. And doubtless you were taught how there were pagan women who felt what it was to live for the republic; yet you have never felt that you, a Florentine woman, should live for Florence. If your own people are wearing a yoke, will you slip from under it,

instead of struggling with them to lighten it? There is hunger and misery in our streets, yet you say, 'I care not; I have my own sorrows; I will go away, if peradventure I can ease them.' The servants of God are struggling after a law of justice, peace, and charity, that the hundred thousand citizens among whom you were born may be governed righteously; but you think no more of that than if you were a bird, that may spread its wings and fly whither it will in search of food to its liking. And yet you have scorned the teaching of the Church, my daughter. As if you, a wilful wanderer, following your own blind choice, were not below the humblest Florentine woman who stretches forth her hands with her own people, and craves a blessing for them; and feels a close sisterhood with the neighbour who kneels beside her and is not of her own blood; and thinks of the mighty purpose that God has for Florence; and waits and endures because the promised work is great, and she feels herself little."

"I was not going away to ease and self-indulgence," said Romola, raising her head again, with a prompting to vindicate herself. "I was going away to hardship. I expect no joy: it is gone from my life."

"You are seeking your own will, my daughter. You are seeking some good other than the law you are bound to obey. But how will you find good? It is not a thing of choice: it is a river that flows from the foot of the Invisible Throne, and flows by the path of obedience. I say again, man cannot choose his duties. You may choose to forsake your duties, and choose not to have the sorrow they bring. But you will go forth; and what will you find, my daughter? Sorrow without duty—bitter herbs, and no bread with them."

"But if you knew," said Romola, clasping her hands and pressing them tight, as she looked pleadingly at Fra Girolamo; "if you knew what it was to me—how impossible it seemed to me to bear it."

"My daughter," he said, pointing to the cord round Romola's neck, "you carry something within your mantle; draw it forth, and look at it."

Romola gave a slight start, but her impulse now was to do just what Savonarola told her. Her self-doubt was grappled by a stronger will and a stronger conviction than her own. She drew forth the crucifix. Still pointing towards it, he said,

"There, my daughter, is the image of a Supreme Offering, made by Supreme Love, because the need of man was great."

He paused, and she held the crucifix trembling—trembling under a sudden impression of the wide distance between her present and her past self. What a length of road she had travelled through since she first took that crucifix from the Frate's hands! Had life as many secrets before her still as it had for her then, in her young blindness? It was a thought that helped all other subduing influences; and at the sound of Fra Girolamo's voice again, Romola, with a quick involuntary movement, pressed the crucifix against her mantle, and looked at him with more submission than before.

"Conform your life to that image, my daughter; make your sorrow an offering: and when the fire of Divine charity burns within you, and you behold the need of your fellow-men by the light of that flame, you will not call your offering great. You have carried yourself proudly, as one who held herself not of common blood or of common thoughts; but you have been as one unborn to the true life of man. What! you say your love for your father no longer tells you to stay in Florence? Then, since that tie is snapped, you are without a law, without religion: you are no better than a beast of the field when she is robbed of her young. If the yearning of a fleshly love is gone, you are without love, without obligation. See, then, my daughter, how you are below the life of the believer who worships that image of the Supreme Offering, and feels the glow of a common life with the lost multitude for whom that offering was made, and beholds the history of the world as the history of a great redemption in which he is himself a fellow-worker, in his own place and among his own people! If you held that faith, my beloved daughter, you would not be a wanderer flying from suffering, and blindly seeking the good of a freedom which is lawlessness. You would feel that Florence was the home of your soul as well as your birthplace, because you would see the work that was given you to do there. If you forsake your place, who will fill it? You ought to be in your place now, helping in the great work by which God will purify Florence, and raise it to be the guide of the nations. What! the earth is full of iniquity—full of groans—the light is still struggling with a mighty darkness, and you say, 'I cannot bear my bonds; I will burst them asunder; I will go where no man claims me?' My daughter, every bond of your life is a debt: the right lies in the payment of that debt; it can lie nowhere else. In vain will you wander over the earth; you will be wandering for ever away from the right."

Romola was inwardly struggling with strong forces: that immense personal influence of Savonarola, which came from the energy of his emotions and beliefs; and her consciousness, surmounting all prejudice, that his words implied a higher law than any she had yet obeyed. But the resisting thoughts were not yet overborne.

"How then could Dino be right? He broke ties. He forsook his place."

"That was a special vocation. He was constrained to depart, else he could not have attained the higher life. It would have been stifled within him."

"And I too"—said Romola, raising her hands to her brow, and speaking in a tone of anguish, as if she were being dragged to some torture. "Father, you may be wrong."

"Ask your conscience, my daughter. You have no vocation such as your brother had. You are a wife. You seek to break your ties in self-will and anger, not because the higher life calls upon you to renounce them. The higher life begins for us, my daughter, when we renounce our own will to bow before a Divine law. That seems hard to you. It is the portal of wisdom, and freedom, and blessedness. And the symbol of

it hangs before you. That wisdom is the religion of the cross. And you stand aloof from it: you are a pagan; you have been taught to say, 'I am as the wise men who lived before the time when the Jew of Nazareth was crucified.' And that is your wisdom! To be as the dead whose eyes are closed, and whose ear is deaf to the work of God that has been since their time. What has your dead wisdom done for you, my daughter? It has left you without a heart for the neighbours among whom you dwell, without care for the great work by which Florence is to be regenerated and the world made holy; it has left you without a share in the Divine life which quenches the sense of suffering Self in the ardours of an ever-growing love. And now, when the sword has pierced your soul, you say, 'I will go away; I cannot bear my sorrow.' And you think nothing of the sorrow and the wrong that are within the walls of the city where you dwell: you would leave your place empty, when it ought to be filled with your pity and your labour. If there is wickedness in the streets, your steps should shine with the light of purity: if there is a cry of anguish, you, my daughter, because you know the meaning of the cry, should be there to still it. My beloved daughter, sorrow has come to teach you a new worship: the sign of it hangs before you."

Romola's mind was still torn by conflict. She foresaw that she should obey Savonarola and go back: his words had come to her as if they were an interpretation of that revulsion from self-satisfied ease, and of that new fellowship with suffering, which had already been awakened in her. His arresting voice had brought a new condition into her life, which made it seem impossible to her that she could go on her way as if she had not heard it; yet she shrank as one who sees the path she must take, but sees, too, that the hot lava lies there. And the instinctive shrinking from a return to her husband brought doubts. She turned away her eyes from Fra Girolamo, and stood for a minute or two with her hands hanging clasped before her, like a pale statue. At last she spoke, as if the words were being wrung from her, still looking on the ground,

"My husband . . . he is not . . . my love is gone!"

"My daughter, there is the bond of a higher love. Marriage is not carnal only, made for selfish delight. See what that thought leads you to! It leads you to wander away in a false garb from all the obligations of your place and name. That would not have been, if you had learned that it is a sacramental vow, from which none but God can release you. My daughter, your life is not as a grain of sand, to be blown by the winds; it is as flesh and blood, that dies if it be sundered. Your husband is not a malefactor?"

Romola flushed and started. "Heaven forbid! No; I accuse him of nothing."

"I did not suppose he was a malefactor. I meant, that if he were a malefactor, your place would be in the prison beside him. My daughter, if the cross comes to you as a wife, you must carry it as a wife. You may say, 'I will forsake my husband,' but you cannot cease to be a wife."

"Yet if—oh, how could I bear——" Romola had involuntarily begun to say something which she sought to banish from her mind again.

"Make your marriage-sorrows an offering too, my daughter: an offering to the great work by which sin and sorrow are being made to cease. The end is sure, and is already beginning. Here in Florence it is beginning, and the eyes of faith behold it. And it may be our blessedness to die for it: to die daily by the crucifixion of our selfish will—to die at last by laying our bodies on the altar. My daughter, you are a child of Florence; fulfil the duties of that great inheritance. Live for Florence—for your own people, whom God is preparing to bless the earth. Bear the anguish and the smart. The iron is sharp—I know, I know—it rends the tender flesh. The draught is bitterness on the lips. But there is rapture in the cup—there is the vision which makes all life below it dross for ever. Come, my daughter, come back to your place!"

While Savonarola spoke with growing intensity, his arms tightly folded before him still, as they had been from the first, but his face alight as from an inward flame, Romola felt herself surrounded and possessed by the glow of his passionate faith. The chill doubts all melted away; she was subdued by the sense of something unspeakably great to which she was being called by a strong being who roused a new strength within herself. In a voice that was like a low, prayerful cry, she said—

"Father, I will be guided. Teach me! I will go back."

Almost unconsciously she sank on her knees. Savonarola stretched out his hands over her; but feeling would no longer pass through the channel of speech, and he was silent.

CHAPTER XLI.

COMING BACK.

"RISE, my daughter," said Fra Girolamo at last. "Your servant is waiting not far off with the mules. It is time that I should go onward to Florence."

Romola arose from her knees. That silent attitude had been a sort of sacrament to her, confirming the state of yearning passivity on which she had newly entered. By the one act of renouncing her resolve to quit her husband, her will seemed so utterly bruised that she felt the need of direction even in small things. She lifted up the edge of her cowl, and saw Maso and the second Dominican standing with their backs towards her on the edge of the hill about ten yards from her; but she looked at Savonarola again without speaking, as if the order to Maso to turn back must come from him and not from her.

"I will go and call them," he said, answering her glance of appeal; "and I will recommend you, my daughter, to the Brother who is with me. You desire to put yourself under guidance, and to learn that wisdom

which has been hitherto as foolishness to you. A chief gate of that wisdom is the sacrament of confession. You will need a confessor, my daughter, and I desire to put you under the care of Fra Salvestro, one of the brethren of San Marco in whom I most confide."

"I would rather have no guidance but yours, father," said Romola, looking anxious.

"My daughter, I do not act as a confessor. The vocation I have withdraws me from offices that would force me into frequent contact with the laity, and interfere with my special duties."

"Then shall I not be able to speak to you in private? if I waver . . . if——" Romola broke off from rising agitation. She felt a sudden alarm lest her new strength in renunciation should vanish if the immediate personal influence of Savonarola vanished.

"My daughter, if your soul has need of the word in private from my lips, you will let me know it through Fra Salvestro, and I will see you in the sacristy or in the choir of San Marco. And I will not cease to watch over you. I will instruct my brother concerning you, that he may guide you into that path of labour for the suffering and the hungry to which you are called as a daughter of Florence in these times of hard need. I desire to behold you among the feebler and more ignorant sisters as the apple-tree among the trees of the forest, so that your fairness and all natural gifts may be but as a lamp through which the Divine light shines the more purely. I will go now and call your servant."

When Maso had been sent a little way in advance, Fra Salvestro came forward, and Savonarola led Romola towards him. She had beforehand felt an inward shrinking from a new guide who was a total stranger to her; but to have resisted Savonarola's advice would have been to assume an attitude of independence at a moment when all her strength must be drawn from the renunciation of independence. And the whole bent of her mind now was towards doing what was painful rather than what was easy. She bowed reverently to Fra Salvestro before looking directly at him; but when she raised her head and saw him fully, her reluctance became a palpitating doubt. There are men whose presence infuses trust and reverence; there are others to whom we have need to carry our trust and reverence ready made; and that difference flashed on Romola as she ceased to have Savonarola before her, and saw in his stead Fra Salvestro Maruffi. It was not that there was anything manifestly repulsive in Fra Salvestro's face and manner, any air of hypocrisy, any tinge of coarseness; his face was handsomer than Fra Girolamo's, his person a little taller. He was the long-accepted confessor of many among the chief personages in Florence, and had therefore had large experience as a spiritual director. But his face had the vacillating expression of a mind unable to concentrate itself strongly in the channel of one great emotion or belief, an expression which is fatal to influence over an ardent nature like Romola's. Such an expression is not the stamp of insincerity; it is the stamp simply of a shallow soul, which will often be found sincerely striving to fill a high

vocation, sincerely composing its countenance to the utterance of sublime formulas, but finding the muscles twitch or relax in spite of belief, as prose insists on coming instead of poetry to the man who has not the divine frenzy. Fra Salvestro had a peculiar liability to visions, dependent apparently on a constitution given to somnambulism. Savonarola believed in the supernatural character of these visions, while Fra Salvestro himself had originally resisted such an interpretation of them, and had even rebuked Savonarola for his prophetic preaching. Another proof, if one were wanted, that the relative greatness of men is not to be gauged by their tendency to disbelieve the superstitions of their age. For of these two there can be no question which was the great man and which the small.

The difference between them was measured very accurately by the change in Romola's feeling as Fra Salvestro began to address her in words of exhortation and encouragement. After her first angry resistance of Savonarola had passed away, she had lost all remembrance of the old dread lest any influence should drag her within the circle of fanaticism and sour monkish piety. But now again, the chill breath of that dread stole over her. It could have no decisive effect against the impetus her mind had just received; it was only like the closing of the grey clouds over the sunrise, which made her returning path monotonous and sombre.

And perhaps of all sombre paths that on which we go back after treading it with a strong resolution is the one that most severely tests the fervour of renunciation. As they re-entered the city gates the light snow-flakes fell about them, and as the grey sister walked hastily homeward from the Piazza di San Marco, and trod the bridge again, and turned in at the large door in the Via de' Bardi, her footsteps were marked darkly on the thin carpet of snow, and her cowl fell laden and damp about her face.

She went up to her room, threw off her serge, destroyed the parting letters, replaced all her precious trifles, unbound her hair, and put on her usual black dress. Instead of taking a long exciting journey, she was to sit down in her usual place. The snow fell against the windows, and she was alone.

She felt the dreariness, yet her courage was high, like that of a seeker who has come on new signs of gold. She was going to thread life by a fresh clue. She had thrown all the energy of her will into renunciation. The empty tabernacle remained locked, and she placed Dino's crucifix outside it.

Nothing broke the outward monotony of her solitary home, till the night came like a white ghost at the windows. Yet it was the most memorable Christmas-eve in her life to Romola, this of 1494.

The Inner Life of a Man-of-War.

My object in the present paper is to try and give the reader a definite notion of what a man-of-war is as an organized whole. Autumn tours, and the Admiralty's improved way of sending our squadrons to places which they never used to visit, have made line-of-battle ships and frigates comparatively familiar to people's eyes. But perhaps there is no scene of interest which so bewilders and puzzles the stranger who comes to see it from curiosity as a ship. In a hospital, or a prison, you are at all events in a house; there are general laws belonging to all architectures which guide you to an understanding of the place, and those who govern or administer it are ordinary denizens of *terra firma*, like yourself. But in a ship, and especially in a ship of war, all is new. The people are dressed in an unfamiliar style. The objects about are objects of which you neither know the use nor the mutual relation; and when once inside, and moving from deck to deck, you soon find it impossible to remember your way, and resign yourself helplessly to the guide who has been assigned to you. A few strong impressions lay hold of the mind. The first is probably a keen sense of the cleanliness and neatness attained in so populous and busy a place. The second—which forms itself as the eye recovers from the utter novelty of everything around—is a distinct, though unintelligent perception of a prevailing law and order in all it sees. Every class of objects has a look of being in its own place. Nobody appears to be busy or idle without knowing why, and all the wheels of the new life before the stranger are dimly seen to be turning in harmony,—as of course they are.

But such a visit to a man-of-war as our imaginary stranger has time for does not give him the opportunity of studying this harmony, or understanding how it is brought about. He may see a ship, as he sees a strange town, but to know either as a whole, it is necessary to live there. A ship has a moral life of its own just like a town, and this one can understand only by sharing it. Let me draw on my memory for the means of helping the reader who has, or even who has not, visited a man-of-war, to know what that life is, and how the many elements forming it combine to produce the famous and formidable unity which is their result.

An English man-of-war is emphatically an English microcosm,—a miniature England in a world of its own. The government is a limited monarchy; for though the captain exercises a degree of personal power such as now-a-days belongs to Continental sovereigns only, he does not exercise it unchecked or uncontrolled. He can do nothing without the authority of the thirty-nine articles of war; and he has before his eyes

the constant fear of the Admiralty, whose parliamentary responsibility keeps them quite *en rapport* with public opinion. His officers, the aristocracy and gentry of the floating institution, constitute another practical check upon him, and beyond them lies his people, the crew, to whose feeling about himself no captain can afford to be indifferent. It is difficult enough at all times to man our ships now; but a thoroughly unpopular "skipper" cannot man a ship at all; and the Admiralty have no temptation to appoint an officer whose vessel must lie short of hands for months at Spithead or in Plymouth Sound. These checks, one way and another, effectually limit the king of our little kingdom; but they leave him as much power for good and evil as belongs to any position of command in modern life, quite enough power to require all the sense and temper which is commonly brought to the discharge of its duties. Not only, however, is the government of England roughly copied in the government of a ship of war, but the most important elements of English social life are represented on board her. There is a chaplain to stand for the church. There are marines to stand for the army. The higher education is carried on by a naval instructor; the lower by a ship's schoolmaster. Medicine has its surgeons, and assistant-surgeons—finance its paymaster, with his staff—science has the master, who takes charge of the observations and log. And so in the inferior ranks. There is a carpenter with his little crew of carpenters—a sailmaker with his little crew of sailmakers—a cook with his subordinate cook. The fine arts, I fear, cannot be said to be amply represented. But the large ship has its band, and every class of ship its fiddler,—so music is not forgotten. And up and down a crew, there are scattered unlucky and adventurous professors of all kinds of accomplishments,—strolling players, barbers, and so forth. Thus, a line-of-battle ship, which is as populous as a village to begin with, is not only a good-sized piece of England, but is a little "working model" of the old country herself. And I wish the reader to seize that idea of it as a whole, before I proceed to analyze the construction and to describe the working of the machine.

I have said that the captain is the king of this wandering little England. It is his assuming the command (which he does by reading his commission on the quarter-deck)—a command the symbol of which is the long pendant streaming from the highest mast—that constitutes the vessel a political unity. Everybody who joins her enters now into a new series of conditions. Last week the officers wore plain clothes—"mufti,"—and were private gentlemen, enjoying themselves like other private gentlemen, in various ways. The seamen were free British subjects, with the whole ocean to choose their next cruising-ground in, after spending the proceeds of the last voyage. Now, both classes are committed to a specific position and duties in H.M.S., and have come under a range of obligations quite different from those of civilians. The ship begins to grow into a complete man-of-war, day by day, according to the laws of man-of-war growth; having *quickened*, so to speak, from the moment that

the captain's commission gave her moral life. What she becomes at full growth will be best seen from a sketch of her component parts.

In order to understand a man-of-war, it is primarily necessary to consider her as formed of many parts, all arranged together under the predominant law of subordination. Thus, one may speak correctly of the "captain and officers," or of the "officers and crew," or of the "seamen and marines," of a man-of-war. But all such broad divisions require to be subdivided; and, in reality, the whole body is made up of small parts, each of which resembles the other, as far as the principles on which it acts are concerned, and each of which, though with functions of its own, is related to all the other parts. Taking the crew, for example—the "men," as they are called, when spoken of as distinct from the officers—we find them divided by grades not less important than those which divide the officers themselves. There are able seamen, or "A. B.'s;" ordinary seamen; landsmen; first-class boys; second-class boys. The A. B. is a finished seaman, not only able to do all the usual work, below and aloft, but to take the helm and the lead. The ordinary seaman is a less qualified man, receiving less pay; but will probably rise from that to the higher "rating" by and by. The landsman is employed only on deck, and, for the most part, at mean occupations, like sweeping, and dirty work. The boys rank by age and length of service, rising from grade to grade. But if the mere term "seaman" would imperfectly describe one of the "men," so the mere term "officer" would equally imperfectly describe one of the officers. Not only are there the officers proper, from captain to naval cadet; there are different classes below these. There are the warrant-officers: boatswain, gunner, and carpenter; and the petty officers: quartermaster, boatswain's mate, master-at-arms, &c. These, however, are not all the grades in the scheme. There is a captain to each top; a coxswain to each boat; a captain of the head; a captain of the after-guard. Subordination, therefore, interpenetrates the whole body social of a man-of-war; it does not only act broadly, but minutely; nor generally only, but in detail. Subordination and classification are, in fact, the two great principles which regulate everything afloat. Subordination teaches a man *that* he must obey,—and *whom*. Classification teaches him *how* he must obey—and *where*. I will take these principles in succession, and describe the machinery by which they work. There are varieties of detail according to the size of vessels; but what I now say must be understood to apply to the typical vessel—the two-decker line-of-battle ship, say of eighty guns. In thus ranking ships,—it may be premised,—the upper deck, or deck on which you are in the open air, does not count. A two-decker has two gun-decks below that—the *main* and *lower* deck; a three-decker, three: *main*, *middle*, and *lower*. A frigate (which does not belong to the line-of-battle class) has only one—the *main*. "Small craft"—corvettes, brigs, and so on—have, of course, guns on the upper deck only.

The corner-stone of naval subordination, then, is the authority of the

captain. He commands the ship, even though there should be an admiral on board in command of the fleet; and it is the life of the ship, as a unit, with which we are now concerned. He represents the Crown on board the ship, and the ship herself to the world outside her. He is the depositary of the Admiralty's instructions about the ship's mission, and knows why she is at a particular place at a particular time. Thus, a good deal of quasi-political and quasi-diplomatic work is done by our naval captains. They are in intimate communication with British ministers and British consuls on each station; and send reports home on the state of things in disturbed countries. Brigandage in the neighbourhood of Patras; Lebanon tribe-fights near Beyrout; the last massacre of the King of Dahomey, and a score or such subjects, are successively themes for naval eloquence. Thus, a well-employed naval man has seen more of the world than most people. He may have dined with the Imaum of Muscat; danced with the Queen of Greece; smoked a pipe with Mehemet Ali; and kissed Queen Pomare. Pashas, European sovereigns, the great wine-merchants of one town, the great silk-merchants of another, show him civilities of which the variety is not the least amusing and instructive feature. When he returns on board his ship, after a visit to the shore, his face is watched by the inferior officers and men as an index of the important news with which his mind is supposed to be big. At all events, he knows when the ship is to sail,—a matter of mighty moment to mess-stewards, who have bread to order; and gentlemen whose shirts are in the hands of washerwomen of the less civilized races of mankind. No wonder that our captain—especially since naval education is still capable of much improvement—occasionally “assumes the god, affects to nod,” and so forth. In such cases, the best thing to be hoped is, that his pomposity will take the turn of despatch-writing, and the humour discharge itself in a run of rhetoric. When this is the case, the Admiralty is safe, for it need not read his correspondence,—while the ship is safe, because the energy that might become tyrannical finds a vent elsewhere.

The captain, having the supreme functions to discharge—being, also, the ultimate court of appeal in all matters of discipline, and being, of course, responsible primarily for the ship, whose course at sea he traces day by day on the chart—does not undertake those more ordinary duties which fall to the lot of the skipper of a merchantman. For example, he does not “carry on;” that is to say, he does not give the orders while the common operations of the ship, tacking, reefing topsails, &c. &c., are being gone through. This devolves (when “all hands” are at work, for when “the watch” only is working, then the “officer of the watch” carries on) upon the commander; or, in frigates, and smaller vessels, upon the first lieutenant. If the captain is king in a man-of-war, so the commander is prime minister, grand vizier, or other analogous functionary. He occupies the intermediate rank between captain and lieutenant—a rank in which one must serve a definite time, afloat, before being eligible to a captaincy, and

beyond which many an officer, not to be considered unsuccessful in life, never rises. The commander does not, like the captain or admiral, mess by himself; but is the first man in the ward-room mess, which includes lieutenants, master, marine-officers, naval instructor, chaplain, paymaster, and all the surgeons. The captain occupying the upper-deck range of cabins, that on the main-deck falls to the lot of the ward-room. And here let me point out that a ship has its places and posts of honour like palaces which do not float. Contrary to the analogy of the human structure, it is the stern that is the seat of dignity in her Majesty's ships and vessels of war, as they are called in the Articles. The whole of the ship behind (or "abaft") the *main* (or centre) mast partakes of a superior *prestige*—whence the expression "before the mast," to signify the condition of a common seaman. The quarter-deck, bounded by the main-mast and the poop, may thus justly be called the sacred place of a man-of-war. Here the officer of the watch paces, in harbour, the *starboard* (right-hand) side; at sea the *weather* side, or that *from* which the wind is blowing; while his inferior officer, sub-lieutenant or midshipman, paces the less dignified *larboard* or *lee* side, in a parallel line. Everybody, on coming on the quarter-deck, touches his cap to the invisible authority from which the spot derives its sanctity; and it is, in fact, the temple of naval tradition—the *sacrarium* or *lararium* (albeit without images) of a Queen's ship.

The mention of "officers of the watch" brings us to the next grade below that of commander, the grade of lieutenant. There are five or six lieutenants in a line-of-battle ship: men averaging from twenty-five to thirty-five years of age, and performing most important parts of the governing system. Each lieutenant takes command of a watch, and is, for the time, responsible for the ship, which is virtually under his charge. In boat expeditions, a lieutenant commands each of the larger boats. One of them commands each division of guns. And besides this general distribution, there is one specially devoted to gunnery, and one specially charged with the department of signals. Lieutenants are a sort of provincial governors in the system—like the lord-lieutenants of counties, or the pashas of districts under the Sultan. Many men stop at this rank (there are even lieutenants living who have been at the Nile and Trafalgar), since there is no necessary rising beyond it to the next step. Many lieutenants, however, become retired commanders, and are respectably shelved in that grade, which gives them the social title of "captain" for life. Of about a hundred Trafalgar men now surviving, the great majority of whom were midshipmen in that glorious fight, forty-three have reached no higher than to this station. A lieutenant has, of course, a cabin to himself, most generally on the main deck, and takes relative rank with captains in the army. Let us glance at his messmates in the ward-room, beginning with the master, who ranks *with* and *after* him; that is to say, has a formal and social equality, but would not take *command* of a ship so long as even the junior lieutenant survived

The rank of master is a peculiar one. It does not exist at all in the French navy, nor, I believe, in any service but the British. There seems no doubt that it originated in the old division—so contrary to all our modern associations—between the man who *fought* and the man who *sailed* a ship of war. Few readers, probably, realize the fact that Admiral Blake was not a sailor!—that he did not go afloat till he was fifty years old—and that he was chosen to be sent afloat then, not from any special aptitude for the sea (since who could foretell that he would display that aptitude?), but simply because he had distinguished himself as a general in the Civil War. Ships whose military command was under one man, must necessarily have been sailed and navigated by seamen, or “masters,” as they are still called in the merchant service. Now, what are the duties of the existing master of a royal ship? They are duties pre-eminently nautical. He keeps the log. He takes the observations. He has the rigging and stores peculiarly under his charge, with the boatswain for *his* premier. In action he “conns” the ship—that is to say, gives the helmsman his orders—thus conducting her where the captain decides she can be placed with most effect. The captain and master are very closely brought together by their duties—though, as we have seen, the master’s rank is really, and in the last result, below that of lieutenant. They are jointly responsible for the vessel’s safety; they both take observations;* and by dint of these, and the log, fix, every day at noon, her place on the chart. In case of a difference of opinion the master cannot, of course, enforce the carrying out of *his* views; but he can free himself from responsibility, by giving up charge in a formal and proper manner. This, however, is a dangerous experiment; for the Admiralty are not favourable to such exercises of privilege by inferior officers. Much of what is left of the queer old “character” of our naval officers survives among the masters. It is a branch of the service in which you never find men of family or fortune; indeed, it is the only branch now even partially open to the class which once rose from “before the mast.” A lieutenant may be a dandy, a steeple-chase rider, or any form of un-sailorlike swell; but the master is generally rough, bluff, and tough—a homely uncultivated son of the sea. “Pül!” exclaimed one of these worthies, whose voice I still remember at intervals—“Pül you *futters*—you’re not püling a pound!”

The marines in a line-of-battle ship are governed by a captain and two lieutenants, whose government is a kind of *imperium in imperio* on board. They are drafted off from one of the *depôts* at Chatham, Plymouth, or elsewhere, when the ship is commissioned; and at once become, with their men, part and parcel of the great organization, and subject to all its discipline. The men take their share of the work on deck, like seamen—being especially useful at the heavy hauling of traces, &c.—where plenty of “beef” is required. At such times they are under the orders of the naval officers carrying on the duty; but their drill, dressing, and personal con-

* In the French navy, the lieutenants perform this duty of our masters, turn and turn about.

duct, are superintended by their own captains and lieutenants, who mess in the ward-room, as I have said before. The marines are a fine solid body of men, covering, I believe, as much ground on parade as the most stalwart of our regiments—having fewer Irishmen among them than almost any, and perhaps more Scotchmen than any, except the artillery. Their *esprit* is military rather than naval; and it is among their traditions to boast of themselves as devoted to the Crown with more special fidelity than their nautical brothers. Before this, the marines have often stood steady in a mutinous ship—their own provocations to mutiny not having been less than that of the blue-jackets; and the marine's sentry has died honourably (like the Swiss Guards) at the captain's cabin-door. Thus they represent, in the naval polity, the Tory element, or element of authority—and form, in fact, a little standing army under the king. As an external sign of this function, a marine's sentry will be observed by the visitor to a man-of-war guarding the gangway, while another is stationed near the cabin of the captain. Off duty, several marines are employed as officers' servants. Marine officers, as a body, have a tone of their own, which is neither that of the navy nor of the line, but, in happy instances, combines agreeably the qualities of both. Not being a force with high prizes to offer, nor the kind of life that an idle rich man wants, it is free from the puppyism which occasionally infects particular regiments of the army. On the other hand, there are poor snobs as well as rich ones; and a commission in the marines has sometimes tempted a low-class fellow bent on trying to be a swell. Perhaps, however, a solid useful mediocrity of qualities, natural and acquired, is the widest characteristic of this branch, its most general colour or moral uniform. There used to be traditional jokes against the marines among naval men—one of which, ascribing a certain credulity to the force, appears to have taken a permanent place in our comic literature! I have heard of somebody's playfully inserting in the log—"Expended a marine" (the professional expression for using up any article of stores)—to signify that one of the corps had been lost overboard. But all this kind of thing belongs to a general system of horse-play and chaff, which is on the wane throughout the whole service. Fearful execrations and abuse in carrying on duty, the free employment of the rope's end and cane, cutting down hammocks, bullying youngsters, and other customs, which were retained long after they had lost their honest, innocent, and unconscious old barbarism, and had become knowingly and deliberately blackguard—these things, I say, are dying out.

While the commander, lieutenants, master, marine-officers, represent the military, their other messmates in the ward-room represent the civil side of life. Among these, the first place is, of course, due to the chaplain, whose black coat and white neckcloth contrast piquantly with the epauletted blue coats, among whom my mind's eye now sees him. Perhaps no man has benefited by the gradual social civilization of the navy more than he. Time was, when if he did not vanish after the second glass of port, the uneasiness of old school conversationists at his presence

could no longer be restrained, and he was driven from his chair by a joke as fit to do its work as the "stinkpots" used in sea-fights for making life impossible in the lower decks into which they were pitched. Worse still, he might be a man to whom such weapons were not weapons, but playthings—who sat whatever the talk was—the "good fellow" of those who were low fellows themselves, and who yet did not respect him for failing to respect himself. Changing manners have modified all that; and the chaplain of a man-of-war lives in as good company as if he enjoyed a rectory; while to insult his cloth in any way would cover the assailant with the ignominy due to an irretrievable cad.* Life, therefore, jogs on comfortably with the chaplain. You can hardly expect him to be a man of conspicuous learning or pulpit eloquence; but at least he is a gentleman, and helps to give an intellectual tone to the mess. On Sundays church is "rigged" for him on the main-deck; his pulpit—a handsome portable structure of the approved shape—is brought aft; the officers group themselves behind him on chairs; and the seamen, in clean Guernsey frocks and shoes,* stretch away forward, row after row, on capstan-bars arranged as forms. The ship's bell, which otherwise would be struck every half-hour as usual, is silenced while his reverence is in possession of the field—silenced till "seven bells" (half-past eleven), at all events, when it resumes, as a hint that dinner-hour is drawing near, and besides reminding the chaplain that he must wind up, breaks the snooze of any of the congregation whom the mild ripple of his eloquence may have lulled to rest. Perhaps you have noticed during Divine service a hearer among the officers unique in his employment of a Greek Testament; that is the naval instructor, whose office is sometimes, but not necessarily, held conjointly with the chaplaincy. The naval instructor conducts the education of the juvenile officers, naval cadets, and midshipmen—*nauticé*, the "young gentlemen," or, in their own mess language, the "youngsters." For this purpose a table is established, and surrounded with a canvas screen, between two of the main-deck guns, where every day school forms itself, and navigation, Euclid, algebra, French, are hammered into the juvenile mind. It is greatly to the credit of the Admiralty that they have even prescribed that "Latin and Greek shall be taught to those who enter with some knowledge of these languages;" and that the naval instructor must "pass" in Latin and Greek before entering on his functions. I know one man of letters, who, joining the service well grounded in the tongues, owed to the luck of the naval instructor's being a classical scholar that he did not lose his grip of them. But lads enter in such a raw state, have so much time to bestow, both in the training-ship *Britannia* and afterwards, on professional study, and find the literary tradition so weak in the navy, that somehow letters, ancient and modern, have never flourished there. Now and then there is an accomplished man—just as Collingwood wrote some of the best English of his time, and made Lord Grenville wonder

* Shoes are "dress" to Jack, who ordinarily does all his work barefoot, and the soles of whose feet are as hard as horn in consequence.

where he got his style. One good fellow in my period used to fall asleep over Plato regularly after dinner, by which he, at least, showed respect for the name and influence of that philosopher. But though the magazines and reviews go to all well-regulated messes—and though the Baltic fleet the other day probably carried some hundred of Mr. Mudie's volumes away with it—one would like to see more than this.

The reader has probably no idea how many spare hours people have on their hands at sea, in ordinary times; or to what shifts a brainless man is put about filling them up. Why not try and make reading a little more fashionable? There is hardly a subject, hardly a language, which the naval man would not find useful in some phase of his career, or which (a point of great importance) his career would not, at some time, assist him in studying. For science, we see what a naval experience can do by helping to form Darwin, Edward Forbes, and Huxley; and, in fact, it is in science that the navy is strong, when strong. But, besides that there is less fear of *this* side of the profession being neglected than others, it is as well to insist that there *are* others. A naval man should know the history of the navy, particularly when it is so intimate and important a part of the world's history. He should know something of international and maritime law, which acts *through* his arm in the last resort. Nor ought he to be without those more brilliant accomplishments—the fitting ornaments of a man whose position makes him the guest, and, sometimes, the host, of sovereigns and ambassadors. His external circumstances are highly favourable to their acquirement. He passes from clime to clime; but he stays long enough in each to enjoy far greater advantages than those of the ordinary traveller. French, Italian, Spanish are the habitual languages on nearly all the great stations where a man-of-war's commission is passed; and he is sure to spend years in the Mediterranean, the whole atmosphere of which is permeated by historical and literary tradition. There, the Etesian winds blow to cool him in the dog-days, as they did when Cicero made their timely refreshment and regular prevalence an argument for the world's being administered by Divine power. The thunny fish from which Aristophanes drew an illustration, and the mullet from which Juvenal pointed an epigram, are still abundant in that luxurious sea; and the market-boats bring alongside his ship the grapes and figs with which Horace cooled himself when waking after a night of too much wine. He cruises in the wake of Æneas; and casts anchor in the same harbours as St. Paul. He goes to fill casks with water, to Syracuse, and the Troad; catches basketsfull of fish with a seine, on the shore of Marathon; eats capital little hams for breakfast from the country of Ennius; shoots red-legged partridges at Lemnos; and wild duck, when winter has set in, on the coasts of the old Coreyra. And he enjoys advantages like these at enviable leisure, and with an independence only to be commanded by the opulent lord of a fine yacht.

Divisions of our Mediterranean squadron are in the Ægean, or about the Ionian Islands, for months at a time, and spend whole weeks at ports

from which the most curious scenes of ancient history are easily accessible. Facilities like these, some counterparts of which exist on all the stations, ought to stimulate our naval officers to learn more than they do of the past whose traces meet them at every turn. And, were this doctrine accepted and acted on, the navy, which already secures to a youngster all the moral and social advantages of a great historical public school, would add to its professional culture a general culture,—the union of which with the other advantages of the training would constitute an education of the most perfect kind.

I am afraid that our naval instructor has led me into a digression, and drawn me away from those who are still to be mentioned of his ward-room messmates. But the duties of the gentlemen in question are so purely civil, that it will be sufficient to mention them in a very brief way. The surgeon and his assistant-surgeons—(these last were only promoted into the ward-room after much agitation, not many years ago,)—have, of course, been educated for their profession, in just the same manner as their brother doctors of town and country. Their “sick list,” presented to the captain every morning, has nothing distinctively naval about it; and their “sick bay” probably does not differ from any hospital ward, except in its modest size, and in the fact that the patients swing in “cots,” which undulate gently with the undulations of the vessel. In action—as is well known—the surgical work is done under water on the orlop deck; and the table in the cockpit, at which the midshipmen perform their toilettes, bears the traditional name of the amputation table from that circumstance. The names recall *Roderick Random*. But the surgeon of Smollett is as extinct as the chaplain of Dibdin and the purser of Marryatt. The purser—alternately Jack’s butt and bugbear in old days—who was supposed to swindle him in his slops,* and poison him in his provisions,—has bloomed into a paymaster in the age in which we live. He has become not only an irreproachably respectable, but, sometimes, a rather prominently genteel man. And the reader who had formed his notions of the service from the old sea novels would be surprised, on peeping into a ward-room, to hear Smuggly, the paymaster, discussing the Piccolomini with the junior lieutenant of marines; while the surgeon and chaplain enlightened a little group of messmates on the effect of Dr. Lushington’s judgment in the case of *Essays and Reviews*. Yon shrewd, grave, rather stiff-looking man—probably Scotch—is the chief engineer. This is an officer added to the ward-room in quite recent times, by the universal adoption of steam in the navy; and at present, perhaps, a little out of his element. The subordinate officers of his branch, unlike those of others, have a mess to themselves, instead of passing through the gun-room,—an arrangement which must surely isolate them, and keep them from acquiring the tone of the profession.

The gun-room in a line-of-battle ship occupies the after-part of the lower deck, as the ward-room does that of the main deck just above it.

* Clothes served out by Government, and deducted from the men’s pay.

The space taken in comprises two guns, one on each "quarter." The port-holes of these, and the stern-ports, give the apartment its light and air. A stranger would hardly be prepared for the amount of comfort which is realized under such conditions. But what with a good oil-cloth, and well-cushioned lockers, and a judicious painting of the gun-carriages, and silk curtains over the port-holes,—perhaps, also, a cask of sherry in the corner,—a gun-room is a sufficiently pleasant-looking place of abode. Here mess, some twenty strong, the youth of the junior grades of the navy—sub-lieutenants, midshipmen, naval cadets—to whom lies open the road (though it is no easy one) to the highest prizes of the service; second-master and master's assistants, of the master's branch; clerks and clerks'-assistants, of the paymaster's. "Sub-lieutenant" is a new title of quite recent origin for the class of officers long called "mates," and at a still earlier period "master's-mates."* The sub-lieutenant has served his time (five years and a half, according to the latest regulation of the matter) as naval cadet and midshipman; has "passed" in seamanship, gunnery, and navigation; and must now wait till merit, accident, or interest raise him to lieutenant's rank. Men, still young, can remember having in the mess with them mates of ten years' standing, the pay being 65*l.* a year!

Naturally, a ten-years' mate was often fierce, querulous, and dangerous to meddle with; besides being occasionally too much given to strong drink. Now-a-days, the want of lieutenants stimulates the promotion of this rank just below them, and the delay at the stage of sub-lieutenant is less unreasonable. It is after you have become lieutenant, that the "block" makes itself felt, and the true weariness which turns so many men into habitual grumblers begins.

A sub-lieutenant is so placed that he may have to do the same work as either the lieutenant above or the midshipman below him, according to the number of officers of the three grades in the ship at any given time. He may have charge of a watch; command of one of the larger boats, *i.e.* launch, barge, or pinnace; command of a division of quarters; charge of a deck; or he may serve under a lieutenant in any of these capacities. In either case, the midshipman, of course, is under him; though a midshipman's duties would be just the same as his were sub-lieutenants deficient in that particular ship. There have been several changes during late years in the regulations relating to midshipmen. The old arrangement was, that you entered (generally at thirteen) as volunteer of the first-class—or naval cadet, as it was afterwards called—passing an examination which only tested your power to read and write. After two years' service another examination—not at all severe—made you a midshipman; and four years of midshipman service rolled by before you were called on to pass for lieutenant. But the whole training of youngsters (to use the good old gun-room term, which divided the mess into youngsters and oldsters) has been revolutionized. They are now sent to the training-ship, *Britannia*, a venerable three-decker, at present stationed

* This title is still used in the American navy.

at Portland, before being appointed to a sea-going ship at all. They have to "pass" to get into her, and to "pass" to get out of her. After eighteen months' sea-service, they "pass" again; and they complete their whole course in six months less than they used to do. It was a year less, till another modification not long ago; a modification proving, I suspect, that their lordships of the Admiralty found they had been working at too high pressure. Undoubtedly, the education of naval officers was much neglected twenty years ago, and is greatly improving now. But we may push a necessary reform too hard; and no Englishman can wish to see the grand hearty old navy filled with what the French call "Polytechnisés." The recklessness of the old "mids," their gay impudence, their inextinguishable fun, were elements in the superiority which made our officers beat all the world. They were the nitre in the gunpowder, an ingredient without which all the others would have been useless. And though your modern "mid" has sometimes been a mere swell, I would have more hope of a swell than a prig.

Midshipmen, as the reader may suppose, have much more scientific and book-work than used to be the case; and yet all the old functions of the rank must be discharged as usual. There is a midshipman to each of the smaller boats—first and second cutters, jolly-boat, &c.; a midshipman to each "top," when the ship's company are working aloft; one at each division of quarters; and so on, just as I have described in the case of higher officers. They are the Mercuries of the naval Olympus; winged messengers of the higher deities, whose orders they convey, repeat, and see carried out. "Run, sir!" I have heard a captain or first lieutenant say, when the midshipman seemed about to execute his commands in too leisurely and dignified a manner. And run he must; especially *en route* to his top (that neat, but airy apartment, looking something like a crow's nest, at the head of the lower masts), unless he would be run over, and have his fingers squeezed by the tread of the swarm of stout fellows making the whole massive rigging shake in his rear.

Of the duties of the second master and master's assistants, I know only one with which unprofessional readers can have an intelligent sympathy. From time immemorial these gentlemen have had to stand at the grog-butts, and see the grog served out—an important duty, the discharge of which has invested them, such is the playfulness of naval humour, with the title of *Bungs*. Of their other messmates, the clerks, it is equally unnecessary to speak in detail. Their duties are performed in the office; for a man-of-war has its office, with desks and rulers, as it has its dispensary, with gallipots and drugs; and do not, in fact, essentially differ from the duties of book-keepers and mercantile clerks on shore. The naval cadets, again, do not at once fall into the whole routine of ship's duty, but are generally excused night-watches, that they may attend school. What duty they do is, of course, similar to that of midshipmen; and at quarters some of them act as aide-de-camps to the captain, whose orders they carry to different parts of the ship.

I have previously mentioned the warrant-officers,—boatswain, gunner, and carpenter—as forming an intermediate rank between the regular and the “petty” officers, and having cabins of their own. But to attempt to describe their functions, or those of the petty officers, in detail, would lead us into technicalities not within the proper scope of this paper. The boatswain has always been a favourite with naval novelists; because, rising from the ranks, he brings freshness of character along with him, while his general education is just sufficient to induce him to speculate on intellectual subjects with a curious originality. He is more directly connected with the master than with any other officer, having peculiar charge, under him, of rigging, stores, &c. His pipe (a handsome silver whistle) summons the crew to deck, and screams musically responsive to the orders when the work is going on. Indeed, more than any man, the boatswain answers to the *foreman* of a business establishment, leading the hands, and being himself the first hand. The boatswains are, in fact, the crack seamen of the service—embodying in a higher form the best qualities of the common seamen of the country. The gunner’s most important duty is to take charge of everything belonging to the powder-magazine, the keys of which he receives, when necessary, from the commander, and of all the stores by which the fighting work of the vessel is done. The carpenter’s duties are sufficiently indicated by his name. And each of the three has his own staff—boatswain’s mates, gunner’s mates, &c., who rank as chief petty officers. Other chief petty officers are the master-at-arms (who regulates what we may call *the police* of the ship, and whose cane is the terror of the boys); the chief captain of the forecastle (supreme in that region); the ship’s cook; seamen’s schoolmaster. But there are two whole classes of petty officers—first-class working petty officers, and second-class ditto—below these. The network of subordination is spread, in short, over the entire life of a man-of-war; so that, to a crew of six hundred men, there will hardly be less than a hundred “officers,” taking in all grades, high and humble, together. This somewhat lessens the apparent anomaly of all that mass of men being governed by a handful of their fellow-creatures which strikes an observer so vividly when he first sets foot on a man-of-war’s deck.

This system of subordination works so easily, because it works by help of a system of classification,—as was pointed out above. Though essentially a living unity, a coherent individual whole, yet a man-of-war attains to be this by dint of a careful division and adjustment of parts. Her crew is classified in several distinct ways, according to the different classes of duty that devolve upon them, in different parts of the ship’s daily life. Thus, a ship—*qua* ship—has to be *sailed*. For that purpose, her crew are divided, and appointed to particular stations, where they go when *nautical* operations are on hand. There are forecastle-men, foretop-men, maintop-men, and an afterguard which works on deck, and does not go aloft. Each of these sets of men has its captain and second captain; each top its midshipman,—and at the summons, “Hands reef topsails,” or

what not, everybody knows where to betake himself and what his work is. Again, a man-of-war—*qua* man-of-war—has to be *fought*. For that purpose, her crew are divided and appointed to particular stations at “quarters.” There are the forward-upper-deck quarters, and after-upper-deck quarters; forward-main-deck quarters, after-main-deck quarters, and so on. Each man belongs to a particular division, and a particular gun in the division, and a particular number in the gun; so when the drum and fife call him to quarters, he knows just as well where to go as he knew where to go when the boatswain’s pipe called him to make or shorten sail. Once more, a ship has a social as well as a naval or military life, and men eat, drink, and sleep there, as in a village or a barrack. Accordingly, the men are divided into messes,—each mess having its own table at a certain place on the lower deck, and one member of the mess being cook, and going for its share of provisions to the galley each day. So, too, every man has his bag for his clothes and his hammock to sleep in, and has prescribed hours and places for the use of both. And since a ship, as a whole, *never sleeps*, there being no such complete suspension of life possible in a ship, as in a country mansion, all the officers are divided into three watches, and all the crew into two. The three watches are formed as follows:—Morning watch four A.M. to eight A.M.; forenoon watch, eight to twelve; afternoon watch, twelve to four P.M.; first dog-watch, four to six; second dog-watch, six to eight; first watch, eight to twelve; middle watch, twelve to four A.M. This round completes the twenty-four hours, and the division into dog-watches secures that nobody shall have the same watch two nights running. The men’s two watches are called the starboard and larboard watches, and are held alternately, according to the division of time just described. The midshipman, when each watch begins, musters it from his “watch-bill,” a little book so-called, containing all the men’s names; corresponding to which there is another book, the “quarter bill,” for similar use when the crew meet at quarters.*

The reader sees from this sketch in how many relations each man stands to the general work of a man-of-war, and how definitely each relation is fixed for him. Yon ringletted young seaman with the earrings—(a favourite nautical dandyism)—is, for instance, a foretopman; is “No. 3, the loader,” at the bow-gun on the main-deck; takes an oar in the pinnace, belongs to the starboard watch, and sleeps in a hammock, of which the number is 240, and which he stows in the larboard waist hammock nettings. Under all conditions, that smart youth knows where *he* is expected to be, just as his captain of the foretop knows that in reefing topsails *his* place is at “the weather earring.” Observe, however, that as in each of his stations our foretopman does not necessarily work with the same batch of his shipmates, the different sections of ship life all interpenetrate each other. This contributes to the oneness of charac-

* On an alarm of “Fire!” everybody goes to his station at *quarters*, thus justly recognizing that element as *an enemy*, and making all confusion impossible.

ter of a ship, so that in every squadron there is a certain individuality about every vessel.

The public opinion of a man-of-war, for example, is as definitely known and felt as that of a town. The men have their favourite officers and their unpopular officers—just as the officers themselves give a certain well-understood *status* to each of their own body, and have a tendency to split their messes into cliques, according to taste and inclination. To the credit of the navy, however, be it always remembered, that it has never been a quarrelsome profession. When duelling was common, it was always less common there than in similar societies. Yet, what strain can be greater on the human temper than for a set of men, arbitrarily brought together, to be compelled to live in each other's sight, and at the same table, day after day, year after year—engaged in occupations which are apt to become very wearisome, viewed as a routine? I have known men live together, day and night, eating and drinking in each other's company, and serving in the same watch, without interchanging a word which the necessities of the service allowed them to help! This is called "Not passing the salt," and may last for weeks and months; in extreme cases, even for the whole commission. More commonly, however, the pride of one of the parties to the quarrel gives way; he takes occasion, when the mess are entertaining strangers, and an unusual jollity of sentiment prevails, to send round a mess-servant to Mr. —, the enemy, and ask him to "take wine;" which courtesy having once been accepted, friendly relations are resumed without explanation or remark. And in nine cases out of ten, the dispute which led to the rupture has been a trivial one; has risen out of some impatient expression, such as are irresistible when, by enforced associations, men travel (as Goldsmith says) over each other's minds. Fortunately, the conditions of grave quarrelling are absent, as a general rule, from naval messes. Cards are tabooed, betting discouraged, and gambling unknown. Public questions are seldom of interest enough to furnish occasion for a row. I have known fellows quarrel on a Whig and Tory question, though such quarrels are rare. Indeed, the navy has never been remarkable for keen political feeling: Men's nominal politics are usually those of their families—that is, of the party which brought them into the service, and to which they look for promotion. But the real politics of the navy are peculiar and *sui generis*. They are at once aristocratic and anti-oligarchical,—aristocratic against "snobs,"—and tinged with a not unnatural radicalism in relation to the too rapid promotion of "swells."

And now, perhaps, I cannot do better than briefly describe what a man-of-war's daily routine is. Let us suppose our line-of-battle ship lying in harbour at Malta—the head-quarters and general rendezvous of the Mediterranean station. At daybreak, a shrill pipe sounds through the lower deck. The boatswain's mate runs to and fro, roaring—"Rouse out, here—rouse out—show a leg!" And, with many a grunt, the mass of human beings waken into life, and, lashing up their hammocks, the men trot up the hatchway—

ladders with them, and the day begins. Washing decks is the first thing done. The grating noise of the holystone begins, and covers the deck with a thin paste of grey sand; then, deluges of water descend, besoms are brandished, the smooth planks re-appear, white as barked trees, and are rubbed dry and "dumb-scraped." Meanwhile, the cook and his myrmidons have had the oleaginous cocoa simmering in the huge coppers, and before eight the men are at their morning meal, dipping their biscuit into the hot brown stuff, and cheerfully chattering over the sober bowl.

The bumboat has come alongside by this time, with oranges and grapes, loaf-bread (*nauticé*, soft tack), herrings, and similar dainties; while in the cock-pit, the gun-room officers are attiring themselves over their pewter basins and little looking-glasses, and giving audience to the sallow and too pertinacious Maltese dun. At eight, top-gallant yards are crossed,—a smart and pretty operation, in which the ships of a squadron love to vie with each other. At nine, comes quarters, when the men are mustered, inspected, and, perhaps, exercised; while the ship's band plays lively airs on the poop. The surgeon's and other reports are received in the forenoon by the captain, and delinquents come before him to have their cases heard, being remanded to arrest if a serious offence is established against them. The minor punishments in a man-of-war are "watered grog," stopped leave, enforced walking of the deck, and such like. The most serious punishment is flogging, which is inflicted in the morning in presence of the whole officers and crew. It is now inflicted only for repeated drunkenness *at sea*, or for downright acts of insubordination. The captain cannot inflict more than four dozen lashes on his own authority, nor can he flog till twenty-four hours after the offence, and he must in every case prepare a "warrant" setting forth the crime, which is transmitted to the Admiralty in regular course. The various occupations of the day now proceed. Boats move away to the dockyard or victualing-yard. Midshipmen start off in answer to the well-known "signal for a midshipman" (a union-jack at the peak), and bring from the flag-ship the admiral's new general orders. Parties are working at preparations of rope, blacking shot, and so forth; and the sailmaker and his crew, the carpenter and his crew, have all their several occupations on hand. Some of the officers depart in the green and yellow or otherwise gaudy shore-boats, on leave; others of them are at their desks, writing letters home, or lounging on the lockers, reading novels from Mr. George Muir's excellent library in Strada Reale; or taking a constitutional on the poop, and watching in the delicious southern air the stir of that noble Valetta harbour. At half-past eleven, you may see the grog being mixed in a tub in the waist, and the ship's goat trotting up for *his* little tot of it to the fragrant pool. The allowance of grog has been reduced since my day, and I observe that the Yankees have abolished it altogether. Noon brings dinner and the bumboat again; and the men settle to their pork or beef at their messes on the lower deck, and presently come up in knots to enjoy on the forecastle

the ever-welcome whiff. In the afternoon, work is resumed; casks are seen swinging in; parties are at musket and gun drill; lads are exercising with the mizen-topsail. About the time the men go to supper (that is, tea), the officers go to dinner; and in a crack Mediterranean ship a midshipman will give you as good a dinner as any gentleman need wish to sit down to. Sunset closes the official day: bang! goes a musket, and down goes the ensign from the flag-staff; the topgallant yards descend as if by magic; and, after another inspection of the men, and pipe down hammocks, all is soon still. The officers on leave go to the little opera in Strada Teatro, and wind up with a roast quail at Joe Micallef's, and an hour or two of billiards. Those on board take a smoke at the bowport on the main deck, or on chairs between the guns in the after part of it.

At sea, all the strings of discipline are drawn tighter, though the routine is very similar to that which has been described. The officers' dinner-time is earlier; there is more exercising of different kinds; the midshipman of the watch has the log to heave every hour, and the result to enter in the general log-book, besides having more matter to write in his own private log than in harbour. He and his brother "mids" must take observations, too, at noon. The ordinary work—trimming sails, making and shortening sail, &c., is done at sea by the watch; and "all hands" are only summoned for heavier operations, and at sunset, when the vessel is "made snug" for the night. The men of the watch are mustered at the beginning of each watch by the midshipman entering on duty, and at the close of it the midshipman "calls" the lieutenant, and the quartermaster the officer below him, whose turn it is to succeed. Every kind of work is carried on, in a man-of-war, I may observe, *in silence*, and without the "Yo, heave, ho!" of the merchant service; and is done in set forms, and with a certain decorous orderliness. Thus, in reefing topsails, "Man the rigging," is one command, "Way aloft," another; and each step of the work follows the clear loud cry of the officer, whose voice alone is audible by the hundreds who are executing his commands. Yet there is no pedantic nicety of silence at times when it is less necessary; and at night, during the first watch, when the good ship is bowling along in the quiet moonlight, a pleasant voice will be heard breaking into song from the group of men huddled among their pilot-coats in the waist. On such occasions, the officer of the watch, turning from the binnacle, where he has seen that she continues to lie her course, resumes cheerfully his monotonous walk—thanking, probably, in his heart, the good fellow whose voice reminds him that life is not all labour and responsibility, and that there are such things as fun, and music, and hope, and love, and rest, and home.

The Punishment of Convicts.

THE not very dignified panic which was excited some few weeks ago by the garotters has, like most other subjects which raise the same sort of popular discussion, a great number of roots. As a rule, the public at large accept with considerable equanimity the existence of many evils which they appear to think it impossible to remedy, but from time to time the existence of these evils makes itself disagreeably prominent. It is brought home to the sympathies, or, it may be, to the fears of the mass of the well-to-do part of the community, and a sort of effervescence ensues, which may or may not produce permanent results, but which at any rate gives an opportunity of seeing what a very intricate matter it is to deal with any one of the questions which, in the half-articulate phraseology of the day, are called social.

The vehement clamour which still exists upon the subject of convicts and their discipline leads, when it is systematically examined, to a great variety of subjects, of the existence of some of which, in any shape, the public hardly seems to be aware, whilst their connection with each other seems to be altogether unsuspected. It is the object of this paper to point out the relation of some of these questions to each other. The general problem to be discussed is, How are criminals punished, and how ought they to be punished? The answer to the first of these questions is usually given in more or less graphic descriptions of the interior of such establishments as Portland and Dartmoor, but in order to begin at the beginning, it is necessary to go a step farther back, and to ask how the inmates of the establishments come to be sent there. There are not many of our institutions which attract or, in some respects, deserve more notice than the criminal law. Reports of trials are always popular, and an assize court presents to curiosity greater attractions than a theatre. We have endless Acts of Parliament, judges of first-rate ability, an elaborate system of procedure, and careful rules of evidence; but it must always strike a person practically conversant with the subject, as one of the most curious of all anomalies, that whereas the sole object of all this apparatus is the infliction of punishment, there is no part of the whole matter to which so little attention is paid by those who are principally concerned in it. If the elucidation of a point of law is required—if the question is, whether a particular fraud exactly comes up to what the law calls a false pretence, or crosses the invisible boundary between embezzlement and breach of trust—if it becomes necessary to ascertain, whether a question may lawfully be put to a witness in a

particular shape—the machinery for obtaining an answer is almost redundant; counsel will speak and judges will listen till the force of nature can go no further. If a question of fact is raised, it will be sifted with a degree of ingenuity which leaves little to be desired; but when the judge has laid down the law, and the jury have found the facts, the interest of the case is over. The rest is matter of mere personal discretion. The judge looks at the prisoner for a few moments, makes him a little speech, and pronounces his sentence, often with a good deal of solemnity, but apparently with singularly little principle. It may be six, nine, or twelve months' imprisonment, or penal servitude for any term, from three years upwards. No one who has not tried knows the sense of helplessness which enters the mind of a man who has such a function to perform even in the humblest degree. It is just as easy to say nine as to say six months—to say six years' penal servitude as to say four; and the question which of the two is to be said has to be settled in a very short time, without consultation, advice, or guidance of any description whatever. Yet the sentence is the gist of the proceeding. It is to the trial what the bullet is to the powder. Unless it is what it ought to be, the counsel, the witnesses, the jury, and the summing up, to say nothing of the sheriff with his coach, javelin-men and trumpeters, are a mere *brutum fulmen*—they might as well have stayed at home but for the credit of the thing.

It is an old reproach against the criminal law of this country that it considers prisoners in the light of game, protected for the amusement and profit of the gentlemen sportsmen by elaborate rules of evidence and procedure, which give them as large a chance of escape as is necessary to keep up the interest of the pursuit. This, which has been called the "sporting theory of criminal justice," is no doubt susceptible of a good deal of illustration; but nothing can set it in so clear a light as the comparative importance attached to the trial and the punishment. A pack of hounds, and a number of men, dogs, and horses will spend hours in hunting a fox, which, when caught, is abandoned to the dogs without an observation. The criminal, when fairly run down, is sentenced by the judge, and turned over to another set of authorities utterly unconnected with and unrelated to him, as if the law had nothing whatever to do with a man after asserting its right to punish him. Between the judges who sentence and the gaolers and managers of convict prisons who punish, there is no sort of relation. They act upon different principles, and constantly pull different ways. The judge, struck by some special act of malignity or cruelty in a prisoner's conduct, gives him six or eight years' penal servitude instead of four. When the prisoner gets to the convict prison, the special reason which caused the sentence is unknown. The man is considered simply as a prisoner under an eight years' sentence, and is put through a course of discipline to which his offence may have, and often has, absolutely no relation whatever. Some years ago, a young man, infuriated at an assault, committed either on himself or his brother,

ran home, got a swordstick, and ran it through the aggressor's heart. He was convicted of manslaughter, and sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude. Apart from this unhappy outbreak, he was a person of excellent character, and, in particular, he was thoroughly honest and industrious. Yet he would have to be passed through Sir Joshua Jebb's mill for reforming professional thieves and robbers, as if his crime had been one of idleness and dishonesty.

There is every reason to believe that much of the dissatisfaction which exists as to the treatment of convicts arises from this complete want of connection between those who assess, and those who inflict the punishment. The effect would no doubt be produced, more or less, wherever the cause existed; but the cause in England acts with peculiar energy, on account of features of the criminal law with which people in general are not acquainted. Probably, no system in the world leaves so wide a discretion to the judges in the matter of the amount of punishment, and none renounces more completely the attempt to adapt in any way whatever the kind of punishment to the nature of the offence.

A few words on the history and present condition of the criminal law will not only illustrate the fact, but show the cause of it. The criminal law has gone through three principal phases or stages. The first may be said to have been ended with the Stuarts; the second lasted till the time of George IV.; and the third has lasted from that time to the present day. The law was first reduced to something like a settled condition in the times of Henry III. and Edward I. In the four following centuries parts of its procedure—trial by battle, for instance—became obsolete, and other parts, such as trial by jury, underwent a great change of character; but the definitions of crimes, and the punishments allotted to them, underwent surprisingly little alteration. They might be divided into three principal classes—political offences, felonies, and misdemeanors. It would be no easy matter to draw the lines by which these classes were distinguished from each other with any approach to accuracy, or to show what were their legal relations to each other. Indeed, political offences never were technically distinguished from other felonies and misdemeanors; their general nature, as far as regarded punishment, is easily understood. The distinction between felonies and misdemeanors was probably originally meant to divide crimes which were levelled against the security of life and property, such as murder, robbery, and arson, from those which partook rather of the nature of private injuries, like libel, or a private assault, or a riot.

The punishments for political offences were either death in the most horrible form, or ruinous fines, often accompanied by the utmost severities, in the way of imprisonment, and even mutilation. The punishment for felony, in almost every instance, was death. The punishment for misdemeanor was fine and imprisonment, both or either, to which might be added whipping or the pillory, at the discretion of the court. The heedless and wanton severity of this barbarous system was considerably

mitigated by exceptions as irrational and capricious as itself. The law of benefit of clergy reduced the punishment for many felonies to a short imprisonment, or burning in the hand by branding the brawn of the thumb—a punishment of which the severity depended principally on the temper of the executioner. The general result was that for nearly 400 years criminals ran a considerable chance of being hung; but if they escaped that, they escaped, in cases which did not affect the Government, with something like practical impunity. In the latter part of the seventeenth and throughout the whole of the eighteenth, and even in the beginning of the nineteenth century, this barbarous system,—which, amongst other defects, had that of being so meagre that it left many most serious crimes unpunished, and so technical that it constantly allowed criminals to escape through the most ridiculous quibbles,—was adapted to the altered circumstances of society by some of the clumsiest, most reckless, and most cruel legislation that ever disgraced a civilized country. Every sort of trifle was erected into a “felony without benefit of clergy;” a crime, that is, for which the culprit was immediately, and on the first offence, to be put to death; and this was varied by provisions affixing in some instances the punishment of transportation for various terms, differing in the most arbitrary manner, to particular offences, created not with any general views at all, but because the fancy of the public was struck by some particular case for which no special provision happened to have been made. If this blood-thirsty and irrational code had been consistently carried out, it would have produced a reign of terror quite as cruel as that of the French Revolution, and not half so excusable. It owed its existence to the fact that its administration was as capricious as its provisions were bloody. Not a twentieth part of the persons capitally convicted were executed. Some were imprisoned, many transported to various parts of the world, principally to the American colonies, from which they seldom returned, and not a few were compelled to serve in the army and navy, probably to encourage the others.

For between forty and fifty years this cruel and reckless system has been gradually superseded by one which leaves nothing to be desired on the score of humanity, but which is as deeply tainted with the original vice of recklessness and utter want of system as the older laws which it has superseded. The punishment of death was superseded by transportation, which in its turn has given place to penal servitude, and imprisonment and hard labour have taken the place of the old-fashioned imprisonment in the common gaol—one of the stupidest penalties that ever was devised. Numerous and costly experiments have been made as to the best way of inflicting these punishments, with an eye both to the punishment and to the reformation of those who undergo them. In pursuance of these schemes, establishments have been set up which are models of organization, intelligence, and patience; but no one appears to have noticed the fact that these schemes, admirably intended, and most ingeniously executed, are so many unconnected experiments. and that

the criminal law, by which their principles ought to be ascertained and regulated, has itself no principles whatever.

One of the minor defects of the criminal legislation of the last century was the incoherent, irrational, and incredibly intricate variety of its secondary punishments. When a judge was not compelled to sentence a man to death, he was, generally speaking, obliged to transport or imprison him for not less than some specified term, and these minimum punishments not only varied in degree in the most arbitrary manner, but were frequently far too severe for cases which fell within the definitions of crimes to which they were affixed. In order to meet this evil, an Act was passed which does away with all minimum punishments whatever (except in one or two cases of little practical importance), and empowers the judges in every case whatever to give as little penal servitude and as little imprisonment, either with or without hard labour, as they think fit. The latitude of their discretion in the other direction is not quite so great, but it does not happen in one case in a hundred that a judge is restrained by the law from giving as much punishment as he thinks the case deserves. The general result of these circumstances is that the punishments which the law awards are determined in amount solely by the individual impression of the judge at the time of trial, and in kind are confined in the common run of cases to penal servitude, and imprisonment with or without hard labour. The infliction of death for murder is almost, if not quite, the only instance in which any attempt has been made to observe any peculiar proportion between the punishment and the crime.

It follows from this that the whole subject of legal punishments must be regarded as one on which we have almost everything to learn from experience. It is by no means uncommon to read statements to the effect that the system of deterring punishments has been tried and has failed, and that we are therefore committed by past experience to confine ourselves to punishments intended solely or principally to reform. This is far from being the case. Our mode of punishing has been so reckless and unsystematic that we have never given any system a full trial. We did indeed at one time punish a certain proportion of prisoners selected almost at random with barbarous severity, but the severity was so capricious, and the law so uncertain, that the severity had not a fair chance. It cannot be said to have failed, for it never was consistently tried. On the other hand we have never thoroughly tried the reforming system. If it is essential to the true theory of punishment that prisoners should undergo a sort of semi-collegiate education at the public expense, we ought at least to detain our pupils long enough, and superintend them afterwards with sufficient care to have a reasonable security that we really have moulded their character into the desired shape; but we have not done this. The whole system of short sentences is opposed to the reforming theory. It proceeds on the notion that punishment is intended to deter, and that in cases of an ordinary kind a short sentence will have sufficient deterring effect. Hence

our practice is contradictory and halts between two opinions. The sentences are passed upon one principle, and the discipline under them is arranged upon another.

The bad, and, indeed, absurd effects of this state of things will be made clear by a short enumeration of the commoner kinds of crimes. We are apt to talk as if crime was a single, definite habit, and as if criminals formed a well-defined class, all the members of which were addicted to the same practices. In point of fact, this is utterly unlike the truth. There are several well-defined classes of crimes, and to punish them all in the same way, even though they may be punished in a different degree, is as absurd as to prescribe the same treatment for every kind of disease. All offences against the law are crimes in the general sense of the word. It is as much a crime—as much a violation of law—not to sweep the snow from the pavement in front of one's house as to commit murder, for the law enjoins the one act as expressly as it forbids the other. The crimes, however, which people generally mean by the word "crime" are those offences against the law which are also grave offences against morality, and are besides of common occurrence. They may be broadly but accurately classed under a small number of heads. They are either the infliction of bodily injury, mortal or not; theft under various forms, accompanied or not with violence to the person or to the habitation; malicious injuries to property by fire or otherwise; forgery in various forms, and offences against the coin. This enumeration, short as it is, will be found to include very nearly every offence that occurs in the ordinary routine of business in the criminal courts. Any one who will take the trouble of consulting the five or six Acts of Parliament which now define the various forms of these crimes, and determine the punishments to which those who commit them are liable, may satisfy himself not only as to the extraordinary amount of the discretion intrusted to the judges in the matter of punishment, but also as to the necessity for giving them that discretion in the existing state of the law. Offences of the most widely different character are included in the same definition. Burglary, for instance, includes not merely the breaking open of a carefully secured house by a gang of ruffians armed to the teeth with all sorts of deadly weapons, and fully prepared to use them, but also the breaking of a baker's window at five minutes past nine on a summer's evening by a hungry boy who wants to steal a penny loaf. Manslaughter includes shooting dead a policeman who arrests without a warrant a person who has been guilty of a conspiracy to murder. It also includes the case of killing by negligent driving, or by throwing a stone in a foolish joke. In these and some other cases the definitions of the crimes might be improved, but in others no skill in defining will give much clue as to the punishment. Bigamy, for instance, may be a very venial offence if the second wife is not deceived, or if the first has been long missing. It may be a crime more deliberate than rape, and not less injurious to the victim. Perjury may be little worse than a

deliberate lie. It may be the instrument of the worst kind of murder, or of robbery far more malignant and injurious than is committed by the most audacious garotter. It is clear from this that the law as it stands gives no security at all for anything approaching to uniformity of punishments, and it never can give such a security until it has provided means for performing and combining the results of three independent processes. These are, the classification of crimes, the classification of criminals, and the classification of punishments. When these three operations have been performed it will be possible to bestow upon the punishment of offenders a degree of care bearing some sort of proportion to that which is at present expended, wisely and properly, on the proof of the fact that they are criminals. The criminal law is at present in the condition in which medical practice would be if, after bestowing the utmost possible care on the diagnosis of a disease, a physician took no trouble at all about his prescription. The judge who sentences a man to penal servitude after a trial which is a model of patience and impartiality, is just like a doctor who, after spending half the morning in finding out that his patient was consumptive, should politely show him the door, saying as he did so, "Go and spend 25*l.* in drugs at such a chemist's." It would be impossible within the limits of an article, and if it were possible it would not be interesting to general readers, to point out the way in which the performance of these different operations could be practically ensured; but some of the principles on which they ought to proceed may be indicated. The classification of crimes ought to be based on the moral sentiment which the crime would excite in the public at large if it were an isolated act in the life of a man otherwise unobjectionable. The moral sentiment depends partly on the consequences of the act, partly on the character which it presupposes on the part of the person guilty of it. Crimes which not only involve disastrous consequences to others, but afford evidence of odious qualities in those who commit them, should form the first class. Crimes which involve disastrous consequences to society, but do not afford evidence of especially odious qualities in the criminal, would form the second class; and crimes which afford evidence of odious qualities in the criminal, but do not involve disastrous consequences to society, the third. The odious qualities which most frequently display themselves in crime are malignity—whether in the form of cruelty or vengeance; lust; and recklessness—the quality which would lead a man to carry out his own purposes with perfect indifference to the interests of others, though he might not feel any active or individual ill-will to them: the temper which would lead a man to upset a railway train for the pleasure of seeing the confusion. Combine any one of these tempers of mind with an act highly injurious to others, and the worst form of crime is the result. Murder; the intentional infliction of great bodily injury; robbery or burglary, accompanied by bodily violence, or by the use of weapons, or by the display of the physical force of numbers; rape; arson; extortion by threats; perjury, with intent to procure

the punishment of innocent persons:—are crimes of this kind, and would form the most prominent members of the first class in a classification of crimes. The second class in such a classification would be composed of crimes injurious to the public, but showing no specially odious qualities in the criminal. It would include the largest number of offences, and those which occur far more frequently than any others; those, namely, which arise from the love of gain, especially forgery, coining, and theft in its various forms. The third class—crimes which are not injurious to the public, or in which the injury to the public is a subordinate feature, the principal feature being the odious nature of the qualities which they display—are uncommon, though a few instances might be mentioned, if it were desirable to do so. The offence of cruelty to animals is one of them. There are others on which it is better not to be too explicit. These crimes are of rare occurrence, and will need no further notice.

Such being the classification of crimes, how are criminals to be classified? Considered with reference to the particular crimes of which they are guilty, they may act either with or without deliberation and special provocation; and considered with reference to their habits of life, they may be either professional or occasional criminals.

In order to arrive at a proper classification of punishments, it is necessary to compare these classifications of crimes and criminals with certain well-established principles as to the object of punishment. These principles are that the object of punishment is the prevention of crime, which is effected partly by the effects produced on the criminal, and partly by the effects produced on the public. The effect on the criminal may be either to take from him the power or the will to repeat his offence. He is deprived of the power by death, or by imprisonment as long as it lasts. He is deprived of the will either by terror, or by reformation. The effect on the public is to produce in the minds of those who are predisposed to commit crimes terror of the consequences, and in those who are not, hatred of the crime itself, which gradually becomes a prevailing sentiment in the majority of every civilized community, and so holds them back from yielding to the temptation of entertaining the question whether or not they shall commit crimes. This secondary effect of punishment, though often overlooked, is most important. If any person of ordinary decency and morality will honestly ask himself what is the real reason why he would not commit a murder, however great might be the gain, and however small the risk, he will find that no small part of his reluctance to do so arises from the horror in which the crime is universally held, and which he as one of the public shares. If he asks why the public universally hold murder in horror, he will find that it is to a great extent due to the fact that murder is a capital crime. If the law excluded certain forms of murder from the definition of that offence—duelling, for instance—the public disapproval of them would be greatly diminished. The ways, then, in which punishment operates are by disabling or reforming, which affects only the convicted criminal; by terror, which affects the convicted criminal and all persons

likely to commit similar crimes; and by association, which affects the public at large. What, then, are the means which society has at its disposal for the production of any one of these results? There is, first, the punishment of death; secondly, imprisonment or penal servitude in its various forms; and, lastly, the infliction of bodily pain, of which flogging is the only form now employed or suggested. Death is disabling, and also terrifying in the highest degree. Imprisonment and penal servitude are disabling while they last, and combine the deterrent and reforming elements in different degrees, according to the nature of the discipline to which the convicts are subjected. Bodily pain is highly deterrent, and may or may not be reforming, according to the character of the person punished. By combining these observations with the preceding ones, it may be shown what criminals it is necessary to disable, to terrify, or to reform, and in respect of what sort of crimes, and also what are the cases in which it is important to sanction and gratify public indignation against particular practices. In other words, these principles and classifications afford the first steps towards the solution of the problem, How ought convicts to be dealt with? This is closely connected with another question, which must be considered with it: How far is it possible, regard being had to the means at the disposal of the legislature, and to the average permanent condition of the public mind, to deter men by terror, to disable them from crime, to sanction and to gratify public indignation against particular offences, and to reform by discipline?

First, then, how far is it possible to deter men from crime by terror? If the public sentiment permitted it, there can be no doubt that they might be deterred to any extent. No man would pick a pocket if he saw a pistol pointed at his head, and knew that he would be shot dead the instant he had seized the coveted article, and there can be no doubt that if theft were punished with instant death whenever it was detected, and if the public used every effort to detect it, men would not steal. Unsparing persecution, carried out with relentless determination, will put down even what men hold most sacred. It is perfectly possible to put down a religious or political movement even when it is supported by the strongest public sympathy and the highest abstract principles. There can be no doubt that the same course might be taken with crime, and that if criminality were hunted as vigorously in England as heterodoxy used to be in Spain, there would in course of time be as few criminals here as there were heretics there. The weak point of Draconian systems is the uncertainty and compassion of their administration. Hang every thief, and there will be no theft. Reprieve some ignorant lad or starving woman who has committed a theft, and the efficiency of the law is gone. Hence the real limit to deterrent punishment is public feeling. A certain amount of deterrent punishment the public in its average moods will endure. The introduction of any further amount destroys the certainty of the law, and so weakens its effect indefinitely. How far, then, will the public allow deterrent punishment to

be carried? The answer to this question must depend upon individual experience and observation. There are, however, some facts to go upon. Little or no general objection has been shown for some years past to the infliction of capital punishment in bad cases of murder, and on the last occasion when a man was hung for attempting to commit murder his execution produced general satisfaction. He had done his very utmost to kill a woman and thought that he had succeeded in doing it. Upon any great emergency, when strong sentiments of vengeance or horror are excited, the public will not only tolerate, but demand great severity. Little or no remonstrance was made against the wholesale executions by which the Indian Mutiny was avenged and put down. On the whole, it appears highly probable that the public would both tolerate or approve deterrent punishments of considerable severity in cases in which their moral sympathies were greatly interested, or their fears vividly appealed to, and no doubt such punishments might be so managed as to have a great effect on persons disposed to commit crimes. Suppose, for instance, that the public would allow a man convicted of some specially brutal and cruel assault on a woman to be kept for two years in solitary confinement and on low diet, and to receive during that period a dozen lashes from a cat-and-nine-tails every six weeks, there can be no doubt that if he survived the punishment he would never forget it as long as he lived. If some such discipline formed an indispensable preface to all reformatory punishments, it could hardly fail to terrify criminals. How far in point of fact the public would go in this direction it is of course impossible to say; but there can be little doubt that by careful selection both of the crimes to be subjected to such punishments, and of the particular cases in which they should be inflicted, the deterring force of the law might be very greatly increased. This incidentally answers the question as to the cases in which public indignation can be directed against particular crimes and gratified by their punishment. Wherever the feeling exists it can be deepened and intensified by legislation in accordance with it. Where it does not exist legislation can hardly create it. The horror which murder excites is deepened by hanging murderers, because it has an independent source of its own; but if men were hung for obtaining goods by false pretences, the law, and not the crime, would be the subject of horror.

The cases in which disabling punishments would be permitted by public feeling are not very numerous, but they are most important. Death, the most disabling of all punishments, will no doubt continue to be confined to murder; though it is to be regretted that the power of inflicting it for attempts to murder, and possibly also for the most aggravated forms of burglary and highway robbery, should have been altogether given up; but imprisonment for very long terms, in some cases even for life, would no doubt be not only tolerated, but cordially approved of by the public, in cases of crimes committed by professional criminals, even if the crimes themselves were not specially repulsive in a moral point of view. A man who, after some four or five convictions for felony,

is convicted once more, and who has been for years living upon crime, is like a pirate—*hostis humani generis*. Legislators may be sure that in shutting up for life rogues of this description they would have the public voice fully and justly on their side.

The question how far and how criminals can be reformed is one which there is some difficulty in discussing fairly when the public are in a state of panic. It would, however, be a pitiful thing if the brutalities of a few scoundrels were allowed to undo all that has been effected in favour of a very miserable part of the human race for the last half century. By attending to the classification of crimes and criminals, and to the nature of the means at the disposal of philanthropic governors of convict prisons—and notwithstanding the floods of ridicule poured on Sir Joshua Jebb, he may well be proud of that honourable title—it is easy to see in general what are the limits within which criminals can be reformed. The means, and the only effective means of reform which the best managed prison can supply, are discipline and enforced industry. To some extent it may give good habits, but it cannot purify the heart, and no one ought to expect it to do so. When, therefore, the criminal has yielded to great temptation, or has been led astray by bad company, by bad education, or, as may be sometimes the case, by misdirected notions of courage, independence, or love of adventure, there are great hopes that he may be reformed. There is a relation, and there might and ought to be a close relation, between the treatment and the disease; but there is a sort of corruption which this kind of discipline has no tendency at all to affect. The shameless rogue who has deliberately and systematically taken up crime as his business, and looks upon periods of penal servitude as intervals of bad luck; and still more, the infamous wretches who are stained with crimes which are perhaps even more loathsome than dangerous—the murderer, the ravisher, the man who extorts by false accusations, the robber who habitually uses violence,—are not people whom discipline will affect at all. They belong to another class, and ought to be treated on a different principle from common criminals. The horrible consequences of mixing up all these men in one mass are beginning to make themselves felt; and it should be fully understood that the true remedy is to be found in varying the kinds as well as the periods of punishment to which men are subjected. Look, for instance, at the frightful case, which occurred last summer, of the Fordingbridge murder. A man commits a rape. He is sentenced to a certain term of penal servitude, during which he has to work, say, nine hours a day, is well fed, and has nine hours' sleep every night in a sufficiently warm and comfortable bed. When he comes out he repeats his first offence, this time with the addition of murder. Would any reasonable man have expected any other result? What was there in his previous sentence either to deter or to reform him? Sharp physical pain, the lowest diet, the hardest lodging, might have had some chance of taming him, and if these hardships had shattered his constitution and even shortened his life, he would have had no right to

complain. The knowledge that he had to suffer these evils would at any rate have been a warning to others, and if he had been imprisoned, as he ought to have been for many years, he would have been harmless to every one except himself. Our heedless and unsystematic way of punishing which puts such a crime as his on a level, say, with passing a forged note, was the cause in this case of the sacrifice of two lives, his victim's and his own.

The general result of the whole is that crimes involving great moral atrocity as well as great public mischief should be met by deterrent and also by disabling punishments—that crimes of less magnitude committed by professional criminals should be visited with disabling punishments, and that the punishments in use at present should be confined to cases in which there is reasonable ground to hope for real reform.

It would be no very difficult matter to carry out some parts, at all events, of this scheme. The law is now brought into a shape and size in which it would be comparatively easy to say which crimes should be made the objects of what might be called exemplary punishment, nor would it be really difficult to ascertain whether a man convicted of some offence which did not fall under this category deserved to be treated as a professional criminal. As matters stand at present, previous convictions can generally be charged in indictments for felony, in order to render a man liable to aggravated punishment. There is no real reason why power should not be given to indict a man so convicted for being a professional criminal. It might be provided that if it was shown by evidence that he had been convicted a certain number of times, and that he was in the habit of associating with persons known to be thieves or bad characters, the burden of proving that he got his living honestly should be thrown upon him. He might be examined as to his life, his companions, his means of earning wages, and the like, and evidence might be admitted of his character. If, as the result of the whole inquiry, the jury were satisfied that he lived by crime, and was a habitual criminal, he ought to be imprisoned for life, and prevented at all events from doing further mischief. Probably the jury will not feel much difficulty in knowing what to think of a man who, being convicted of a burglary, committed in a thoroughly skilful professional way, appeared to have been previously convicted of various offences as often as twelve or fifteen times; yet this is not an imaginary case. It actually happened in one of the Midland counties less than a year ago. The prisoner was sentenced to eighteen years' penal servitude, whatever that may mean, but he will probably be revisiting his old haunts long before the year 1879.

In addition to these alterations, it would be no doubt desirable to examine closely the state of the existing convict prisons. There is probably a good deal of ignorance and prejudice in the universal chorus of indignation raised against them, but without entering at large into the subject, a few remarks upon it may be permitted. In the first place it might be foretold with certainty that the system would err on the side of

indulgence. To a humane and educated man, the task of inflicting pain must always be odious in comparison with that of regulating a sort of system of education. There is also a natural love in all officials, especially in all military men, for the system, completeness, and organization of a great establishment, and the combination of these considerations forms a strong temptation to any manager to try to make his convict establishment in a sense cheerful and comfortable. A man whose life is passed in managing, providing for, and regulating convicts, comes inevitably, if he is a kind-hearted and good-natured man, to forget their worst features, and look upon them more or less as his dependants. The worst that can fairly be said of Sir Joshua Jebb seems to be, that he may have been too sanguine and liberal in his philanthropy. It is, however, fair to him to call attention to the fact that he has expressly admitted that the English convict system is not suited for the worst class of rogues. In a statement published in a condensed form in this Magazine,* after quoting from *The Times* an observation that the professional criminals "constitute the ugly per-centage of the convicts—with which nothing can be done—the true blackamoors of the system who can never be washed white," he adds, "Here it is, and perhaps here only, we fail." In other words, the system is, on his own showing, quite unfit for the very class whom of all others it is most important to punish effectually. Some sixty or seventy thoroughly hardened professional footpads and garotters are enough to throw all London into a panic, and when the public ask why this is so, they are told that penal servitude is not intended for gentlemen of this persuasion. It would be well to make an effort to meet their peculiar views. Even if it should seem too extensive and difficult an undertaking to devise new classifications of crime and new systems of punishment for special cases, and if, as there is great reason to fear, it is true that the objections to transportation are really conclusive, it is the greatest of all mistakes to make convicts too comfortable. To honest poverty it is the most cruel insult, to the criminals themselves it is cruel kindness, for their crimes are due in almost every case to "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life." It would be an outrage on decency to paint with any approach to truth the inside of the minds of prisoners. If their habitual language is the best index to them, they must contain abysses of blasphemy and filth which can hardly be imagined. Take a man of this kind, feed him well, work him lightly, let him have plenty of sleep in a soft and warm bed, and confine him for years to the society of persons of his own class and sex, and you expose him to temptations far greater than libraries of tracts and armies of chaplains can encounter. Monkish austerities had their meaning. It was not for nothing that the monks recommended fasting and bodily austerities, and though the subject cannot well be fully discussed, no one who thinks upon it can fail to see that hard work and spare diet would be in the highest degree

* *Cornhill Magazine* for 1861, vol. iv. page 240.

necessary to men in the circumstances of convicts, even if the matter of punishment were out of the question.

One simple mode of securing this result suggests itself to observers from the outside. Why should these men be provided for in all respects merely because they are criminals? Why might they not work for their living, and suffer all the hardships that honest men suffer in the daily struggle for subsistence. Suppose that on his introduction to Dartmoor or Portland the convict were addressed thus:—"There is the quarry, and there is a pickaxe. The terms are so much for every ton of stone; and if you work uncommonly hard, you will be able to earn, say, 6s. a week. Honest labourers have to support a family on 9s. or 10s. Out of that you must find yourself. The rent of your cell is so much, and will be stopped out of your wages: and there will also be a weekly stoppage to pay for your clothes. Everything else you can buy at stated prices at shops in the prison. Now work or be idle, just as you please; but observe, you do not get one penny beyond what you earn. If you are ill, you may go into hospital, but you will have to pay so much a week, and you must work out your debts before you leave the prison. If you refuse to work, you may settle the question with your own stomach; but if you rebel, or steal from the other convicts, or are disobedient to, or assault the warders, there is a court in the nature of a drumhead court-martial constantly sitting, which will do justice upon you with surprising promptitude, and in the same way in which soldiers and sailors are punished." If this kind of remedy were applied, we should hear little of either luxurious living or idleness. The convicts would have no right to complain. They would be merely undergoing the common lot—working for their living like honest men—subject only to such special restraints as their own misconduct had rendered necessary. In this way good and bad fortune would apportion itself in prison pretty much as it does in the rest of the world. The active man would be moderately comfortable, the idle one would be wretched; and the calamities and personal advantages which do not depend upon morality would fall, as it pleased Providence, as they do on the rest of mankind. This suggestion might be applied to every sort of punishment: to persons subjected to deterrent or disabling imprisonment, as well as to those who have to undergo that which is more directly reformatory. It would substitute for an artificial discipline, which it is hardly possible to regulate in a satisfactory manner, a natural discipline, which would regulate itself with no trouble at all.

f
a
y
,
e
-
e
f
.
f
l
e
t
t
,
d
e
u
e
l
-
n
-
a.
r
r
e
e
e
o
o
rt
-
y
is
e,



THE FIRST MEETING

The * * * * in the Closet.

PASSAGES EXTRACTED FROM THE JOURNAL OF THE BARON
DELAUNAY.



3rd June, 1770: *Paris*. — The Vicomte de Grandchamps called this morning—splendid as usual, with buttons of Roman mosaic on his velvet coat, and his point-lace *jabot* the true coffee-colour now in vogue. What an age of pretension it is! The dandy conceals his own fine hair beneath a hideous crop of the barber's invention. The ladies cover their fair skins with rouge and little patches of black; the graceful play of their limbs is thwarted by some artificial device to swell out their petticoats and nip in their waists—even the pearly whiteness of their lace must be dyed in coffee to give it a look of age! How preposterous shall we appear to future ages, when a more enlightened education and a higher tone of morality shall enable society to return to nature, consequently to beauty! I can fancy how the students of the next century will contrast the costume of our ladies—their petticoats tucked up to display their legs, attractively set off by coloured and embroidered stockings; their little feet distorted by high-heeled shoes; their painted cheeks, their false hair, their little shadeless hats—with the long flowing robes indicating the graceful limbs without displaying them, the chaste wimple, the modest veil of the middle ages. I can fancy what lesson they will deduct from these outward signs, and how they will understand only from pictures the reverential devotion of the knights of Saint Louis's time for their noble ladies, and the familiar, lewd gallantry of the reign of Louis XV. To return to the vicomte, who suggested this digression. He entered, and threw himself indolently down on the easiest of my arm-chairs, stretching out his legs the better to admire their exquisite proportions.

"Is it true," he asked, "that you are on the eve of giving up your liberty?"

"My liberty! what is that?"

"Ah!" he replied, with a little laugh, stroking his calves the while, "very good; what is his liberty?—cynical as usual. Do not we bachelors come and go at will, order our own dinner, pursue our own pleasure, form our own little acquaintances, not to shock you with tenderer names, invite our own friends to our own banquets? Once married, *mon cher*, some one else rules all that; you may pay the cost—that will be your share of the fun. It is true you may have separate establishments, but that is expensive, and no particular good."

"All that may be the case in your ménage, vicomte," I replied; "but

I assure you it will not be so in mine. Time only can prove how much marriage may increase or diminish my happiness; but, decidedly, I shall remain master of my own house."

"Then you will live in perpetual warfare, and we shall soon see the marks of nails on your grave, sober face. That is a worse condition than the other."

"Neither one nor the other is necessary, I assure you."

"Ah, poor Delaunay, what an infatuation! I had hoped it might not be true, when the fellows at the fencing-court told me you had asked the hand of Gabrielle de Vigny of her parents."

"It is true that I have made proposals to the parents of Mademoiselle de Vigny," I replied, with a stress on the *mademoiselle* he had so rudely omitted; "but I am not so sure of obtaining it."

"You don't mean to say De Vigny hesitated?—the hypocrite!"

"Not at all, but the young lady herself has not seen me; she is still in her convent."

"And you think she will be consulted?"

"I am sure she will; I will not force myself upon any one."

"Ah, well, girls are all alike! she will say yes, glad enough to leave school and be Madame la Baronne Delaunay, with a handsome husband, a handsome house, and a handsome fortune. And then she will amuse herself. Poor things, they are so caged up!—they know nothing but restraint, whereas we men, by marrying, either lose our liberty, or——"

"Valuable liberty, truly! We do as we like, because no one cares what we do; stop out late because no one at home is longing for us; form silly friendships because there is no one to fill up the blank in our heart."

"Our heart! Really, Delaunay, conversation with you is like reposing in a shady arbour! Fancy a man of the court of his Most Christian Majesty Louis XV. talking about our hearts! Ah, here is François with chocolate; I drink in that most innocent beverage to the success of your Arcadian dream. May your choice be as sweet as your chocolate."

And so he ran on, and I reasoned with him no longer. *A quoi bon?* It was not worth the trouble. But am I so sure of the wisdom of my plans? I have seen her portrait; it is charming. Her parents are worthy people, and she is only fifteen; surely, at that age, she can have acquired no taint of the vices of the day, no taste for its artificial pleasures. She will yield to my superior experience. I will be so gentle with her; I will so truly make her feel the identity of our interests—but softly, she is not yet mine, she may never bear my name, for her wishes shall never be forced for me.

5th June.—Waited betimes on Madame de Vigny, for she had, I know, fixed on the 4th for her daughter's arrival in Paris, and I could not rest till I had seen her and learnt my fate. There is a certain air of poverty about the apartments, in spite of the gentility of the lady's manners, which makes me fear that my fortune may be an acceptable prospect

to the De Vignys, and I more than ever determine to ascertain for myself if the parents dictate to the poor girl her choice. After a brief apology for presenting myself so early in the day, "Is she arrived?" I asked, eagerly.

"Yes, indeed."

"And she was quite willing to come?"

"What a question! Gabrielle has never disobeyed her parents."

"But was she glad, happy, or did she weep?"

"Nay, I must admit she shed many tears; but what would you expect? She has been with the good nuns seven years, and she loves them dearly. She is so young she had never thought of changing her condition; and she is so timid, too. There were girls there no older than herself who cast such looks of envy upon her as she bade them farewell. 'Ah, how happy you will be!' they exclaimed. 'Come and see us when you are a great lady, and tell us all about court when you are presented.' But my poor Gabrielle only kissed them, and wept without speaking. They were all still standing behind the *grille* when we drove away. But she is quite happy this morning; listen, is not that a merry song?"

She paused, and opened the window; from the little square garden beneath rose a sweet carolling like the matins of a bird. How my heart beat as I caught the vague outline of a female dress amongst the lilac-bushes!

"Ah, madame, let me go down to her. I must see her. I can wait no longer now I have heard her voice."

"What are you thinking of, baron? She has no proper attire; she still wears her poor little convent frock. I have already sent for the mantua-maker. In a few days she shall be presented to you; but to see her alone before marriage, at any rate before signing the contract—impossible: that is never done. Monsieur le Baron must be aware of it?"

"I am, dear madame; but I am not bound by any of our absurd formalities myself, and I entreat you to set them aside in my favour. Good heavens, madame! what idea have you formed of your future son, that you are afraid to trust him to speak to your daughter?"

As I grew warm the lady was obviously embarrassed between her strong sense of the proprieties and her desire not to offend me. "I wish my husband were at home," she sighed.

"Listen, dear madame; you must allow me to see mademoiselle, for I have vowed never to marry a girl who cannot assure me that she voluntarily becomes my wife."

The lady looked still more uncomfortable. "She is so timid, she would not dare to tell you so much."

"Well, at any rate you must let me try. Do you not see that I am only consulting her interest. You consent. I go then; I shall be almost in your presence in that hour."

The lady fairly cried as she again muttered something about her poor attire, but I hastily left the room. The more she desired the match, the

more determined I became to ascertain if the daughter was averse to it; and a few seconds brought me into the garden. Gabrielle was standing under a lilac-tree—the sun glancing in chequered rays through the boughs upon her brilliant hair, her white throat, her simple dress. Ah, I see that dear little frock now—a white chintz strewed with rosebuds; her face was bent down over a lily-of-the-valley she was smelling, but the profile was exquisite; the little hands which held the flower were so delicate! My haste received a sudden check; it was for me to feel timid, uncertain. What if that lovely flower were not for me; what if that sweet face were to turn away from me with aversion. All my thoughts were confused, words failed me. Now that I had seen her, how could I bear to risk a refusal? I had almost resolved to return to her mother, and beg her to plead my cause; but I could not stir—that girlish figure, that elegant *pose*, that beautiful head, enthralled me quite. Suddenly she turned round and perceived me; a crimson blush overspread her face and neck, and she was bounding away like a startled fawn, when I boldly caught her hand, and, gently detaining her, explained who I was, and that her mother had allowed me to visit her in the arbour.

Poor little thing—how frightened—how agitated she looked! For seven years she had seen no man but the old priest; and her dress fluttered visibly with the beating of her heart. My own taught me how to reassure her. I had determined to be as correct, as respectfully ceremonious as her mother's scruples could have desired; but with that darling, trembling child by my side, how could I? I seated her on a little bench, on which there was barely room for us two, and still retaining her hand, I said, simply, "Gabrielle, your parents have allowed me to ask you to become my wife—did they speak to you on the subject?"

"Yes, sir."

"And the thought grieves you?"

There was a pause: I could see that she dared not answer openly.

"Do not be afraid, you are entirely your own mistress—no one will control your inclinations—no one will even persuade you in the matter. I will never see you again, if you tell me to go. If it does not make you unhappy, I will remain with you a little while: may I?"

"Yes, sir," she whispered.

"Then don't tremble so; have confidence in me, for I seek only to make you happy. Look at me, and tell me if I am so very formidable?"

She raised her eyes as if from a habit of obedience, and dropped them again; then looked up again, voluntarily and steadily. The truthful, beautiful eyes! how I dived into their lustrous depths! That look sealed my fate. Gabrielle ceased to tremble. She said little—but she listened willingly; and before I quitted her side she had given me the lily-of-the-valley she had been smelling when I first saw her (I have it still). Ah! what a change had taken place in my sensations when I rejoined mother! I actually embraced the good lady.

"Well?" she said.

"She is an angel. I have not deserved such happiness; and she will love me soon—I know she will. Ah, madame, how can I thank you enough for such a treasure. And her dress is charming. Pray do not alter it; do not spoil her lovely simplicity; do not make her look ever so little like the ladies of the court."

The good mother was immensely relieved by my enthusiastic admiration, but she said her daughter *must* have the *trousseau* of a lady; and so I came home to my solitary house in a state of elysium.

8th June.—My suit prospers; each day my Gabrielle (mine!) grows more familiar, more charming; but I feel a sort of panic, when I consider her extreme youth and inexperience. She has seen nothing, known nothing—she does not dislike me, but with whom could she compare me? Her mother takes her from house to house to pay the customary calls to her relatives before marriage; but I know too well how such visits are endured. A kiss on the forehead, with kind congratulations from the elders, a bow from the young cousins, the distribution of a little box of bonbons, which old and young chump with the same relish, and the ceremony is ended, without my timid little Gabrielle having raised her eyes.

I shudder sometimes as I think of the wretched marriages I have known, and fancy that perhaps the poor young bride was taken from her convent to the altar, ignorant and innocent as my betrothed, and that, when it was too late, her eyes were opened, and her affections engaged when her duty bound her to another, a stranger!

It was my wish to retire to my château of St. Vermont, and there to lead with her such a life as cannot exist in this corrupt capital; but her mother, I see, expects her to be presented at court, and I myself feel scruples as to the kindness of selecting her lot for her ere she has experience to judge of it for herself.

"Yes, she must first see a little more of life, and here, *à propos*, arrives an invitation from the vicomte's father, the Marquis de Grandchamps, to a fête champêtre at his superb house at St. Maur. He tells me I am to meet Madame de Vigny and her lovely daughter, in whose honour the fête is given. Ah! I have hardly patience to think of the old libertine carrying her about, and introducing her to his friends—male and female. Inconsistent that I am, is it not what I was just resolving was the juster course of the two?"

11th June.—The most lovely day favoured the marquis's fête, which was certainly a grand success. Madame de Vigny offered me a place in her coach; it is a most antiquated vehicle, and so heavy that her four fat Norman horses could barely drag it along at the rate of four miles an hour. But what mattered the slowness of their pace to me—with Gabrielle seated opposite to me, with her bright young face, listening to my account of everything the journey suggested, particularly the donjon of Vincennes? Ah! I could not resist the temptation of making those large eyes dilate with terror, as I related to her, as graphically as I could,

some of the horrible adventures of prisoners immured for ever within those walls.

"And are there prisoners there now?" she asked, looking sadly at the fortified walls.

"Yes, many."

"So you said when we passed the Bastille," she answered. "Two prisons in one drive, and on such a brilliant summer's day. The good God comfort the poor captives!"

I repented of the picturesqueness of my descriptions—alas! in no way exaggerated—when I found that I could not win another smile from her till we came suddenly at a turn of the road upon the Marne, winding here silvery bright in the sunshine, there blue and cool beneath the willows which overhang it. The grounds of the marquis slope down to the water's edge, brilliant with gaily-painted kiosques and Chinese summer-houses. Poles supporting wreaths of flowers, festooned, marked the approach to the house; and almost ere we had passed the gates a group of would-be shepherdesses, attired in white and blue brocade, all looped up with roses, and with blue ribbons floating from their crooks, advanced to welcome us and conduct us to the master of the revels. They were his daughters. Three years ago they were as fresh, as girlish as my Gabrielle. Now their beauty is entirely obscured by artificial adornments; not a look is unsophisticated, not a gesture is natural.

The fête, as might be expected, was splendid, and very much Gabrielle seemed to enjoy it, except when her modesty suffered as she was brought too prominently forward to public notice. I think what pleased her most was a delightful concert, in which the vicomte had performed to great perfection a selection from Piccini's *Dido*.

"Ah!" said the old marquis, observing her delight, "you young people find pleasure in all that wandering up and down, which, to me, is little better than tuning the instruments. If you had heard Lulli play the violin, so tender, so simple, yet so wonderful! It is my son who is wild after Piccini; he ordered the concert. He takes his part with such vehemence, that he has written at least twenty satires against Glück; and at that famous battle at the Palais Royal he is believed to have knocked down about a dozen Glückites with the feather out of his hat, which was the only weapon he had at command.

"All which," I observed, "does not hinder Glück from being the greatest composer we have ever had, as I hope to prove to Mademoiselle de Vigny to-morrow, at the representation of his *Orfeo*."

The old marquis smiled. "I should have guessed you were a Glückite, always of the severe school. Ah! mademoiselle, you must enliven your future husband; make him one of us. Do not allow him to frown down upon our innocent frivolity, like a Parisian Cato. Time is so short; why not improve it by gilding its wings, since we cannot clip them, and crowning it with flowers, since we cannot conceal its old bald head."

The marquis then begged me to lead out Mademoiselle de Vigny for a minuet; but though her mother nodded approvingly at the proposal, Gabrielle herself grew pale with timidity. She dared neither refuse nor accept; and most gratefully she thanked me when I assured her that she was there only for her own pleasure, and need do nothing that was painful to herself.

On our return home, as the moon was at the full, Madame de Vigny had caused no footman to attend us with torches—the way, too, being so long; but the moon was often obscured by clouds, or concealed by the tops of the trees. In passing along the Bois de Vincennes we were for nearly half an hour in darkness. Madame slept profoundly. Never before had I had my betrothed so entirely to myself; and from low whispers of affection we sank into a silence more eloquent still of love. I took her hand, and it returned the pressure of mine; I could not see her face, but I drew her nearer—nearer to me—and on her forehead I imprinted the first kiss I had ever dared to take, half fearing the while lest she should resent it; but my lips still lingered on her brow when I felt her dear arms cast around me—her heart was beating against mine, her mouth sought mine. O joy! all that I felt for her she felt for me; it was no quiet acquiescence in an inevitable doom; her being had bounded forth to meet mine. Not a word was said, but from that moment I felt she was my wife. All scruples ceased; it mattered not where she went, or whom she saw, she was mine as voluntarily as I was hers.

12th June.—Conducted Gabrielle and her mother to the representation of *Orfeo*. Ah, poor Gabrielle, how deeply she was moved—it was all real to her, her eyes never wandered a moment from the stage, and flashed with hope or filled with tears as the story changed; but when at last she saw Orpheus about to turn round, unable to bear the importunities of Eurydice, she clasped her hands passionately, and exclaimed aloud, “Why do you not trust him when he loves you so much!” Involuntarily Eurydice looked up to our box, and so did many others. Poor Gabrielle, covered with confusion, sat as far back as she could, and the crimson had not faded from her neck when De Grandchamps entered.

“I have come to felicitate you,” he exclaimed. “What would I not give to believe once more in a play! I can only just remember the sensation, but it was very delightful. Now, you see, I’m only wondering whether Orpheus’s G sharp will be true. Glück never before received such praise as yours. I had intended to ask you if you did not think it dreadfully heavy stuff; but when I saw your face I knew it was useless to try and get any censure from you. You have espoused Delaunay’s tastes before himself.”

He spoke in a bantering way, as usual, but I could see that he was unusually charmed by the modest grace and beauty of Gabrielle; he looked at her continually, and chatted to her with so much fun and such a candid confession of all badness, that she was soon very much entertained with him, and gave him some of those silvery peals of girlish laughter which

he told me were as melodious again as any air of Glück's. Returning home, I asked her how she liked De Grandchamps. "I think him very amusing; of course, I do not believe in all the wickedness he pretends to boast of. I suppose, on the contrary, he is very good."

"And why so?"

"He could not be so gay if he were guilty—remorse would poison his life. He could not make a jest of his sins."

Poor innocent Gabrielle! I thought, Is that all thy penetration? then art thou safer with a protector less guileless than thyself.

* * * * *

I have confided to Gabrielle my first design of living with her at St. Vermont, far from the gaieties and dissipations of Paris, devoting ourselves to the welfare of our poor neighbours and trying to ameliorate their fate, which is lamentable enough when their lord resides in the capital, and all they know of him are his exactions. God will not always suffer this state of things; there are already signs of coming vengeance, and this war in America will kindle such a love of liberty here as will not be readily extinguished. Pray God it become not anarchy and brutal licence!

Gabrielle received my proposal with an enthusiasm I had never before noticed in her. Her convent education seems to have fitted her specially for the life I have most at heart. Yes, she will move like a good angel amongst the poor, healing their bodily sicknesses with medicines and restoratives, and pouring into their moral wounds the wine and oil of her pure faith and touching sympathy. I told her I feared her mother would not be satisfied—her dreams for the future had been more ambitious.

"Nay," she answered, with her usual frankness, "mamma is too well pleased with our engagement to feel disappointed at anything you propose, and papa would quite agree with your views of happiness."

Three days more, and she is mine! Ah, how can I ever make her sufficiently happy? the darling who has so willingly confided her young life to my care. Only three days!

St. Vermont, 24th June.—Midsummer in all its bloom; and we here in the beautiful country to enjoy it. What peace, what serenity, after the excitement of our marriage! The chequered emotion of separation from Gabrielle's parents—the journey here—the enthusiastic reception of our good people! Gabrielle is delighted; she says it is a new world, much larger and grander than the Paris world of fashion, of which she merely took a peep!

She thanks God her lot is placed here. Sweet child! she came to me this morning early, her hands and dress laden with roses still gemmed with dew. "Come with me," she said; "I have gathered these for the altar of our kind Lord: it is the day of St. John: we will go to church together and thank him—oh, for so much happiness!" and tears purer than the dew on the roses stood in her dark eyes, and a flush of joy more brilliant than their lovely colour heightened the beauty of her girlish face.

I could only look at her, my heart was too full for words ; surely my cup of contentment runs over.

30th.—Our sweet retirement ends to-day. De Grandchamps joins us. He has not been well, he says, and begs us to give him a change of air and a little quiet. He is welcome, and we will nurse him well ; but we are so happy I cannot look upon any change with pleasure.

1st July.—Certainly the vicomte is much altered, and my wife sees it as much as I do. I questioned him as to his dejection, but cannot find that he has been playing deeper than usual, and I can think of no other loss that would affect him. A good dose of fresh air, he says, will set him up again. "Yes," I added, "if you do not die of *ennui* during the process."

3rd.—Gabrielle looked sad to-day—perhaps I should rather say very serious—for the first time since our marriage. When we were alone at night, "Gabrielle," I said, "there is not to be the faintest cloud between us two : tell me what saddens you."

Her old timidity returned, and her colour, which varies so perpetually, went and came. I saw she was struggling with her natural shyness, and I waited patiently, holding her hands in mine to encourage her with my love and tenderness.

"Monsieur de Grandchamps tells me you are so very learned, and I am so ignorant. He said—no, he did not say so, but he—at least I understood him to mean that you would soon be tired of me, that you cared for nothing but science, literature, and—and—all that I don't understand. I saw that he was much surprised that you should ever have thought of me, and so am I now I reflect upon it."

"Dear Gabrielle ! thank you for telling me. But I had imagined De Grandchamps far too much of a flatterer for such a speech."

"Oh, he interlarded it with compliments, and said he preferred me as I am, but I did not heed all that, because I was struck with the truth of what he first said—that you were so learned, and I so ignorant."

"I am twelve years older than you, Gabrielle, and certainly not twelve years wiser. But I own to a great respect for learning, though not learned myself. Shall we study together ? Here, in this quiet place, we shall have leisure for reading."

"Anything with you."

4th.—Study with Gabrielle is not a brilliant success as yet ; it is difficult to manage. Those stupid old nuns have left untaught the very first laws of everything but embroidery and confectionery, and it is really puzzling to know where to begin, so that Gabrielle may understand me. But if I am obliged to own that my wife has no book-learning, I must say that every fresh test proves her more and more intelligent and really wise. She has always done the right thing with the most perfect grace, whilst I have been considering what was expected of me ; but as for books, the poor child yawns ; it cannot be dissembled, she positively yawns.

I shall be glad when De Grandchamps returns to Paris. He seems

quite well now, and is enjoying himself immensely. Strange that he should so quiet as is our life. * * *

A box from Paris has quite restored my wife's gay smiles. I suppose because it was a remembrance of her mother, for the box seemed to contain nothing but old school-books, working materials, &c.

12th.—De Grandchamps gone to a friend a few leagues off. I am afraid I am wanting in hospitality, but I really was not sorry to see him ride off, though he may return a day hence.

14th.—What is the meaning of this? When I went to my wife's boudoir this morning—always as much mine as her's—I found the door locked; and when, after some delay, it was opened, her manner was confused, her face averted from mine. What does it mean? I had vowed to hear of, to practise, no concealment, and yet somehow I could not explain myself—could ask nothing about the hurried manner, the locked door.

15th.—I fancied, after our little discomfort of yesterday, that Gabrielle might be embarrassed, colder, perhaps, but she is not. I never saw her more gay, more playfully kind. And yet she has said nothing satisfactory; she has not even reproached me with not demanding the explanation we had agreed to have on every subject of difference, be it ever so slight. And yet she hides—Nonsense, her face is candour itself; she hides nothing. It was a chance, and she has attached no importance to it, has not thought of it again. But why lock the door when she heard me?

16th.—O misery! she conceals something. I saw her to-day hastily snatch some article from her work-basket and thrust it into her pocket. And yet she carries it off bravely! she is gay, and I—I am wretched—tormented with doubts. To-morrow I will know all—at any price I will—I know not why I am silent so long; is it fear?

17th.—I feigned to go out fishing this morning and returned almost immediately. I went straight up to Gabrielle's room, but as I approached the door I heard her step within fly across the room and hastily draw the bolt. All calm forsook me—

“Open the door, Gabrielle!”

“Yes, dear, in one moment.”

“Instantly, madame!”

The bolt was withdrawn immediately, and Gabrielle stood there with such a look of fearful perplexity in her large eyes; I had called her madame!

“Why did you lock your door?” No answer. “Why did you lock your door?” I repeated, more angrily. Still no answer.

Gabrielle could not prevaricate, but I saw that her frightened looks turned ever to the door of a large closet near the window.

“Give me the key of that closet.”

She obeyed tremblingly, but as I put the key in the lock she rushed forward, and, with a look of most miserable confusion, put her little hands against the door.

"I pray you not to open it!"

For all answer, I took both her hands in one of mine (they were such baby hands!) and with a jerk of successful rage burst open the door—as I did so, there came tumbling against me the figure of a large waxen doll!! My rival—my skeleton in the closet! It had been sent in that box which had given her so much pleasure—her old convent doll—her playmate for many years! And I had been jealous of that doll, with which my poor little wife of fifteen played on the sly! As I beheld her round, vacant, rosy face, her staring glass eyes, my first impulse was a burst of laughter, quenched almost immediately in a feeling of such remorseful shame as I hope never to feel again. I had so erred against my most innocent wife that I was ashamed to ask her forgiveness; every attempt, even at apology, would be an insult to a spirit so pure—so incapable of a thought even of evil. What was I to do? A stifled sob from Gabrielle met my ear. I knelt down and asked her pardon with most sincere humiliation.

"Forgive you," she sobbed, "for what?—will *you* not despise *me* for ever?"

Her guileless mind had not even understood my insane suspicions; she thought only of her detected childishness. Glad was I to avail myself of her innocence.

"I have been so rude to you, dearest; I have given you pain," I stammered out.

Ah! how much more ashamed was I of my jealousy than she could be of her doll, and how much more ridiculous was I! Dear, dear little Gabrielle!

* * * * *

1st December.—Gabrielle called me this morning to show me the waxen dolly carefully packed up in a box.

"Do you know for whom I am saving dear old waxy?" she asked, with a smile; a smile which has much, much more in it than the old sunbeam of the childish face six months back.

"And yet, Gabrielle," I answered, pointing to some Lilliputian needlework, "yet you are still making doll's clothes?"

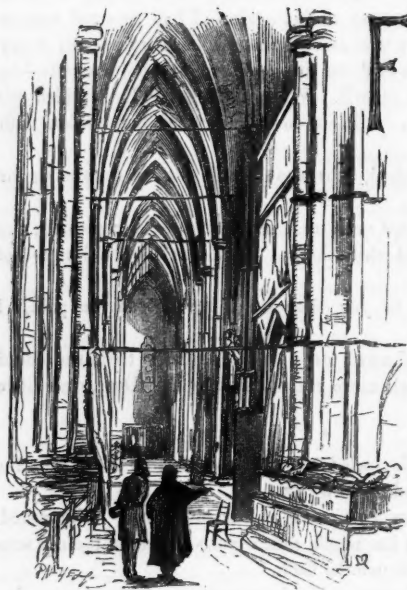
"For all your learning, you are only a goose!" was the reply.

Fancy Gabrielle laughing at me in the presence of that doll of which she has been so dreadfully ashamed. Certainly something or other has greatly raised her sense of self-importance.

The Small House at Allington.

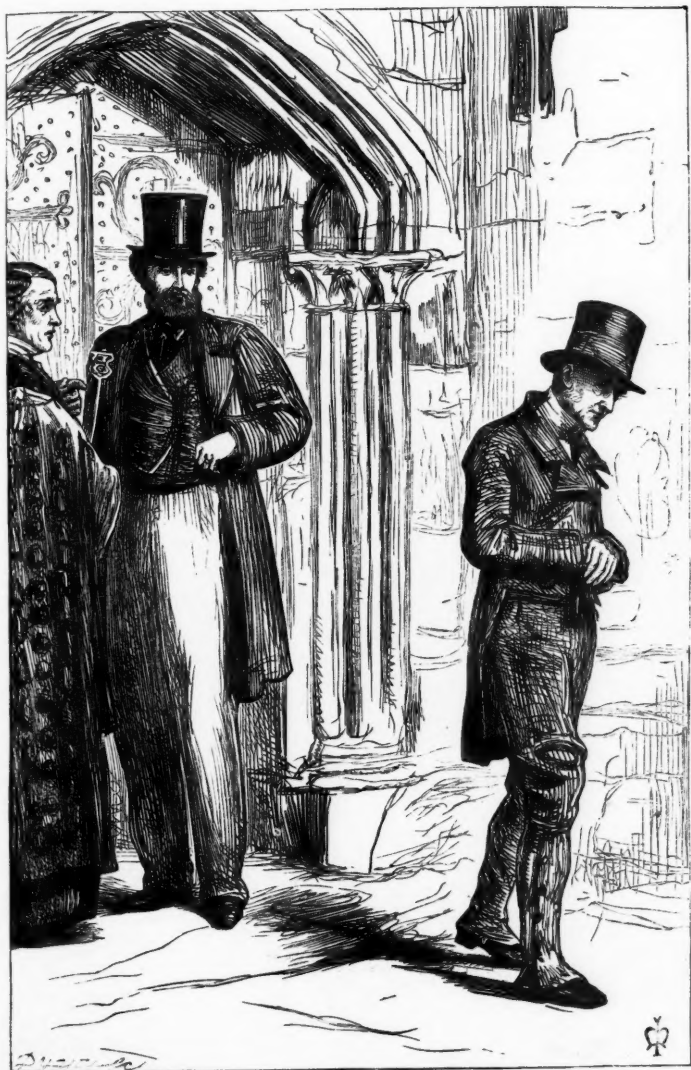
CHAPTER XVI.

MR. CROSBIE MEETS AN OLD CLERGYMAN ON HIS WAY TO COURCY CASTLE.



FOR the first mile or two of their journey Crosbie and Bernard Dale sat, for the most part, silent in their gig. Lily, as she ran down to the churchyard corner and stood there looking after them with her loving eyes, had not been seen by them. But the spirit of her devotion was still strong upon them both, and they felt that it would not be well to strike at once into any ordinary topic of conversation. And, moreover, we may presume that Crosbie did feel much at thus parting from such a girl as Lily Dale, with whom he had lived in close intercourse for the last six

weeks, and whom he loved with all his heart,—with all the heart that he had for such purposes. In those doubts as to his marriage which had troubled him he had never expressed to himself any disapproval of Lily. He had not taught himself to think that she was other than he would have her be, that he might thus give himself an excuse for parting from her. Not as yet, at any rate, had he had recourse to that practice, so common with men who wish to free themselves from the bonds with which they have permitted themselves to be bound. Lily had been too sweet to his eyes, to his touch, to all his senses for that. He had enjoyed too keenly the pleasure of being with her, and of hearing her tell him that she loved him, to allow of his being personally tired of her. He had not been so spoilt by his club life but that he had taken exquisite pleasure in all her nice country ways, and soft, kind-hearted, womanly humour. He was



"THERE IS MR. HARDING COMING OUT OF THE DEANERY."



by no means tired of Lily. Better than any of his London pleasures was this pleasure of making love in the green fields to Lily Dale. It was the consequences of it that affrighted him. Babies with their belongings would come; and dull evenings, over a dull fire, or else the pining grief of a disappointed woman. He would be driven to be careful as to his clothes, because the ordering of a new coat would entail a serious expenditure. He could go no more among countesses and their daughters, because it would be out of the question that his wife should visit at their houses. All the victories that he had ever won must be given up. He was thinking of this even while the gig was going round the corner near the parsonage house, and while Lily's eyes were still blessed with some view of his departing back; but he was thinking, also, that moment, that there might be other victory in store for him; that it might be possible for him to learn to like that fireside, even though babies should be there, and a woman opposite to him intent on baby cares. He was struggling, as best he knew how; for the solemnity which Lily had imparted to him had not yet vanished from his spirit.

"I hope that, upon the whole, you feel contented with your visit?" said Bernard to him, at last.

"Contented? Of course I do."

"That is easily said; and civility to me, perhaps, demands as much. But I know that you have, to some extent, been disappointed."

"Well; yes. I have been disappointed as regards money. It is of no use denying it."

"I should not mention it now, only that I want to know that you exonerate me."

"I have never blamed you;—neither you, nor anybody else; unless, indeed, it has been myself."

"You mean that you regret what you've done?"

"No; I don't mean that. I am too devotedly attached to that dear girl whom we have just left to feel any regret that I have engaged myself to her. But I do think that had I managed better with your uncle things might have been different."

"I doubt it. Indeed I know that it is not so; and can assure you that you need not make yourself unhappy on that score. I had thought, as you well know, that he would have done something for Lily;—something, though not as much as he always intended to do for Bell. But you may be sure of this; that he had made up his mind as to what he would do. Nothing that you or I could have said would have changed him."

"Well; we won't say anything more about it," said Crosbie.

Then they went on again in silence, and arrived at Guestwick in ample time for the train.

"Let me know as soon as you get to town," said Crosbie.

"Oh, of course. I'll write to you before that."

And so they parted. As Dale turned and went, Crosbie felt that

he liked him less than he had done before; and Bernard, also, as he was driving him, came to the conclusion that Crosbie would not be so good a fellow as a brother-in-law as he had been as a chance friend. "He'll give us trouble, in some way; and I'm sorry that I brought him down." That was Dale's inward conviction in the matter.

Crosbie's way from Guestwick lay, by railway, to Barchester, the cathedral city lying in the next county, from whence he purposed to have himself conveyed over to Courcy. There had, in truth, been no cause for his very early departure, as he was aware that all arrivals at country houses should take place at some hour not much previous to dinner. He had been determined to be so soon upon the road by a feeling that it would be well for him to get over those last hours. Thus he found himself in Barchester at eleven o'clock, with nothing on his hands to do; and, having nothing else to do, he went to church. There was a full service at the cathedral, and as the verger marshalled him up to one of the empty stalls, a little spare old man was beginning to chant the Litany. "I did not mean to fall in for all this," said Crosbie, to himself, as he settled himself with his arms on the cushion. But the peculiar charm of that old man's voice soon attracted him;—a voice that, though tremulous, was yet strong; and he ceased to regret the saint whose honour and glory had occasioned the length of that day's special service.

"And who is the old gentleman who chanted the Litany?" he asked the verger afterwards, as he allowed himself to be shown round the monuments of the cathedral.

"That's our precentor, sir; Mr. Harding. You must have heard of Mr. Harding." But Crosbie, with a full apology, confessed his ignorance.

"Well, sir; he's pretty well known too, tho' he is so shy like. He's father-in-law to our dean, sir; and father-in-law to Archdeacon Grantly also."

"His daughters have all gone into the profession, then?"

"Why, yes; but Miss Eleanor—for I remember her before she was married at all,—when they lived at the hospital——"

"At the hospital?"

"Hiram's hospital, sir. He was warden, you know. You should go and see the hospital, sir, if you never was there before. Well, Miss Eleanor,—that was his youngest,—she married Mr. Bold as her first. But now she's the dean's lady."

"Oh; the dean's lady, is she?"

"Yes, indeed. And what do you think, sir? Mr. Harding might have been dean himself if he'd liked. They did offer it to him."

"And he refused it?"

"Indeed he did, sir."

"Nolo decanari. I never heard of that before. What made him so modest?"

"Just that, sir; because he is modest. He's past his seventy now,

—ever so much; but he's just as modest as a young girl. A deal more modest than some of them. To see him and his granddaughter together!"

"And who is his granddaughter?"

"Why, Lady Dumbello, as will be the Marchioness of Hartletop."

"I know Lady Dumbello," said Crosbie; not meaning, however, to boast to the verger of his noble acquaintance.

"Oh, do you, sir?" said the man, unconsciously touching his hat at this sign of greatness in the stranger; though in truth he had no love for her ladyship. "Perhaps you're going to be one of the party at Courcy Castle."

"Well, I believe I am."

"You'll find her ladyship there before you. She lunched with her aunt at the deanery as she went through, yesterday; finding it too much trouble to go out to her father's, at Plumpstead. Her father is the archdeacon, you know. They do say,—but her ladyship is your friend!"

"No friend at all; only a very slight acquaintance. She's quite as much above my line as she is above her father's."

"Well, she is above them all. They say she would hardly as much as speak to the old gentleman."

"What, her father?"

"No, Mr. Harding; he that chanted the Litany just now. There he is, sir, coming out of the deanery."

They were now standing at the door leading out from one of the transepts, and Mr. Harding passed them as they were speaking together. He was a little, withered, shambling old man, with bent shoulders, dressed in knee-breeches and long black gaiters, which hung rather loosely about his poor old legs,—rubbing his hands one over the other as he went. And yet he walked quickly; not tottering as he walked, but with an uncertain, doubtful step. The verger, as Mr. Harding passed, put his hand to his head, and Crosbie also raised his hat. Whereupon Mr. Harding raised his, and bowed, and turned round as though he were about to speak. Crosbie felt that he had never seen a face on which traits of human kindness were more plainly written. But the old man did not speak. He turned his body half round, and then shambled back, as though ashamed of his intention, and passed on.

"He is of that sort that they make the angels of," said the verger. "But they can't make many if they want them all as good as he is. I'm much obliged to you, sir." And he pocketed the half-crown which Crosbie gave him.

"So that's Lady Dumbello's grandfather," said Crosbie, to himself, as he walked slowly round the close towards the hospital, by the path which the verger had shown him. He had no great love for Lady Dumbello, who had dared to snub him,—even him. "They may make an angel of the old gentleman," he continued to say; "but they'll never succeed in that way with the granddaughter."

He sauntered slowly on over a little bridge; and at the gate of the hospital he again came upon Mr. Harding. "I was going to venture in," said he, "to look at the place. But perhaps I shall be intruding?"

"No, no; by no means," said Mr. Harding. "Pray come in. I cannot say that I am just at home here. I do not live here,—not now. But I know the ways of the place well, and can make you welcome. That's the warden's house. Perhaps we won't go in so early in the day, as the lady has a very large family. An excellent lady, and a dear friend of mine,—as is her husband."

"And he is warden, you say?"

"Yes, warden of the hospital. You see the house, sir. Very pretty, isn't it? Very pretty. To my idea it's the prettiest built house I ever saw."

"I won't go quite so far as that," said Crosbie.

"But you would if you'd lived there twelve years, as I did. I lived in that house twelve years, and I don't think there's so sweet a spot on the earth's surface. Did you ever see such turf as that?"

"Very nice indeed," said Crosbie, who began to make a comparison with Mrs. Dale's turf at the Small House, and to determine that the Allington turf was better than that of the hospital.

"I had that turf laid down myself. There were borders there when I first came, with hollyhocks, and those sort of things. The turf was an improvement."

"There's no doubt of that, I should say."

"The turf was an improvement, certainly. And I planted those shrubs, too. There isn't such a Portugal laurel as that in the county."

"Were you warden here, sir?" And Crosbie, as he asked the question, remembered that, in his very young days, he had heard of some newspaper quarrel which had taken place about Hiram's hospital at Barchester.

"Yes, sir. I was warden here for twelve years. Dear, dear, dear! If they had put any gentleman here that was not on friendly terms with me it would have made me very unhappy,—very. But, as it is, I go in and out just as I like; almost as much as I did before they—— But they didn't turn me out. There were reasons which made it best that I should resign."

"And you live at the deanery now, Mr. Harding?"

"Yes; I live at the deanery now. But I am not dean, you know. My son-in-law, Dr. Arabin, is the dean. I have another daughter married in the neighbourhood, and can truly say that my lines have fallen to me in pleasant places."

Then he took Crosbie in among the old men, into all of whose rooms he went. It was an almshouse for aged men of the city, and before Crosbie had left him Mr. Harding had explained all the circumstances of the hospital, and of the way in which he had left it. "I didn't like going, you know; I thought it would break my heart. But I could not stay

when they said such things as that;—I couldn't stay. And, what is more, I should have been wrong to stay. I see it all now. But when I went out under that arch, Mr. Crosbie, leaning on my daughter's arm, I thought that my heart would have broken." And the tears even now ran down the old man's cheeks as he spoke.

It was a long story, and it need not be repeated here. And there was no reason why it should have been told to Mr. Crosbie, other than this,—that Mr. Harding was a fond garrulous old man, who loved to indulge his mind in reminiscences of the past. But this was remarked by Crosbie; that, in telling his story, no word was said by Mr. Harding injurious to any one. And yet he had been injured,—injured very deeply. "It was all for the best," he said at last; "especially as the happiness has not been denied to me of making myself at home at the old place. I would take you into the house, which is very comfortable,—very; only it is not always convenient early in the day, where there's a large family." In hearing which Crosbie was again made to think of his own future home and limited income.

He had told the old clergyman who he was, and that he was on his way to Courcy. "Where, as I understand, I shall meet a granddaughter of yours."

"Yes, yes; she is my grandchild. She and I have got into different walks of life now, so that I don't see much of her. They tell me that she does her duty well in that sphere of life to which it has pleased God to call her."

"That depends," thought Crosbie, "on what the duties of a viscountess may be supposed to be." But he wished his new friend good-by, without saying anything further as to Lady Dumbello, and, at about six o'clock in the evening, had himself driven up under the portico of Courcy Castle.

CHAPTER XVII.

COURCY CASTLE.

COURCY CASTLE was very full. In the first place, there was a great gathering there of all the Courcy family. The earl was there,—and the countess, of course. At this period of the year Lady De Courcy was always at home; but the presence of the earl himself had heretofore been by no means so certain. He was a man who had been much given to royal visitings and attendances, to parties in the Highlands, to—no doubt necessary—prolongations of the London season, to sojournings at certain German watering-places, convenient, probably, in order that he might study the ways and ceremonies of German Courts,—and to various other absences from home, occasioned by a close pursuit of his own special aims in life; for the Earl De Courcy had been a great courtier. But of late gout, lumbago, and perhaps also some diminution in his powers of making him-

self generally agreeable, had reconciled him to domestic duties, and the earl spent much of his time at home. The countess, in former days, had been heard to complain of her lord's frequent absence. But it is hard to please some women,—and now she would not always be satisfied with his presence.

And all the sons and daughters were there,—excepting Lord Porlock, the eldest, who never met his father. The earl and Lord Porlock were not on terms, and indeed hated each other as only such fathers and such sons can hate. The Honourable George De Courcy was there with his bride, he having lately performed a manifest duty, in having married a young woman with money. Very young she was not,—having reached some years of her life in advance of thirty; but then, neither was the Honourable George very young; and in this respect the two were not ill-sorted. The lady's money had not been very much,—perhaps thirty thousand pounds or so. But then the Honourable George's money had been absolutely none. Now he had an income on which he could live, and therefore his father and mother had forgiven him all his sins, and taken him again to their bosom. And the marriage was matter of great moment, for the elder scion of the house had not yet taken to himself a wife, and the De Courcy family might have to look to this union for an heir. The lady herself was not beautiful, or clever, or of imposing manners—nor was she of high birth. But neither was she ugly, nor unbearably stupid. Her manners were, at any rate, innocent; and as to her birth,—seeing that, from the first, she was not supposed to have had any,—no disappointment was felt. Her father had been a coal-merchant. She was always called Mrs. George, and the effort made respecting her by everybody in and about the family was to treat her as though she were a figure of a woman, a large well-dressed resemblance of a being, whom it was necessary for certain purposes that the De Courcys should carry in their train. Of the Honourable George we may further observe, that, having been a spendthrift all his life, he had now become strictly parsimonious. Having reached the discreet age of forty, he had at last learned that beggary was objectionable; and he, therefore, devoted every energy of his mind to saving shillings and pence wherever pence and shillings might be saved. When first this turn came upon him both his father and mother were delighted to observe it; but, although it had hardly yet lasted over twelve months, some evil results were beginning to appear. Though possessed of an income, he would take no steps towards possessing himself of a house. He hung by the paternal mansion, either in town or country; drank the paternal wines, rode the paternal horses, and had even contrived to obtain his wife's dresses from the maternal milliner. In the completion of which little last success, however, some slight family dissent had showed itself.

The Honourable John, the third son, was also at Courcy. He had as yet taken to himself no wife, and as he had not hitherto made himself conspicuously useful in any special walk of life his family were beginning

to regard him as a burden. Having no income of his own to save, he had not copied his brother's virtue of parsimony ; and, to tell the truth plainly, had made himself so generally troublesome to his father, that he had been on more than one occasion threatened with expulsion from the family roof. But it is not easy to expel a son. Human fledglings cannot be driven out of the nest like young birds. An Honourable John turned adrift into absolute poverty will make himself heard of in the world,—if in no other way, by his ugliness as he starves. A thorough-going ne'er-do-well in the upper classes has eminent advantages on his side in the battle which he fights against respectability. He can't be sent to Australia against his will. He can't be sent to the poor-house without the knowledge of all the world. He can't be kept out of tradesmen's shops ; nor, without terrible scandal, can he be kept away from the paternal properties. The earl had threatened, and snarled, and shown his teeth ; he was an angry man, and a man who could look very angry ; with eyes which could almost become red, and a brow that wrinkled itself in perpendicular wrinkles, sometimes very terrible to behold. But he was an inconstant man, and the Honourable John had learned to measure his father, and in an accurate balance.

I have mentioned the sons first, because it is to be presumed that they were the elder, seeing that their names were mentioned before those of their sisters in all the peerages. But there were four daughters,—the Ladies Amelia, Rosina, Margaretta, and Alexandrina. They, we may say, were the flowers of the family, having so lived that they had created none of those family feuds which had been so frequent between their father and their brothers. They were discreet, high-bred women, thinking, perhaps, a little too much of their own position in the world, and somewhat apt to put a wrong value on those advantages which they possessed, and on those which they did not possess. The Lady Amelia was already married, having made a substantial if not a brilliant match with Mr. Mortimer Gazebee, a flourishing solicitor, belonging to a firm which had for many years acted as agents to the De Courcy property. Mortimer Gazebee was now member of Parliament for Barchester, partly through the influence of his father-in-law. That this should be so was a matter of great disgust to the Honourable George, who thought that the seat should have belonged to him. But as Mr. Gazebee had paid the very heavy expenses of the election out of his own pocket, and as George De Courcy certainly could not have paid them, the justice of his claim may be questionable. Mrs. Gazebee was now the happy mother of many babies, whom she was wont to carry with her on her visits to Courcy Castle, and had become an excellent partner to her husband. He would perhaps have liked it better if she had not spoken so frequently to him of her own high position as the daughter of an earl, or so frequently to others of her low position as the wife of an attorney. But, on the whole, they did very well together, and Mr. Gazebee had gotten from his marriage quite as much as he expected when he made it.

The Lady Rosina was very religious; and I do not know that she was conspicuous in any other way, unless it might be that she somewhat resembled her father in her temper. It was of the Lady Rosina that the servants were afraid, especially with reference to that so-called day of rest which, under her dominion, had become to many of them a day of restless torment. It had not always been so with the Lady Rosina; but her eyes had been opened by the wife of a great church dignitary in the neighbourhood, and she had undergone regeneration. How great may be the misery inflicted by an energetic, unmarried, healthy woman in that condition,—a woman with no husband, or children, or duties, to distract her from her work—I pray that my readers may never know.

The Lady Margaretta was her mother's favourite, and she was like her mother in all things,—except that her mother had been a beauty. The world called her proud, disdainful, and even insolent; but the world was not aware that in all that she did she was acting in accordance with a principle which had called for much self-abnegation. She had considered it her duty to be a De Courcy and an earl's daughter at all times; and consequently she had sacrificed to her idea of duty all popularity, adulation, and such admiration as would have been awarded to her as a well-dressed, tall, fashionable, and by no means stupid young woman. To be at all times in something higher than they who were manifestly below her in rank,—that was the effort that she was ever making. But she had been a good daughter, assisting her mother, as best she might, in all family troubles, and never repining at the cold, colourless, unlovely life which had been vouchsafed to her.

Alexandrina was the beauty of the family, and was in truth the youngest. But even she was not very young, and was beginning to make her friends uneasy lest she, too, should let the precious season of hay-harvest run by without due use of her summer's sun. She had, perhaps, counted too much on her beauty, which had been beauty according to law rather than beauty according to taste, and had looked, probably, for too bounteous a harvest. That her forehead, and nose, and cheeks, and chin were well-formed, no man could deny. Her hair was soft and plentiful. Her teeth were good, and her eyes were long and oval. But the fault of her face was this,—that when you left her you could not remember it. After a first acquaintance you could meet her again and not know her. After many meetings you would fail to carry away with you any portrait of her features. But such as she had been at twenty, such was she now at thirty. Years had not robbed her face of its regularity, or ruffled the smoothness of her too even forehead. Rumour had declared that on more than one, or perhaps more than two occasions, Lady Alexandrina had been already induced to plight her troth in return for proffered love; but we all know that Rumour, when she takes to such topics, exaggerates the truth, and sets down much in malice. The lady was once engaged, the engagement lasting for two years, and the engagement had been broken off owing to some money difficulties between the gentlemen of

the families. Since that she had become somewhat querulous, and was supposed to be uneasy on that subject of her hay-making. Her glass and her maid assured her that her sun shone still as brightly as ever; but her spirit was becoming weary with waiting, and she dreaded lest she should become a terror to all, as was her sister Rosina, or an object of interest to none, as was Margaretta. It was from her especially that this message had been sent to our friend Crosbie; for, during the last spring in London, she and Crosbie had known each other well. Yes, my gentle readers; it is true, as your heart suggests to you. Under such circumstances Mr. Crosbie should not have gone to Courcy Castle.

Such was the family circle of the De Coureys. Among their present guests I need not enumerate many. First and foremost in all respects was Lady Dumbello, of whose parentage and position a few words were said in the last chapter. She was a lady still very young, having as yet been little more than two years married. But in those two years her triumphs had been many;—so many, that in the great world her standing already equalled that of her celebrated mother-in-law, the Marchioness of Hartle-top, who, for twenty years, had owned no greater potentate than herself in the realms of fashion. But Lady Dumbello was every inch as great as she; and men said, and women also, that the daughter-in-law would soon be the greater.

"I'll be hanged if I can understand how she does it," a certain noble peer had once said to Crosbie, standing at the door of Sebright's, during the latter days of the last season. "She never says anything to any one. She won't speak ten words a whole night through."

"I don't think she has an idea in her head," said Crosbie.

"Let me tell you that she must be a very clever woman," continued the noble peer. "No fool could do as she does. Remember, she's only a parson's daughter; and as for beauty——"

"I don't admire her for one," said Crosbie.

"I don't want to run away with her, if you mean that," said the peer; "but she is handsome, no doubt. I wonder whether Dumbello likes it."

Dumbello did like it. It satisfied his ambition to be led about as the senior lacquey in his wife's train. He believed himself to be a great man because the world fought for his wife's presence; and considered himself to be distinguished even among the eldest sons of marquises, by the greatness reflected from the parson's daughter whom he had married. He had now been brought to Courcy Castle, and felt himself proud of his situation because Lady Dumbello had made considerable difficulty in according this week to the Countess de Courcy.

And Lady Julia de Guest was already there, the sister of the other old earl who lived in the next county. She had only arrived on the day before, but had been quick in spreading the news as to Crosbie's engagement. "Engaged to one of the Dales, is he," said the countess, with a pretty little smile, which showed plainly that the matter was one of no interest to herself. "Has she got any money?"

"Not a shilling, I should think," said the Lady Julia.

"Pretty, I suppose?" suggested the countess.

"Why, yes; she is pretty—and a nice girl. I don't know whether her mother and uncle were very wise in encouraging Mr. Crosbie. I don't hear that he has anything special to recommend him,—in the way of money I mean."

"I dare say it will come to nothing," said the countess, who liked to hear of girls being engaged and then losing their promised husbands. She did not know that she liked it, but she did; and already had pleasure in anticipating poor Lily's discomfiture. But not the less was she angry with Crosbie, feeling that he was making his way into her house under false pretences.

And Alexandrina also was angry when Lady Julia repeated the same tidings in her hearing. "I really don't think we care very much about it, Lady Julia," said she, with a little toss of her head. "That's three times we've been told of Miss Dale's good fortune."

"The Dales are related to you, I think?" said Margaretta.

"Not at all," said Lady Julia, bristling up. "The lady whom Mr. Crosbie proposes to marry is in no way connected with us. Her cousin, who is the heir to the Allington property, is my nephew by his mother." And then the subject was dropped.

Crosbie, on his arrival, was shown up into his room, told the hour of dinner, and left to his devices. He had been at the castle before, and knew the ways of the house. So he sat himself down to his table, and began a letter to Lily. But he had not proceeded far, not having as yet indeed made up his mind as to the form in which he would commence it, but was sitting idly with the pen in his hand, thinking of Lily, and thinking also how such houses as this in which he now found himself would be soon closed against him, when there came a rap at his door, and before he could answer the Honourable John entered the room.

"Well, old fellow," said the Honourable John, "how are you?"

Crosbie had been intimate with John De Courcy, but never felt for him either friendship or liking. Crosbie did not like such men as John De Courcy; but nevertheless, they called each other old fellow, poked each other's ribs, and were very intimate.

"Heard you were here," continued the Honourable John; "so I thought I would come up and look after you. Going to be married, ain't you?"

"Not that I know of," said Crosbie.

"Come, we know better than that. The women have been talking about it for the last three days. I had her name quite pat yesterday, but I've forgot it now. Hasn't got a tanner; has she?" And the Honourable John had now seated himself upon the table.

"You seem to know a great deal more about it than I do."

"It is that old woman from Guestwick who told us, then. The women

will be at you at once, you'll find. If there's nothing in it, it's what I call a d—— shame. Why should they always pull a fellow to pieces in that way? They were going to marry me the other day!"

"Were they indeed, though?"

"To Harriet Twistleton. You know Harriet Twistleton? An uncommon fine girl, you know. But I wasn't going to be caught like that. I'm very fond of Harriet,—in my way, you know; but they don't catch an old bird like me with chaff."

"I condole with Miss Twistleton for what she has lost."

"I don't know about condoling. But upon my word that getting married is a very slow thing. Have you seen George's wife?"

Crosbie declared that he had not as yet had that pleasure.

"She's here now, you know. I wouldn't have taken her, not if she'd had ten times thirty thousand pounds. By Jove, no. But he likes it well enough. Would you believe it now?—he cares for nothing on earth except money. You never saw such a fellow. But I'll tell you what, his nose will be out of joint yet, for Porlock is going to marry. I heard it from Colepepper, who almost lives with Porlock. As soon as Porlock heard that she was in the familyway he immediately made up his mind to cut him out."

"That was a great sign of brotherly love," said Crosbie.

"I knew he'd do it," said John; "and so I told George before he got himself spliced. But he would go on. If he'd remained as he was for four or five years longer there would have been no danger;—for Porlock, you know, is leading the deuce of a life. I shouldn't wonder if he didn't reform now, and take to singing psalms or something of that sort."

"There's no knowing what a man may come to in this world."

"By George, no. But I'll tell you what, they'll find no change in me. If I marry it will not be with the intention of giving up life. I say, old fellow, have you got a cigar here?"

"What, to smoke up here do you mean?"

"Yes; why not? we're ever so far from the women."

"Not whilst I am occupier of this room. Besides, it's time to dress for dinner."

"Is it? So it is, by George! But I mean to have a smoke first, I can tell you. So it's all a lie about your being engaged; eh?"

"As far as I know, it is," said Crosbie. And then his friend left him.

What was he to do at once, now, this very day, as to his engagement? He had felt sure that the report of it would be carried to Courcy by Lady Julia De Guest, but he had not settled down upon any resolution as to what he would do in consequence. It had not occurred to him that he would immediately be charged with the offence, and called upon to plead guilty or not guilty. He had never for a moment meditated any plea of not guilty, but he was aware of an aversion on his part to declare himself

as engaged to Lilian Dale. It seemed that by doing so he would cut himself off at once from all pleasure at such houses as Courcy Castle; and, as he argued to himself, why should he not enjoy the little remnant of his bachelor life? As to his denying his engagement to John De Courcy,—that was nothing. Any one would understand that he would be justified in concealing a fact concerning himself from such a one as he. The denial repeated from John's mouth would amount to nothing,—even among John's own sisters. But now it was necessary that Crosbie should make up his mind as to what he would say when questioned by the ladies of the house. If he were to deny the fact to them the denial would be very serious. And, indeed, was it possible that he should make such denial with Lady Julia opposite to him?

Make such a denial! And was it the fact that he could wish to do so,—that he should think of such falsehood, and even meditate on the perpetration of such cowardice? He had held that young girl to his heart on that very morning. He had sworn to her, and had also sworn to himself, that she should have no reason for distrusting him. He had acknowledged most solemnly to himself that, whether for good or for ill, he was bound to her; and could it be that he was already calculating as to the practicability of disowning her? In doing so must he not have told himself that he was a villain? But in truth he made no such calculation. His object was to banish the subject, if it were possible to do so; to think of some answer by which he might create a doubt. It did not occur to him to tell the countess boldly that there was no truth whatever in the report, and that Miss Dale was nothing to him. But might he not skilfully laugh off the subject, even in the presence of Lady Julia? Men who were engaged did so usually, and why should not he? It was generally thought that solicitude for the lady's feelings should prevent a man from talking openly of his own engagement. Then he remembered the easy freedom with which his position had been discussed throughout the whole neighbourhood of Allington, and felt for the first time that the Dale family had been almost indelicate in their want of reticence. "I suppose it was done to tie me the faster," he said to himself, as he pulled out the ends of his cravat. "What a fool I was to come here, or indeed to go anywhere, after settling myself as I have done." And then he went down into the drawing-room.

It was almost a relief to him when he found that he was not charged with his sin at once. He himself had been so full of the subject that he had expected to be attacked at the moment of his entrance. He was, however, greeted without any allusion to the matter. The countess, in her own quiet way, shook hands with him as though she had seen him only the day before. The earl, who was seated in his arm-chair, asked some one, out loud, who the stranger was, and then, with two fingers put forth, muttered some apology for a welcome. But Crosbie was quite up to that kind of thing. "How do, my lord?" he said, turning his face away to some one else as he spoke; and then he took

no further notice of the master of the house. "Not know him, indeed!" Crippled though he was by his matrimonial bond, Crosbie felt that, at any rate as yet, he was the earl's equal in social importance. After that, he found himself in the back part of the drawing-room, away from the elder people, standing with Lady Alexandrina, with Miss Gresham, a cousin of the De Coureys, and sundry other of the younger portion of the assembled community.

"So you have Lady Dumbello here?" said Crosbie.

"Oh, yes; the dear creature!" said Lady Margaretta. "It was so good of her to come, you know."

"She positively refused the Duchess of St. Bungay," said Alexandrina. "I hope you perceive how good we've been to you in getting you to meet her. People have actually asked to come."

"I am grateful; but, in truth, my gratitude has more to do with Courcy Castle and its habitual inmates, than with Lady Dumbello. Is he here?"

"Oh, yes! he's in the room somewhere. There he is, standing up by Lady Claididem. He always stands in that way before dinner. In the evening he sits down much after the same fashion."

Crosbie had seen him on first entering the room, and had seen every individual in it. He knew better than to omit the duty of that scrutinizing glance; but it sounded well in his line not to have observed Lord Dumbello.

"And her ladyship is not down?" said he.

"She is generally last," said Lady Margaretta.

"And yet she has always three women to dress her," said Alexandrina.

"But when finished, what a success it is!" said Crosbie.

"Indeed it is!" said Margaretta, with energy. Then the door was opened, and Lady Dumbello entered the room.

There was immediately a commotion among them all. Even the gouty old lord shuffled up out of his chair, and tried, with a grin, to look sweet and pleasant. The countess came forward, looking very sweet and pleasant, making little complimentary speeches, to which the viscountess answered simply by a gracious smile. Lady Claididem, though she was very fat and heavy, left the viscount, and got up to join the group. Baron Potsneuf, a diplomatic German of great celebrity, crossed his hands upon his breast and made a low bow. The Honourable George, who had stood silent for the last quarter of an hour, suggested to her ladyship that she must have found the air rather cold; and the Ladies Margaretta and Alexandrina fluttered up with little complimentary speeches to their dear Lady Dumbello, hoping this and beseeching that, as though the "Woman in White" before them had been the dearest friend of their infancy.

She was a woman in white, being dressed in white silk, with white lace over it, and with no other jewels upon her person than diamonds. Very beautifully she was dressed; doing infinite credit, no doubt, to those

three artists who had, between them, succeeded in turning her out of hand. And her face, also, was beautiful, with a certain cold, inexpressive beauty. She walked up the room very slowly, smiling here and smiling there; but still with very faint smiles, and took the place which her hostess indicated to her. One word she said to the countess and two to the earl. Beyond that she did not open her lips. All the homage paid to her she received as though it were clearly her due. She was not in the least embarrassed, nor did she show herself to be in the slightest degree ashamed of her own silence. She did not look like a fool, nor was she even taken for a fool; but she contributed nothing to society but her cold, hard beauty, her gait, and her dress. We may say that she contributed enough, for society acknowledged itself to be deeply indebted to her.

The only person in the room who did not move at Lady Dumbello's entrance was her husband. But he remained unmoved from no want of enthusiasm. A spark of pleasure actually beamed in his eye as he saw the triumphant entrance of his wife. He felt that he had made a match that was becoming to him as a great nobleman, and that the world was acknowledging that he had done his duty. And yet Lady Dumbello had been simply the daughter of a country parson, of a clergyman who had reached no higher rank than that of an archdeacon. "How wonderfully well that woman has educated her," the countess said that evening, in her dressing-room, to Margaretta. The woman alluded to was Mrs. Grantly, the wife of the parson and mother of Lady Dumbello.

The old earl was very cross because destiny and the table of precedence required him to take out Lady Clandidlem to dinner. He almost insulted her, as she kindly endeavoured to assist him in his infirm step rather than to lean upon him.

"Ugh!" he said, "it's a bad arrangement that makes two old people like you and me be sent out together to help each other."

"Speak for yourself," said her ladyship, with a laugh. "I, at any rate, can get about without any assistance,"—which, indeed, was true enough.

"It's well for you!" growled the earl, as he got himself into his seat.

And after that he endeavoured to solace his pain by a flirtation with Lady Dumbello on his left. The earl's smiles and the earl's teeth, when he whispered naughty little nothings to pretty young women, were phenomena at which men might marvel. Whatever those naughty nothings were on the present occasion, Lady Dumbello took them all with placidity, smiling graciously, but speaking hardly more than monosyllables.

Lady Alexandrina fell to Crosbie's lot, and he felt gratified that it was so. It might be necessary for him, as a married man, to give up such acquaintances as the De Courcys, but he should like, if possible, to maintain a friendship with Lady Alexandrina. What a friend Lady Alexandrina would be for Lily, if any such friendship were only possible!

What an advantage would such an alliance confer upon that dear little girl;—for, after all, though the dear little girl's attractions were very great, he could not but admit to himself that she wanted a something,—a way of holding herself and of speaking, which some people call style. Lily might certainly learn a great deal from Lady Alexandrina; and it was this conviction, no doubt, which made him so sedulous in pleasing that lady on the present occasion.

And she, as it seemed, was well inclined to be pleased. She said no word to him during dinner about Lily; and yet she spoke about the Dales, and about Allington, showing that she knew in what quarters he had been staying, and then she alluded to their last parties in London,—those occasions on which, as Crosbie now remembered, the intercourse between them had almost been tender. It was manifest to him that at any rate she did not wish to quarrel with him. It was manifest, also, that she had some little hesitation in speaking to him about his engagement. He did not for the moment doubt that she was aware of it. And in this way matters went on between them till the ladies left the room.

"So you're going to be married, too," said the Honourable George, by whose side Crosbie found himself seated when the ladies were gone. Crosbie was employing himself upon a walnut, and did not find it necessary to make any answer.

"It's the best thing a fellow can do," continued George; "that is, if he has been careful to look to the main chance,—if he hasn't been caught napping, you know. It doesn't do for a man to go hanging on by nothing till he finds himself an old man."

"You've feathered your own nest, at any rate."

"Yes; I've got something in the scramble, and I mean to keep it. Where will John be when the governor goes off the hooks? Porlock wouldn't give him a bit of bread and cheese and a glass of beer to save his life;—that is to say, not if he wanted it."

"I'm told your elder brother is going to be married."

"You've heard that from John. He's spreading that about everywhere to take a rise out of me. I don't believe a word of it. Porlock never was a marrying man;—and, what's more, from all I hear, I don't think he'll live long."

In this way Crosbie escaped from his own difficulty; and when he rose from the dinner-table had not as yet been driven to confess anything to his own discredit.

But the evening was not yet over. When he returned to the drawing-room he endeavoured to avoid any conversation with the countess herself, believing that the attack would more probably come from her than from her daughter. He, therefore, got into conversation first with one and then with another of the girls, till at last he found himself again alone with Alexandrina.

"Mr. Crosbie," she said, in a low voice, as they were standing together over one of the distant tables, with their backs to the rest

of the company, "I want you to tell me something about Miss Lillian Dale."

"About Miss Lillian Dale!" he said, repeating her words.

"Is she very pretty?"

"Yes; she certainly is pretty."

"And very nice, and attractive, and clever,—and all that is delightful? Is she perfect?"

"She is very attractive," said he; "but I don't think she's perfect."

"And what are her faults?"

"That question is hardly fair, is it? Suppose any one were to ask me what were your faults, do you think I should answer the question?"

"I am quite sure you would, and make a very long list of them, too. But as to Miss Dale, you ought to think her perfect. If a gentleman were engaged to me, I should expect him to swear before all the world that I was the very pink of perfection."

"But supposing the gentleman were not engaged to you?"

"That would be a different thing."

"I am not engaged to you," said Crosbie. "Such happiness and such honour are, I fear, very far beyond my reach. But, nevertheless, I am prepared to testify as to your perfection anywhere."

"And what would Miss Dale say?"

"Allow me to assure you that such opinions as I may choose to express of my friends will be my own opinions, and not depend on those of any one else."

"And you think, then, that you are not bound to be enslaved as yet? How many more months of such freedom are you to enjoy?"

Crosbie remained silent for a minute before he answered, and then he spoke in a serious voice. "Lady Alexandrina," said he, "I would beg from you a great favour."

"What is the favour, Mr. Crosbie?"

"I am quite in earnest. Will you be good enough, kind enough, enough my friend, not to connect my name again with that of Miss Dale while I am here?"

"Has there been a quarrel?"

"No; there has been no quarrel. I cannot explain to you now why I make this request; but to you I will explain it before I go."

"Explain it to me!"

"I have regarded you as more than an acquaintance,—as a friend. In days now past there were moments when I was almost rash enough to hope that I might have said even more than that. I confess that I had no warrant for such hopes, but I believe that I may still look on you as a friend?"

"Oh, yes, certainly," said Alexandrina, in a very low voice, and with a certain amount of tenderness in her tone. "I have always regarded you as a friend."

"And therefore I venture to make the request. The subject is not

one on which I can speak openly, without regret, at the present moment. But to you, at least, I promise that I will explain it all before I leave Courcy."

He at any rate succeeded in mystifying Lady Alexandrina. "I don't believe he is engaged a bit," she said to Lady Amelia Gazebee that night.

"Nonsense, my dear. Lady Julia wouldn't speak of it in that certain way if she didn't know. Of course he doesn't wish to have it talked about."

"If ever he has been engaged to her, he has broken it off again," said Lady Alexandrina.

"I dare say he will, my dear, if you give him encouragement," said the married sister, with great sisterly good-nature.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LILY DALE'S FIRST LOVE-LETTER.

CROSBIE was rather proud of himself when he went to bed. He had succeeded in baffling the charge made against him, without saying anything as to which his conscience need condemn him. So, at least, he then told himself. The impression left by what he had said would be that there had been some question of an engagement between him and Lillian Dale, but that nothing at this moment was absolutely fixed. But in the morning his conscience was not quite so clear. What would Lily think and say if she knew it all? Could he dare to tell to her, or to tell any one, the real state of his mind?

As he lay in bed, knowing that an hour remained to him before he need encounter the perils of his tub, he felt that he hated Courcy Castle and its inmates. Who was there, among them all, that was comparable to Mrs. Dale and her daughters? He detested both George and John. He loathed the earl. As to the countess herself, he was perfectly indifferent, regarding her as a woman whom it was well to know, but as one only to be known as the mistress of Courcy Castle and a house in London. As to the daughters, he had ridiculed them all from time to time—even Alexandrina, whom he now professed to love. Perhaps in some sort of way he had a weak fondness for her;—but it was a fondness that had never touched his heart. He could measure the whole thing at its worth,—Courcy Castle with its privileges, Lady Dumbello, Lady Claidlem, and the whole of it. He knew that he had been happier on that lawn at Allington, and more contented with himself, than ever he had been even under Lady Hartleap's splendid roof in Shropshire. Lady Dumbello was satisfied with these things, even in the inmost recesses of her soul; but he was not a male Lady Dumbello. He knew that there was something better, and that that something was within his reach.

But, nevertheless, the air of Courcy was too much for him. In arguing the matter with himself he regarded himself as one infected with a leprosy from which there could be no recovery, and who should, therefore, make his whole life suitable to the circumstances of that leprosy. It was of no use for him to tell himself that the Small House at Allington was better than Courcy Castle. Satan knew that heaven was better than hell; but he found himself to be fitter for the latter place. Crosbie ridiculed Lady Dumbello, even there among her friends, with all the cutting words that his wit could find; but, nevertheless, the privilege of staying in the same house with her was dear to him. It was the line of life into which he had fallen, and he confessed inwardly that the struggle to extricate himself would be too much for him. All that had troubled him while he was yet at Allington, but it overwhelmed him almost with dismay beneath the hangings of Courcy Castle.

Had he not better run from the place at once? He had almost acknowledged to himself that he repented his engagement with Lilian Dale, but he still was resolved that he would fulfil it. He was bound in honour to marry "that little girl," and he looked sternly up at the drapery over his head, as he assured himself that he was a man of honour. Yes; he would sacrifice himself. As he had been induced to pledge his word, he would not go back from it. He was too much of a man for that!

But had he not been wrong to refuse the result of Lily's wisdom when she told him in the field that it would be better for them to part? He did not tell himself that he had refused her offer merely because he had not the courage to accept it on the spur of the moment. No. "He had been too good to the poor girl to take her at her word." It was thus he argued on the matter within his own breast. He had been too true to her; and now the effect would be that they would both be unhappy for life! He could not live in content with a family upon a small income. He was well aware of that. No one could be harder upon him in that matter than was he himself. But it was too late now to remedy the ill-effects of an early education.

It was thus that he debated the matter as he lay in bed,—contradicting one argument by another over and over again; but still in all of them, teaching himself to think that this engagement of his was a misfortune. Poor Lily! Her last words to him had conveyed an assurance that she would never distrust him. And she also, as she lay wakeful in her bed on this the first morning of his absence, thought much of their mutual vows. How true she would be to them! How she would be his wife with all her heart and spirit! It was not only that she would love him;—but in her love she would serve him to her utmost; serve him as regarded this world, and if possible as regarded the next.

"Bell," she said, "I wish you were going to be married too."

"Thank'ye, dear," said Bell. "Perhaps I shall some day."

"Ah; but I'm not joking. It seems such a serious thing. And I

can't expect you to talk to me about it now as you would if you were in the same position yourself. Do you think I shall make him happy?"

"Yes, I do, certainly."

"Happier than he would be with any one else that he might meet? I dare not think that. I think I could give him up to-morrow, if I could see any one that would suit him better." What would Lily have said had she been made acquainted with all the fascinations of Lady Alexandrina De Courcy?

The countess was very civil to him, saying nothing about his engagement, but still talking to him a good deal about his sojourn at Allington. Crosbie was a pleasant man for ladies in a large house. Though a sportsman, he was not so keen a sportsman as to be always out with the gamekeepers. Though a politician, he did not sacrifice his mornings to the perusal of blue-books or the preparation of party tactics. Though a reading man, he did not devote himself to study. Though a horseman, he was not often to be found in the stables. He could supply conversation when it was wanted, and could take himself out of the way when his presence among the women was not needed. Between breakfast and lunch on the day following his arrival he talked a good deal to the countess, and made himself very agreeable. She continued to ridicule him gently for his prolonged stay among so primitive and rural a tribe of people as the Dales, and he bore her little sarcasm with the utmost good-humour.

"Six weeks at Allington without a move! Why, Mr. Crosbie, you must have felt yourself to be growing there."

"So I did,—like an ancient tree. Indeed, I was so rooted that I could hardly get away."

"Was the house full of people all the time?"

"There was nobody there but Bernard Dale, Lady Julia's nephew."

"Quite a case of Damon and Pythias. Fancy your going down to the shades of Allington to enjoy the uninterrupted pleasures of friendship for six weeks."

"Friendship and the partridges."

"There was nothing else, then?"

"Indeed there was. There was a widow with two very nice daughters, living, not exactly in the same house, but on the same grounds."

"Oh, indeed. That makes such a difference; doesn't it? You are not a man to bear much privation on the score of partridges, nor a great deal, I imagine, for friendship. But when you talk of pretty girls——"

"It makes a difference, doesn't it?"

"A very great difference. I think I have heard of that Mrs. Dale before. And so her girls are nice?"

"Very nice indeed."

"Play croquet, I suppose, and eat syllabubs on the lawn? But, really, didn't you get very tired of it?"

"Oh, dear, no. I was happy as the day was long."

"Going about with a crook, I suppose?"

"Not exactly a live crook; but doing all that kind of thing. I learned a great deal about pigs."

"Under the guidance of Miss Dale?"

"Yes; under the guidance of Miss Dale."

"I'm sure one is very much obliged to you for tearing yourself away from such charms, and coming to such unromantic people as we are. But I fancy men always do that sort of thing once or twice in their lives,—and then they talk of their souvenirs. I suppose it won't go beyond a souvenir with you?"

This was a direct question, but still admitted of a fencing answer. "It has, at any rate, given me one," said he, "which will last me my life!"

The countess was quite contented. That Lady Julia's statement was altogether true she had never for a moment doubted. That Crosbie should become engaged to a young lady in the country, whereas he had shown signs of being in love with her daughter in London, was not at all wonderful. Nor, in her eyes, did such practice amount to any great sin. Men did so daily, and girls were prepared for their so doing. A man in her eyes was not to be regarded as safe from attack because he was engaged. Let the young lady who took upon herself to own him have an eye to that. When she looked back on the past careers of her own flock, she had to reckon more than one such disappointment for her own daughters. Others besides Alexandrina had been so treated. Lady De Courcy had had her grand hopes respecting her girls, and after them moderate hopes, and again after them bitter disappointments. Only one had been married, and she was married to an attorney. It was not to be supposed that she would have any very high-toned feelings as to Lily's rights in this matter.

Such a man as Crosbie was certainly no great match for an earl's daughter. Such a marriage, indeed, would, one may say, be but a poor triumph. When the countess, during the last season in town, had observed how matters were going with Alexandrina, she had cautioned her child, taking her to task for her imprudence. But the child had been at this work for fourteen years, and was weary of it. Her sisters had been at the work longer, and had almost given it up in despair. Alexandrina did not tell her parent that her heart was now beyond her control, and that she had devoted herself to Crosbie for ever; but she pouted, saying that she knew very well what she was about, scolding her mother in return, and making Lady De Courcy perceive that the struggle was becoming very weary. And then there were other considerations. Mr. Crosbie had not much certainly in his own possession, but he was a man out of whom something might be made by family influence and his own standing. He was not a hopeless, ponderous man, whom no heaven could raise. He was one of whose position in society the countess and

her daughters need not be ashamed. Lady De Courcy had given no expressed consent to the arrangement, but it had come to be understood between her and her daughter that the scheme was to be entertained as admissible.

Then came these tidings of the little girl down at Allington. She felt no anger against Crosbie. To be angry on such a subject would be futile, foolish, and almost indecorous. It was a part of the game which was as natural to her as fielding is to a cricketer. One cannot have it all winnings at any game. Whether Crosbie should eventually become her own son-in-law or not it came to her naturally, as a part of her duty in life, to bowl down the stumps of that young lady at Allington. If Miss Dale knew the game well and could protect her own wicket, let her do so.

She had no doubt as to Crosbie's engagement with Lilian Dale, but she had as little as to his being ashamed of that engagement. Had he really cared for Miss Dale he would not have left her to come to Courcy Castle. Had he been really resolved to marry her, he would not have warded all questions respecting his engagement with fictitious answers. He had amused himself with Lily Dale, and it was to be hoped that the young lady had not thought very seriously about it. That was the most charitable light in which Lady De Courcy was disposed to regard the question.

It behoved Crosbie to write to Lily Dale before dinner. He had promised to do so immediately on his arrival, and he was aware that he would be regarded as being already one day beyond his promise. Lily had told him that she would live upon his letters, and it was absolutely necessary that he should furnish her with her first meal. So he betook himself to his room in sufficient time before dinner, and got out his pen, ink, and paper.

He got out his pen, ink, and paper, and then he found that his difficulties were beginning. I beg that it may be understood that Crosbie was not altogether a villain. He could not sit down and write a letter as coming from his heart, of which as he wrote it he knew the words to be false. He was an ungenerous, worldly, inconstant man, very prone to think well of himself, and to give himself credit for virtues which he did not possess; but he could not be false with premeditated cruelty to a woman he had sworn to love. He could not write an affectionate, warm-hearted letter to Lily, without bringing himself, at any rate for the time, to feel towards her in an affectionate, warm-hearted way. Therefore he now sat himself to work, while his pen yet remained dry in his hand, to remodel his thoughts, which had been turned against Lily and Allington by the craft of Lady De Courcy. It takes some time before a man can do this. He has to struggle with himself in a very uncomfortable way making efforts which are often unsuccessful. It is sometimes easier to lift a couple of hundred-weights than to raise a few thoughts in one's mind which at other moments will come galloping in without a whistle.

He had just written the date of his letter when a little tap came at his door, and it was opened.

"I say, Crosbie," said the Honourable John, "didn't you say something yesterday about a cigar before dinner?"

"Not a word," said Crosbie, in rather an angry tone.

"Then it must have been me," said John. "But bring your case with you, and come down to the harness-room, if you won't smoke here. I've had a regular little snugger fitted up there; and we can go in and see the fellows making up the horses."

Crosbie wished the Honourable John at the mischief.

"I have letters to write," said he. "Besides, I never smoke before dinner."

"That's nonsense. I've smoked hundreds of cigars with you before dinner. Are you going to turn curmudgeon, too, like George and the rest of them? I don't know what's coming to the world! I suppose the fact is, that little girl at Allington won't let you smoke."

"The little girl at Allington——" began Crosbie; and then he reflected that it would not be well for him to say anything to his present companion about that little girl. "I'll tell you what it is," said he. "I really have got letters to write which must go by this post. There's my cigar-case on the dressing-table."

"I hope it will be long before I'm brought to such a state," said John, taking up the cigars in his hand.

"Let me have the case back," said Crosbie.

"A present from the little girl, I suppose?" said John. "All right, old fellow! you shall have it."

"There would be a nice brother-in-law for a man," said Crosbie to himself, as the door closed behind the retreating scion of the De Courcy family. And then, again, he took up his pen. The letter must be written, and therefore he threw himself upon the table, resolved that the words should come and the paper be filled.

Courcy Castle, October, 186—.

DEAREST LILY,—This is the first letter I ever wrote to you, except those little notes when I sent you my compliments discreetly,—and it sounds so odd. You will think that this does not come as soon as it should; but the truth is that after all I only got in here just before dinner yesterday. I stayed ever so long in Barchester, and came across such a queer character. For you must know I went to church, and afterwards fraternized with the clergyman who did the service; such a gentle old soul,—and, singularly enough, he is the grandfather of Lady Dumbello, who is staying here. I wonder what you'd think of Lady Dumbello, or how you'd like to be shut up in the same house with her for a week?

But with reference to my staying at Barchester, I must tell you the truth now, though I was a gross impostor the day that I went away. I wanted to avoid a parting on that last morning, and therefore I started much sooner than I need have done. I know you will be very angry with me; but open confession is good for the soul. You frustrated all my little plan by your early rising; and as I saw you standing on the terrace, looking after us as we went, I acknowledged that you had been right, and that I was wrong. When the time came, I was very glad to have you with me at the last moment.

My own dearest Lily, you cannot think how different this place is from the two houses at Allington, or how much I prefer the sort of life which belongs to the latter. I know that I have been what the world calls worldly, but you will have to cure me of that. I have questioned myself very much since I left you, and I do not think that I am quite beyond the reach of a cure. At any rate, I will put myself trustingly into the doctor's hands. I know it is hard for a man to change his habits; but I can with truth say this for myself, that I was happy at Allington, enjoying every hour of the day, and that here I am ennuyé by everybody and nearly by everything. One of the girls of the house I do like; but as to other people, I can hardly find a companion among them, let alone a friend. However, it would not have done for me to have broken away from all such alliances too suddenly.

When I get up to London—and now I really am anxious to get there—I can write to you more at my ease, and more freely than I do here. I know that I am hardly myself among these people,—or rather, I am hardly myself as you know me, and as I hope you always will know me. But, nevertheless, I am not so overcome by the miasma but what I can tell you how truly I love you. Even though my spirit should be here, which it is not, my heart would be on the Allington lawns. That dear lawn and that dear bridge!

Give my kind love to Bell and your mother. I feel already that I might almost say my mother. And Lily, my darling, write to me at once. I expect your letters to me to be longer, and better, and brighter than mine to you. But I will endeavour to make mine nicer when I get back to town.

God bless you. Yours, with all my heart,

A. C.

As he had waxed warm with his writing he had forced himself to be affectionate, and, as he flattered himself, frank and candid. Nevertheless, he was partly conscious that he was preparing for himself a mode of escape in those allusions of his to his own worldliness; if escape should ultimately be necessary. "I have tried," he would then say; "I have struggled honestly, with my best efforts for success; but I am not good enough for such success." I do not intend to say that he wrote with a premeditated intention of thus using his words; but as he wrote them he could not keep himself from reflecting that they might be used in that way.

He read his letter over, felt satisfied with it, and resolved that he might now free his mind from that consideration for the next forty-eight hours. Whatever might be his sins he had done his duty by Lily! And with this comfortable reflection he deposited his letter in the Courcy Castle letter-box.

The Sharpshooters of the Press :

IN ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND GERMANY.

“HE will be a wild man, his hand will be against every man, and every man’s hand against him.” And as in life, so in literature, the type of Ishmael endures to the present day. It more than endures, it flourishes; for, alas! each man bears his own whipping more patiently when he holds the well-founded hope that presently his obnoxious neighbour will in his turn be castigated; and it is to the success of the appeal to this all-pervading principle of human nature that the class of writing to which we allude owes its unquestionable popularity. Whether the principle be one of inherent selfishness, or whether it may be characterized as the passionate desire for the doctrine of compensation to be carried out to the fullest possible extent, is a question over which Optimists and Pessimists may wrangle. “Sarcasm I now see to be in general the language of the devil,” says Carlyle; but the spirit of the class of people who delight in this style of literature is, by an odd contrast, more often gentle and lamblike than otherwise. They do their cursing vicariously, and prefer to have it so.

The Sharpshooters of the Press in England, and on the Continent generally, have certain characteristics common to all: they possess also distinguishing peculiarities arising from differences of race, government, and education. In France, for instance, the editor, contributor, or author, generally affixes his name to all he writes, and by that he stands or falls, or, at least, offers to do so; he enters into close and amicable personal relations with his readers; he never scruples to narrate his own exploits, and ventilate his private griefs with an egotism which is sometimes undignified, but never dull; and he does all this in the evident faith that he affords amusement to his readers thereby, and also acquires their sympathy for himself.

In England, a magazine, a periodical, or a journal must represent either an interest or a principle, and in proportion to the breadth and importance of that interest, or the deepness and indestructibility of that principle, will be the extent of the influence enjoyed. The interest need not be large, but it must be solid: the principle need not be invented by angels, but it must be inherent in, and common to, human nature. A carefully cultivated dexterity in picking the mote out of a brother’s eye, a loud and clear expression of belief in themselves, and disbelief in any one else, and the fashion of regarding everything, whether in heaven or on earth, as “raw material for epigram,” are habits which may be erected into principles, and inasmuch as they fulfil the above conditions,

they do in some sort the same work. It has been said that a personal interest must in its nature be fugitive, and that fortunately malignity cannot embalm itself; but an interest may be fugitive and yet intense; and if we cannot embalm malignity, we can print it, which answers the purpose just as well. These modern Ishmaelites lose more by one good-natured word, by one ill-omened note of admiration, than by a whole course of hard-hearted judgments and acrimonious words; for in truth we take in our Balaam to curse and not to bless, and if he fails in virulence, or point, or bitterness, or even in quantity, or any of those things which we have a right to expect when we pay for full-flavoured cursing, we think ourselves ill-used, and, after the manner of Englishmen, never fail to say so. A modern author has very happily hit off this particular feature in a little tale wherein he describes the establishment of a journal intended to succeed on this system. The staff consists of four writers, and each number of the paper is to contain five articles full of original malice. "Who is to write the fifth article?" inquires one. "Whichever of us happens to be most bilious that week," replies another; and that problem is solved on physiological principles of the soundest kind.

The peculiar differences exhibited by Continental and English writers of the same *genre* are, as we have said, referable to race, government, and national temperament. "Unsteadied by human sympathy, they are allowably and even commendably ferocious;" but the French excel in a certain elegant impertinence, the English in a trenchant aggressiveness—the one has brilliancy, the other strength and audacity. French anecdotes are sometimes of a full-flavoured kind, and contain allusions which jostle what they are pleased to term our national prudery. English writing, on the other hand, sometimes degenerates into roughness and indecorum. A man shall wish to write that which is manly, and only succeed in producing that which is immodest. There are some who love to select a coarse subject, and handle it in a coarse manner; and we have in our mind's eye those who not only call a spade a spade, but go out of their way to call a smell a stink. In some cases there is systematically a process of elimination carried on as regards objectionable matter which is really curious. A subject, or an author, or a book shall be discussed, and if in one or the other there is so much as one unclean allusion, one unsavoury idea, one obsolete or unhappy expression, it is unerringly fixed upon and instantly reproduced and quoted—with reprobation and disgust it is true, but still it is always quoted.

For manifest reasons the Ishmaelites of the press, on both sides of the water, prefer *le style coupé* to *le style soutenu*. Metaphor and epigram, paradox and parable, are carefully studied and much used; the logic of reiteration occasionally takes the place of the logic of the schools, and very exceptional facts are often pressed into service to point a doubtful moral. Proof for every assertion is not necessary, neither is impartiality even in abuse expected; but the language must be excellent, the grammar must

be indisputable, the allusions must be either piquant or far-fetched, and the Billingsgate must be well polished—good-nature is a transgression, but dulness is a cardinal sin.

Sometimes the style and form of the Wisdom of Solomon are copied, and the rhythm and composition are so accurately reproduced, that, but for the many-syllabled words and remarkable lack of modesty which distinguish them, one might imagine them to be the proverbs of the Hebrew sage, composed when in rather an uplifted humour. Long words charm long ears; and the length of the words contrasts oddly with the brevity of the sentences.

It frequently happens that the Sharpshooters affix titles to their productions significative of the position which they wish them to hold with their readers and the world generally, on the same principle as our ships and gunboats are christened by such names as *Spitfire*, *Viper*, *Scorpion*, *Bulldog*. Perhaps the one selected by M. Alphonse Karr is the happiest example of the kind to which we allude. He entitled his periodical *Les Guêpes*, and each leading paragraph is adorned with a minute print of a wasp by way of symbol. When this is not done by the author (and a phlegmatic seriousness with the Germans and a certain insular pride with the English often forbid a practice which is a source of harmless delight to the French and Italians), friends and enemies are good enough to supply the omission. Hence it comes that these writers are not only witty themselves, but they are the cause of wit in others. Not long since a batch of them were denounced in solemn wrath, by a religious journal, as the lineal descendants (morally speaking), or the development, in modern times, of that sceptical, conceited, pragmatist sect—the ancient Sadducees; and their writings were wittily described by some one else, as distinguished by “that dogmatism which is puppyism come to maturity.”

The joy of some people is in grief; there are individuals who are only at ease when they are quarrelling, and others find everything admirable but admiration. Who does not remember George Sand's Lelia, of whom Bambucci said, “Hasten to relieve her of the society of that charming epicurean, for he does not comprehend that he had better kill Lelia than console her.” As discord is said to be the normal state of Scottish professors, so the pastime and business of the writers under consideration lies almost entirely in spotting faults, recording failures, establishing moral setons, and aggravating, under the guise of good advice, the agonies of the more thin-skinned members of such professions as are understood to be especially favourable to the generation or fostering of sensitiveness: poets, artists of all kinds, authors and clergymen, for example. Occasionally an author will be effectually roused, and does, to use a vulgar phrase, give them their own back again: we can remember at least one, who retorted with a passionate invective and sustained virulence, which beat our friends hollow, and with their own weapons. Pitched battles of this sort afford endless amusement to lookers-on. But in

the ring a professed pugilist commonly has the advantage over an enraged amateur; and though mostly barren of any practical result, the victory, such as it is, with pen and paper, generally rests with the Ishmaelites. On the Continent these wars of words are quite as common, and even more popular; but to combat anonymously in them would be as contrary to national custom as opposed to the gratification of personal vanity: therefore, names appear in full, a good deal of purely private detail is freely dragged into light, and the writers indulge what has been happily termed their *funeste manie de la pose* to the greatest possible extent.

Any person conversant with the light literature of the last ten years in Paris, will remember at least a dozen encounters of this description, chiefly remarkable for the manner in which the desire to appear perpetually *en scène* has been able to overcome the slighter considerations of personal dignity, or even ordinary prudence. If the amusement ever flags in that city, there are echoes across the frontier (such as those which resound from those pages in the *Indépendance Belge* which are devoted to the *chronique scandaleuse*) always sufficiently distinct and piquant to give the required impetus.

One mode of guerilla warfare is to keep a stock of ferocity ever simmering for the sole benefit of some particular individual: an indignation article is always in type for *him*, whatever he may do or say. The favourite aversion of Heinrich Heine was Count Platen; and in our own country Louis Napoleon, Lord Palmerston, Mr. Disraeli, and Mr. Bright have been standard targets for this sort of shooting. But the consolations of office are great, and words do not kill in these days. Statesmen are very callous; they sometimes thrive on these attacks: at any rate they survive them, and can rarely be stirred up sufficiently to reply thereto, either by pen or word of mouth. Besides, by repetition, these articles lose their point; they resemble the perpetual thrusting of a broomstick, rather than the light flash of a rapier. But though Saxon breeding is prone to err grievously in this direction, the French are not open to the same reproach: M. Thiers, for instance, is a favourite object for the wasps of M. Karr, but the sting is conveyed in a very few lines, and if they are sometimes impertinent, they are often ingenious and always amusing.

The attitude of the Ishmaelites of the pen towards the weaker sex is of a sort that naturally—and, as some people will think, fortunately—does impair their influence, and is one of consistent insult, either broad or covert. It is as far removed from the cynicism of professed misogynists, as it is from the old-fashioned school of polished gentlemen who calmly ignored women's intellect, disbelieved in their so-called mission, denied their pretended rights, and yielded fealty to them only in their capacity as angels *pur et simple*. These things the Ishmaelites do not: what they do is, to question the reality of women's virtue, arraign their motives, ridicule their tastes, and dictate to them in what mode or under what conditions they shall be allowed to employ or amuse themselves, and at what season, and in what fashion they shall perform certain feminine affairs, the *rationale* of

which it is beyond the ken of mortal man to understand, and with the details of which it is assuredly beneath the dignity of men of sense to meddle. The cause of this attitude is not difficult to apprehend. The writers who adopt it have not, as a rule, been befriended by women; or, if they have, it has not been in a very high degree, or by the best sort: they have been generally not very well used by good women, and almost always rather badly used by those who were not so good. In this department of life their experiences have not been of a very happy kind: they have not married where they wished: they could not when they would, or they would not when they could—which, so far as results go, amounts to the same thing. Matrimony may have been with them a frightful mistake, or some failure in early life; some wound that has not healed has been dealt by a woman's hand. The truth of this may be patent to all friends and acquaintances, or it may be a secret in the breast of the scribe; but in any case the root of the matter is the same. It has been laid down by a French author: "*Pour être bien avec une femme, il ne faut jamais froisser ni ses goûts, ni sa robe, ni son mari;*" but our friends, whether as adolescents or bearded men, and even when they wish to please a woman, always succeed in offending her tastes, treading on her dress, and quarrelling with her husband. They cannot escape their fate—though it is a hard one—to be unsuccessful with women, and to write as if they were so; and they write thus because they can do no otherwise: which is, as Jean Paul says, a quite sufficient reason.

It would be unnecessary and impertinent here to particularize those authors whose style indicates a contrary experience; the memory of our readers will supply examples of the kind. Their writings are not always the least caustic or the most moral, but there runs throughout a vein of tenderness and generosity which betrays the fact that they have been as men more fortunate in their relations with the other sex; that, in short, they have, in one form or another, owed a good deal of their happiness in this world to women: and though they do not in so many words proclaim it, the confession is none the less genuine, because it is unconsciously made.

It is undoubtedly difficult to be for ever striking, and yet always to strike wisely and well; but it is pleasant to acknowledge that (subject to the deductions made above) if, in this constant guerilla warfare, a certain malice largely abounds, just observation and much good sense, expressed in the most terse and significant language, are not infrequent. The faults are those special to the attitude and profession of Ishmaelites. An opposition must rail—if not, why does an opposition exist? Some of the articles on both sides of the water, written on subjects or incidents of every-day life, are models in style and matter of what such articles should be. The tone is fearless and independent; the views taken, and suggestions made, are often thoroughly practical, and such as are entitled to consideration from thoughtful and highly cultivated men; and if the theories

advanced are not always original, the manner in which they are clothed is generally very much so.

It is not our object, however, to dwell exclusively on the salient features of this branch of literature as it exists in our own country, but to contrast it with the same class of writing in France, and, so far as it exists, in Germany. Of this sparkling, sarcastic, and pugnacious literature, the six volumes of M. Alphonse Karr, entitled *Les Guêpes*, form, perhaps, the best and most perfect specimen in French composition; and inasmuch as on the Continent it is neither the fashion, the pleasure, or the duty of writers to preserve that anonymous character which is customary in England, we will relate such particulars of M. Karr's life as, under the circumstances, legitimately belong to the public. Born at Munich in 1808, of French and German extraction, he was descended, on the paternal side, from a race of musicians. His grandfather was chapel-master to Charles Theodore, Duke of Bavaria, and his father, M. Henri Karr, was a pianist of very considerable merit, and was said to have divided the favour of the musical world with M. Thalberg for nearly twenty years. A little trait of filial feeling is recorded on the part of M. Alphonse Karr, which does him honour. In 1842 he was offered the decoration of the Legion of Honour, but refused it in favour of his father, who received it, but died shortly afterwards.*

Alphonse Karr entered college at the usual age, and was reported of by the authorities as being "very intelligent and exceedingly turbulent." He would work only at his own hours, and his hours were never those of his tutors. Already we see the Ishmaelite begins to develop itself in him. According to accounts, he certainly suffered some injustice at the hands of one of the professors; and though he afterwards worked with energy, ultimately his connection with the university came to an abrupt conclusion. M. Henri Karr, who considered himself aggrieved by his son's irregularities, closed the money supplies in consequence; and at the mature age of twenty, Alphonse Karr, in company with a college friend, took to lodgings and literature, bringing as ammunition a robust faith in himself, an immense audacity, and a hopefulness that knew no misgivings. In a small apartment in the Rue des Fossés Saint Victor, the two endured the embarrassments and privations which were the natural consequences of their position, with that light-hearted carelessness and gaiety of temper which is the special heritage of youth, and, above all, of French youth. M. Karr commenced, as do most young authors, with poetry; but his verses found no encouragement among the publishers, and he was, as we think, fortunately advised to turn his attention to prose and politics. His first step in this direction was made at once under the pressure of poverty. He simply turned his romance in rhyme into a novel in prose,

* In the novel entitled *Le Chemin le plus Court*, M. Alphonse Karr has drawn his father under the name of the Maître Kreisherer; he was also good enough to depict other scenes from his own life, in which one individual connected with him fared not quite so well.

and achieved immediately a certain reputation. This novel was followed by several others, and M. Karr became a recognized favourite with the public: too quickly, perhaps, for his own good. Indeed, from this period there was visible in his writings a tendency to attitudinize to his readers; and to be *un féroce original* did at one period seem the highest object of his ambition. What follows gives colour to this supposition. M. Karr shortly left his friend in the Rue des Fossés, and lived *au septième* in the Rue Tronchet. The furniture of his apartment consisted of a mat, upon which he wrote, ate, and slept: he managed thus to become a martyr to neuralgia and rheumatism. When he received his publishers, he attired himself in a scarlet gown, on his head was a turban decorated with three peacock feathers, and his feet were thrust into yellow slippers. Soon all this was altered: the room was painted completely black, ceiling, floor, and walls alike; it was ornamented with human bones, skulls, and mediæval weapons of war and the chase, surmounted by a brace of stuffed owls; and the mat no longer sufficed for M. Karr, as he preferred sleeping, full dressed, in a coffin, supported on trestles, and with two wax candles burning at his head. When he afterwards removed to the Rue Vivienne, he performed the necessary operations himself, and was observed in the streets carrying his mat under one arm, with a basket filled with bones and old iron suspended to the other. Before long he disposed of his coffin and trestles, and arranged himself and his room *à la mode Turque*. He spent 3,000 crowns, and appeared as a mandarin with suitable Chinese belongings; at other times he dressed as a groom, or was seen wearing a blouse, haunting the barriers and small *cabarets*. Perhaps his most remarkable freak was to domesticate a small hyæna by way of a dog. This step was followed by a general strike among the printers and their devils. None could be found willing to carry M. Karr his proofs, and he was obliged to rid himself of the interesting animal; but, as an indemnity, purchased and retained for a long time a Newfoundland dog of enormous size, and an ebony-hued negro to attend the dog and the master. Horticulture first, and eventually swimming, engaged his affections, and he was so kind as to permit his admirers to watch him cleave the muddy waters of the Seine *en costume de bain* at all hours of the day. After this he repaired to Etretat, became first a fisherman—that is, so far as dressing like one could make him so—and ultimately a yachtsman: at least he owned a yacht. Etretat is a charming and romantic little spot on the Normandy coast; the cliffs there are full of very singular caverns, arches, &c., hollowed out by the unceasing roll of the Atlantic: the fishermen, too, are a very peculiar race in manners, customs, and costume, and with them M. Karr fraternized to his heart's content. From this place, then much more secluded than at the present moment, he wrote frequent articles, which were published under the title of *Vendredi Soir*, and they were well received by the public. About 1835 M. Karr became editor of the *Figaro*, and took to himself a wife; of which last event no more need be

said than that, according to the custom of the Ishmaelites, he was not happy in his relations with the other sex. A separation followed, and M. Karr was good enough to give his version of the affair to the world in a work, which he published shortly afterwards, entitled *Le Chemin le plus Court*. We pass over this episode. The English people as a rule, to which there are very rare exceptions, do their household washing at home. The French and Americans put their washing out. To every nation its own custom.

In 1839 M. Karr commenced the publication of *Les Guêpes*, undoubtedly the most brilliant of all his writings. The title (*The Wasps*) was one of those metaphorical names to which we have before referred. *Les Guêpes* were a series of articles on political and social subjects, full of common sense, anecdote, *causerie*, malice (using that word in its French signification), of egotism that was not wearisome, and of digression that was not stupid. Each chapter was headed by a wood-cut of a wasp. His wasps are so many winged messengers, each with a different and sufficiently significant name, such as *Mammone*, *Moloch*, *Astarte*, *Belial*, &c. They fly about Paris, enter into every council, penetrate into every chamber, buzz by every hearth, and overhear all sorts of secret gossip and scandal, which they duly and faithfully report to their master on peril of his displeasure, and the infliction of some suitable punishment, such as being confined to his room, having their wings tied together, &c. They were especially active in discovering and reporting instances of the blunders of Government, or the stupidity of officials. An example of the latter description is given in M. Karr's best style :

A tall, powerful, and well-built young man presented himself before the commissioner for the revision of the National Guard.

"You desire," said the commissioner to him, "to be exempted from serving?"

"I do, monsieur,"

"For what reason?"

"Monsieur, I am afflicted with a very serious infirmity."

"Retire into my private room, if you please."

"But, monsieur——"

"Have the goodness to retire."

"One word, Monsieur Commissioner——"

"Go at once, monsieur!"

Our friend retired as commanded into the commissioner's private room, where he was immediately stripped from head to foot. He reappeared shortly before the commissioner in the costume of Adam before the Fall.

"Now," said the official, triumphantly, "be good enough to explain to me the nature of your grave infirmity."

"Monsieur, it is that I am exceedingly short-sighted!"

The success of these papers was great, and continued so in a manner unexampled in the annals of French journalism. In 1848 M. Karr was a

rejected candidate for the department of the Lower Seine, and from that date the articles appeared weekly as *Les Guêpes Hebdomadaires*. The wasps thenceforth performed their mission so energetically, and stung certain parties in authority so severely, that they procured for their master the honour of being the defendant in more than one prosecution in the law courts. While he resided at Nice the Piedmontese Government was so galled by these tormenting little insects that they suppressed the paper, and endeavoured to punish the author. Nice was not then annexed: but the French tribunal at Aix reversed the Piedmontese decisions, and immediately the wasps hummed a hymn of triumph both long and loud.

M. Karr gives numerous details of the griefs of private individuals with reference to his remarks. In one instance the wounded vanity of a woman led to a little melodrama worth recording. One evening in the dusk a lady was waiting for M. Karr at the entrance of his apartment. He recognized her as Mdme. L. C., with whom his wasps had taken some liberties. While he was engaged in opening the door for her, she endeavoured to stab him in the back. The wound was not a dangerous one, and with praiseworthy good-nature he condoned the offence, and forgave the fair offender. The following week *Les Guêpes* contained a full history of the affair, together with an engraving of the weapon of the would-be assassin. It was true it was only a common kitchen knife, rather blunt than otherwise; but that did not save it from being suspended to the wall of M. Karr's study, labelled thus:—

Given by Madame L. C. to Alphonse Karr
In the back.

We may suppose that to a certain extent M. Karr deserved this little vengeance, since one of his biographers does not scruple to affirm that, next to Jules Janin, "*M. Karr est le littérateur le plus agressif des temps modernes.*"

It is now some time since the last words of *Les Guêpes* were given to the world; for the present moral atmosphere of Paris is precisely of that kind which, while it would excite the wasps to a perfect fury of activity and exasperation, would yet neither permit them to hum or to sting—except according to order.

In politics M. Karr may be considered as a somewhat sentimental constitutionalist. The ideal working man is one of the stock subjects of sarcasm with our own Ishmaelites, and we do not find that the mob, or democracy in general, except perhaps of the most shadowy and unreal kinds, recommends itself to the favour of M. Karr. Like the rest of his brethren he longs for an aristocracy, not of birth nor of wealth, but of education and talent; not of genius or wisdom, but of intellect and wit: and one, we may add, where a principle shall be esteemed according to its success.

In speaking of this class of writing in Germany, we used the expres-

sion "so far as it exists;" and we did so for sufficient reason. Germany is the land of dreams which convey no meaning to the positivist—of ponderous earnestness which is impervious to sarcasm—of subjectivity which is the antithesis of objectivity: wherefore it has produced in profusion philosophers, pedants, poets, and crazy men; of humourists a few, and of grumblers many; but only one Ishmaelite, and his name is Heinrich Heine.*

Heinrich Heine was a German Jew, born on the first day of the year 1800, at Dusseldorf. His uncle, Saloman Heine, was so wealthy as to be looked upon as a kind of Israelitish nabob. No pecuniary benefit, however, accrued to the young man from this circumstance, as his uncle was never able to forgive his nephew for having embraced the literary profession. His mother was the daughter of an eminent physician, Gottschalk de Geldern. She was in faith a Roman Catholic, and in character rigid and somewhat austere; but in spite of her virtues and her son's sins, a warm and deep affection subsisted between them, until death parted the two. Many passages in his writings afford ample testimony on this point. In his childhood apple-tarts were his passion, but afterwards it was "truth, liberty, and crab soup." An old French drummer, with a terrible black moustache, named Le Grand, who resided at his father's house when the French were in Dusseldorf, early inoculated the boy with Napoleonism. He only knew in German what Heine declares are the three principal words in every language, "bread," "kiss," "honour," for the rest he made himself understood by his drum: when he meant "liberty" he drummed the *Marseillaise*, when he wished to express "equality" he drummed out—

*Ca ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Les aristocrates à la Lanterne.*

And when stupidity was to be made intelligible he played the German Dessauer march. "I was vexed," says Heine, "but I understood him for all that well enough."

Heine was sent while quite a boy to the school at the Franciscan convent, where he was distinguished by the friendship and favour of the rector, "a brave old clerical gentleman," by name the Abbé Schallmayer. His school-days seem to have been a good deal embittered by difficulties connected with the Latin grammar. In the arched way of the cloister there hung a large crucifix carved in gray wood, and before this image he often stood and prayed that if it were possible he might get by heart the irregular verbs; and later in life we find him recording that the knowledge of his having certain conjugations at his finger ends, if ever he should happen to want them suddenly, afforded him much inward

* The irony of Jean Paul Richter is far too refined, polished, and tender to admit him into this school, and the bitter personalities contained in Varnhagen's Diary, which may occur to mind, are rather due to the irritability and unguardedness of a confirmed grumbler than to the aggressiveness on principle which distinguishes the Ishmaelite.

repose and consolation in many dark and troubled hours of life. He also got into several scrapes while learning French from the Abbé D'Aulnoi. He was once asked six times in succession, "Heinrich, what is the French for 'the faith?'" And six times, ever more weepingly, I replied, 'It is called *le crédit*.' And after the seventh question, with his cheeks of a deep red-cherry rage in colour, my furious examiner cried, 'It is called *la religion*;' and there was a shower of blows." The rector proposed to Madame Heine that her son should follow an ecclesiastical career, but the offer was declined, and in 1825 he took his doctor's degree at Bonn.

At the age of sixteen he published a volume of poems; ten years after his *Reisebilder* was given to the world; and from that time he distinguished himself as the most witty, audacious, and incorrigible scoffer that Germany has yet produced. He was equally accepted by the French as by the Germans. His countrymen, indeed, affirm that the French admired him only for his cynical impiety, being utterly unable to appreciate the true poetry, tenderness, and pathos so often flashing across his compositions; while the French declare that the Germans loved him because they were too stupid to perceive his wickedness, and too slow to catch the real drift of his scathing irony. About 1826, he abjured the Jewish faith, and professed himself a Protestant. The Protestants, however, had no occasion to rejoice in their convert. The only reason he gave for the change of creed was that he found it intolerable to be of the same religion as Rothschild, unless he were also as rich; to become as rich, it would first be necessary to be as foolish, and that was simply impossible. From a Napoleonist he became, by an easy and natural transition, a revolutionist; at least in theory: everything that was ancient and stable, such as our institutions, or that was imperturbable and respectable, like the English character, raised a frenzy of rage in him. He professes that the decorum of an Englishman vexes his soul infinitely more than the most objectionable levity exhibited by a Frenchman. And yet we find other remarks full of penetration and good sense. As for instance: "The Englishman loves liberty as his lawful wife, and if he does not treat her with remarkable tenderness, he is still, in case of need, ready to defend her like a man. The Frenchman loves liberty as his bride: he burns for her; he casts himself at her feet. The German loves liberty as though she were his old grandmother!"

The Académie Française suggested a sufficiently irreverent comparison to his mind: he found that it resembled the hospital benevolently established by the Hindoos for aged and decrepit apes. The Chambre des Pairs was "a necropolis of perjured mummies." He regrets that he never saw Chateaubriand, as he felt certain he should have derived entertainment from the interview; and Lammenais is "the terrible priest who unites fanaticism in politics to fanaticism in religion, and thus consecrates universal disorder." His discontent with the conditions of humanity is vividly expressed in three lines. "It vexes me," he says, "every time

when I remember that even the dear flowers which God hath made have been like us divided into castes, and like us are distinguished by those external names which indicate descent and family." And yet, with an admirable inconsistency, but true to the passion of his order for an aristocracy of talent, he rejoices and becomes cheerful when he perceives how many fools there are in the world : seeing that they can be used in his writings, and are to him cash down and ready money. "The fool crop hath turned out uncommonly well this year, and, like a good landlord, I consume only a few at a time, and lay up the rest for the future. Ye are all mine own—all equally dear to me!"

He began now to consort with the Saint Simonians, frequented their meetings, and—presently professed himself an atheist. It is worthy of note that Heine rejoiced in atheism only until he saw it descend in all its desolating vulgarity on the mass of the people. He had accepted it as a distinguishing mark of the aristocracy of intellect—he found it was the brand of the common herd. There is in truth no device by which the intellectual sceptics (as they love to hear themselves called) of the present day are so deeply wounded and outraged as by presenting to them, as an humble brother, the common uncultivated atheist.

So we find him afterwards mocking at his own mockery. "I was young and proud," he says, "and it pleased my vainglory when I learned from Hegel that the true God was not the God who lives in heaven, as my grandmother believes, but myself here upon earth." A very pretty trait is related of Heine as a boy. He had, it appears, a childish but passionate love for a beautiful little girl, named Veronica. One day she died; and in the silence and twilight of the evening his nurse Ursula took him into the room where the little body lay in its coffin. The burning tapers cast their pale light on the waxen features, and fresh flowers were strewed around.

"My good Ursula," said the poor child, "is not that a pretty saint's image of wax?" Then recognizing his playmate he said, "How grave and still she is: is it not because she is asleep?" And Ursula replied, "No, dear, because she is dead." To this child-love he often makes allusions full of pathos and tenderness in his subsequent writings. In the ringing melody of the memories of childhood above all else, like a fairy bell, there pealed the voice of the little Veronica.

Heine lacked one distinctive feature of his brethren; and though this rendered him deficient as an Ishmaelite, it made him more true and thorough as a man. He did, indeed, speak as irreverently of things sacred and things profane as the very worst among them, and in the licence he took as regards audacious personalities he far exceeded them all. But his attitude towards the opposite sex was one essentially masculine, vigorous, and natural. He liked women, and never scrupled to say so, and express that liking with a freedom entirely corresponding to his character. The reasons for this inherent difference were three, any one of them being sufficient to account for the fact. First, his mother

was a woman of a pure and noble character, whom he sincerely loved and respected, while his sister was likewise a person of distinguished mental and personal attractions. Secondly, he had once experienced a love as pure and sinless as it was passionate and short-lived for the little Veronica, whose angel face he so often dreamed was looking down from heaven on him. Thirdly, he was a born poet, and was gifted with a personal beauty of a most statuesque and perfect kind; and this last alone is, we take it, a good reason why, notwithstanding his sins, he should have been held in affection by woman. He was honoured with the warm friendship and esteem of two women of high position in the literary world, Madame Rahel (Varnhagen's wife), and Elise von Hohenhausen, the poetess.* So long as there were women, so long he declared would his heart never cease to love. Should it cool over one it would immediately warm to another: and as the king never dies in France, so the queen was never to die in his heart, where the word was *La Reine est morte, vive la Reine*. He is severe enough upon them occasionally: "Oh, the women!" he says, "we must forgive them much, for they love much—and many. Their hate is, properly speaking, only love turned inside out. Sometimes they attribute some delinquency to us because they think they can in this way gratify some other man. When they write, they have always one eye on the paper and the other on a man; and this is true of all authoresses, except the Countess Hahn-Hahn, who has only one eye." Compare this with the remark of a French writer,—

Woman was invented by man, and she is—his best invention.

"The virtue of woman is the noblest superstition of man!" cries his English brother. Good. Woman is their invention, her virtue is their superstition. What next? This supercilious spitefulness belongs neither to the masculine nor the feminine gender, and we can only conclude that her presence is to them a perpetual annoyance, and her very existence a sad necessity. One hardly likes to think what manner of mother or wife or sister a man can have who does by inference so deeply dishonour them.

About 1837 it was rumoured that Heine had become a Catholic. This, however, he promptly contradicted; less, as he owned, for the sake of depriving the Catholics of such solace as they might have derived from converting *him*, than in order to cut away from another party the spiteful satisfaction of bemoaning his instability. The rumour arose from his having married his wife according to the rites of the Catholic Church, being unwilling, he said, "to cause that beloved being any uneasiness or disturbance in her religious views." If he did not change in one creed, it is, however, certain that in politics his views underwent considerable modification. Brought face to face with the Revolution, his natural sagacity detected the flaws in the theory of it, and his fearless frankness tolerated no reticence

* Not, however, the Elise whom he alludes to as *Elise aux yeux de feu*, and who was the *amie de l'enfance* of his wife.

on this or any other point; but it had the effect of drawing down on him considerable opprobrium from the extreme democrats. As respects his religion, or rather his irreligion, it is satisfactory to be able to record that before his death he broke through the foul crust of atheism, and expressed sentiments more worthy of the magnificent powers with which he was endowed. "False in fact, and false in thought" (*aussi faux qu'irréfléchi*) was the verdict which he himself pronounced on his own judgments on things divine; and those words were written, or rather dictated, by him, during the five years when he was bound hand and foot a hopeless captive to the bed which he left only for his grave. In 1847 the first symptoms appeared of that spinal paralysis which gradually laid him prostrate, leaving his faculties and senses unimpaired indeed, and his feelings unblunted, but in body totally helpless. During this period he produced two of his best works, the *Romanzero* and *Livre de Lazare*: and it is an illustration of the affectionate tenderness of his heart, that throughout his long agony he carefully withheld the knowledge of his miserable state from his aged mother. He constantly dictated to her letters full of gaiety and affection, speaking of his happiness, his wife, his friends, and his pursuits, pretending that the malady in his eyes prevented him doing more than signing the letters; and, whatever pain or effort it cost him, so long as he could he attached his signature to them with his own hand.

We cannot do better than conclude our subject by transcribing that portion of the epilogue to the *Romanzero* in which he depicts his crushed and suffering physical condition. It is written with the combination of pathos and irony which was so habitual with him:—

Do I really exist? My body is so shrunken that I am hardly anything but a voice; and my bed reminds me of the singing grave of the Magician Merlin which lies in the forest of Brozeland, in Brittany, under tall trees, whose tops soar like green flames towards heaven. . . . A grave without repose—death without the privileges of the dead, who have no debts to pay, and need write neither letters nor books—that is a piteous condition. Long ago the measure has been taken for my coffin, and for my necrology; but I die so slowly that the process is tedious for me as well as my friends. But patience: everything has an end, and one day you will find the booth closed where the puppet-show of my humour has so often delighted you.

The Working Man's Restaurant.

THE production of food at the cheapest possible rate, and of the best possible character, has become a question of life and death to thousands and tens of thousands. Without reference to the present crisis, and upon general grounds of public advantage, an experiment was commenced in Glasgow two years ago, the results of which will, it is believed, be found to be of high practical service to those engaged in meeting the graver necessities of the day.

The writer of the present article is one among many Glasgow citizens who have received inquiries from high quarters and humble quarters, from peer and mechanic, respecting an establishment known through the city as the "Great Western Cooking Dépôt." "What are its plans? Will they help us to feed our people?" With a view to answer these inquiries, the writer commenced a thorough examination of the whole scheme. Its originator, with whom he had no personal acquaintance whatever, kindly placed his trade books open to investigation, and furnished means for understanding the working of every detail. The following account, therefore, may be received as reliable in its facts; and its publication is entirely owing to a desire to assist those engaged in mitigating the severe hardships of the time, and promote the establishment of institutions which may survive the immediate occasion of their existence, and become permanent boons to the great mass of the working classes; and perhaps even work an economical change in our whole system of social arrangements for providing food for the large floating population of our cities.

It is necessary to state, in the first instance, that the originator of this scheme is a Glasgow merchant (Mr. Thomas Corbett), who has devoted a certain amount of capital to the undertaking as a philanthropic experiment. Experiments in social science are extremely difficult to work, except by the expenditure of large means; and the community has reason to be thankful to one who is willing to conduct a social experiment on a scale sufficiently large to leave reliable results. In order to protect his motives from any questioning, Mr. Corbett has intrusted the auditing of his books to two gentlemen well known in Glasgow for their interest in social reforms, who have undertaken the task upon the express stipulation that every penny of profit as it arises from year to year, shall be devoted to some object of public interest and benefit. While we have to describe a rather rare phenomenon—viz. a philanthropic experiment that has been made to pay—we have also to describe a scheme which, although supported by individual capital and energy, has its proceeds devoted to the general good.

Our readers' curiosity may be best awakened by describing the largest and most central establishment connected with the "Great Western Cooking Dépôt." Entering from Jamaica Street, Glasgow, we find three large halls, each ninety feet by forty feet, well ventilated, well lighted, with rows of windows so large and numerous as to make one side of each hall almost appear composed of glass. The bills of fare in every direction emphasize the very unaristocratic sum—*One Penny*. One penny appears to be the key to every mystery of the hall. If we have "one penny" in our pocket, we begin to feel vastly richer for its possession as we understand the refreshments it can procure for us. We subjoin a copy of the list of prices:—

PRICES.

Bowl of broth	One penny.
Bowl of soup.....	One penny.
Bowl of porridge	One penny.
Plate of potatoes	One penny.
Cup of coffee.....	One penny.
Cup of tea.....	One penny.
Bread and butter	One penny.
Bread and cheese	One penny.
Boiled egg	One penny.
Lemonade	One penny.
Soda-water.....	One penny.
Ginger-beer	One penny.

All of the best quality, and always ready.

"One Penny" represents broth, soup, porridge, potatoes, coffee, tea, bread and butter, bread and cheese, boiled egg, lemonade, soda-water, ginger-beer! We place a penny in the palm of our hand, and look upon it with new respect. We learn further that we can breakfast for 3*d.* and dine for 4½*d.*!

As the economy of cooking depends greatly upon the simplicity of the arrangements with which a great number of persons can be served at one time, the upper hall of this branch will be specially set apart for a public breakfast every day, from a quarter to nine till a quarter past ten, consisting of the following dishes:—Bowl of porridge, bowl of milk, cup of coffee, roll and butter.

FIXED CHARGE, THREEPENCE.

The hall will also be specially reserved for a public dinner every day, from one till four o'clock, consisting of the following dishes:—Bowl of broth or soup, plate of beef, hot or cold, plate of potatoes, plum-pudding.

FIXED CHARGE, FOURPENCE-HALFPENNY.

Let the indignant Paterfamilias, who has sent to *The Times* a true copy of a Highland hotel bill, take breath as he reads, and acknowledge that there is some moderation north of the Tweed.

We determine to dine for 4½*d.*—with natural misgivings—and take a metal ticket at the door, entitling us to that repast, and sit down, firmly resolved to eat whatever may be set before us, and acquire experience even at the expense of digestive disarrangement. On the small tables

which fill the hall are the morning papers; but we prefer to observe our companions. Around us are clerks, mixed with factory operatives fresh from their work, and even commercial travellers, all attracted by the offer of a dinner for $4\frac{1}{2}d.$, in a large and comfortable hall, with due supply of daily papers. One old gentleman near the fire certainly knows what he is doing. He has perused *three* "dailies," and thus has nearly taken the price of his dinner out of the literature of the day!

We look at the waiters, busy in every corner, and the look gives a pleasant sensation. We find the usual somewhat greasy, shabby genteel, decayed valet kind of beings, who once rejoiced in white linen, and now come as near it as they can without incurring running accounts with the washerwoman, replaced by pleasant active young girls, who, instead of having the common waiter appearance of never having been to bed, seem as fresh as the morning itself.

The general aspect of the hall gives that pleasant sensation always attendant upon complete cleanliness, when combined with abundance of light and fresh air. The effect, indeed, of cleanliness, light, and fresh air is equivalent to elegance. A large mirror is placed over each fire-place, and a few bunches of fresh evergreens are scattered here and there. Instead of one or two large tables, a number of small tables occupy the hall, each one calculated to hold six, three on either side. They are covered with mahogany-coloured oil-cloth, which is easily washed and kept clean.

The seats are short forms, with slanting backs, and although without the luxury of cushions, are by no means uncomfortable.

A pepper-box, salt-cellar, glass caraffe and tumblers, are stationed on every table.

Each person's dinner is brought upon a tray, and served upon the table, readily and quickly. Whenever any dishes are removed, a girl immediately wipes the oil-cloth, rendering it perfectly pleasant for the next comer.

We soon have our dinner brought, consisting of a bowl of broth, a plate of hot meat and potatoes, a slice of pudding.

We take the first mouthful with fear and trembling, remembering the warning phrase, "cheap and nasty;" but with the second mouthful, emphatically declare our dinner cheap and good. *We can eat it* with the relish that always attends plain food of honest flavour, and well cooked.

On examining ourselves with regard to the quantity provided for $4\frac{1}{2}d.$, our verdict is this: if we are going home to our usual six o'clock dinner, we have had a good lunch; if this is to be our early dinner, we have had our appetite appeased, and quite as much as it is healthful to take with the prospect of an afternoon's *active* work before us.

To say the very least, $4\frac{1}{2}d.$ has fed us with good food, as $4\frac{1}{2}d.$ never fed us before.

The general verdict of the community agrees evidently with ours, for we find that there are thirteen of these establishments scattered through Glasgow, visited monthly by 155,000 hungry people, and that if all who

trust to 4½d. for their dinner were put down at the same table and at the same hour, it would take a table three miles long to hold them. The cash actually taken for penny rations amounts to the enormous sum of upwards of 20,000*l.* a year.

The average consumption monthly (taken before the last and largest establishment was opened) runs as follows:—

Basins of broth and soup.....	55,000
Plates of beef.....	52,000
Rolls or slices of bread, with or without butter.....	82,000
Cups of tea and coffee	54,000
Bowls of porridge	14,500
Plates of potatoes	31,000
Boiled eggs.....	7,000
Tumblers of milk	14,400

Our first and natural impression is that we must in some way, direct or indirect, be the recipients of charity. The cheapness is not in the rent of rooms—the one we are dining in, is in a most valuable situation, and taking the three halls together they represent, at least, one or two hundred a year. The cheapness is not in the quality of the food ; it is really good, and the buyer of the establishment has orders to procure for cash the best in the market. The cheapness is not in the wages of the servants engaged ; they have more than an average remuneration ; the girls employed in waiting receive from 12*l.* to 14*l.* per annum, with board and lodging, while the matrons in the more responsible positions receive from 20*l.* to 35*l.*

It is emphatically asserted, however, in printed notices, that we are not in a charitable institution. On every bill of fare we find the words—

These establishments are conducted on the strictest business principles, with the full intention of making them self-supporting, so that every one may frequent them with a feeling of perfect independence.

How the extraordinary results detailed have been obtained will be best shown by a brief history of the origin of the scheme and its mode of management.

The mind of its originator was first called to the subject by an article which appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine* (June, 1860), entitled the "Poor Man's Kitchen." In this article it was pointed out that while dietetics have been most carefully studied by governors of prisons and workhouses, they have literally received no attention whatever from any parties interested in the comforts of the working classes.

Much has undoubtedly been well and wisely done to persuade working men to temperance, but little has practically been done to put within their reach cheap and wholesome food and drink, so as to establish a successful competition with the attractions of public-houses and gin-palaces. In all our large towns a working man has to pay dearly for being temperate. For a cup of tea, coffee, or broth, he has generally to frequent unwholesome eating-houses, with no accommodation likely to refine his habits and elevate his feelings, and is compelled to pay for adulterated and

badly-cooked food more than the fair price of good articles. Even with respect to drinks which can be substituted for spirits—a matter to which those who would advance temperance should surely give special attention—simple experiments show that lemonade, soda-water, and ginger-beer, can be produced of excellent quality at a little more than three-farthings a bottle, so as to be sold at a profit for one penny, whereas they are usually charged from double to treble or quadruple that amount.

Reflections of this nature caused the establishment of the Glasgow cooking depôts. Neither London, Manchester, nor Liverpool, which were visited with a view to obtain plans for assistance, could furnish any help; and the scheme had to be organized upon new and untried principles. It was understood at once that if such a movement were to be of any real and honest use, it must not interfere in the slightest degree with the independent feelings of working men, and that it must therefore be made self-supporting, and not dependent upon any chance charity of private individuals. Even more than this must be secured. The scheme must be **MADE TO PAY**, so as to induce those who can suitably follow the business to introduce it into various localities.

This result has been legitimately obtained, and the experience of two years proves that the penny tariff can be maintained as a strictly business transaction between purveyor and consumer. The first depôt was opened in September, 1860, and was immediately so crowded as to necessitate a second branch. From that time onward a branch has been opened every two months until thirteen depôts are in active operation. Of course, during the first five months the outlay was continuous, but in spite of this there was a profit for the year ending April 1st, 1862, of 145*l.* 0*s.* 11*d.*, and during the present year there is every prospect of a considerable increase. The whole of this sum, according to the proprietor's resolution, has been devoted to public objects, 100*l.* having been given to the fund for the unemployed operatives.

As regards capital required, the expenditure upon the Glasgow establishments from September, 1860, to December, 1862, has been 2,668*l.* 7*s.*; but the operations of the scheme having become so extensive as to necessitate the erection of a model kitchen, this capital will be further advanced to 5,000*l.*, a very moderate sum to conduct a business involving the rental of thirteen separate branches, and the purchase of every article in cash, and securing the receipt over the counter of upwards of 20,000*l.* a year.

Management.—The whole scheme is under a head *manager*, whose special duty it is to look after the purchases, and see that every article is of the best quality, and secured on the best terms for cash. Under the manager is a *cashier*, whose office it is to collect the cash drawn at each branch every morning. Lastly, there is an *inspector*, whose special mission it is to be continually going out and in among the various branches, and testing whether everything is in perfect season and in order for immediate service.

With the exception of one or two van-men and office-keepers, these are the only *men* employed in the whole establishment.

Each branch is under the charge of a matron. The preparation of tea and coffee is undertaken at the respective branches; but the broth, soup, and meat, are all prepared in one central place, and despatched in vans to the various halls, where they are immediately placed upon American cooking-ranges.

Under each *matron* are a number of young women, acting as waiters. Upwards of 120 young women are now regularly employed in cooking and serving out the penny rations.

The wages paid amount to about 1,500*l.* a year. It may be asked by many desirous of founding similar institutions, how shall we get parties of sufficient experience to give us a chance of success? It is found as a practical rule that servants experienced in restaurant routine are not the best; and such experience is indeed a disqualification for the work rather than otherwise. The persons wanted are thoroughly sensible, honest, industrious matrons, who will not take their own way or any one else's way, but simply abide by the plain rules laid down for their guidance. Some of the most successful matrons have been women taken directly from weaving factories. After a fortnight's experience they were found competent to take charge of the most important branches; simply because they attended to the rules laid down, and knowing nothing about the matter had no desire to substitute plans of their own. The best plan to gain experience is, for a manager to live for a short time in one of the branches, where he will be welcome to learn everything. This method was taken by Mr. Pender, who has recently promoted the opening of similar dépôts in Manchester, and who offers the same facilities to parties interested in England.

Suitable Localities.—Almost every locality in a large city will be found suitable for a cooking dépôt. 1st. It is invaluable in the poorer quarters, where it generally happens that the people are unable to make a proper use of the few coppers they may gain for their daily bread, from the absence of fuel or even of proper cooking utensils. 2nd. A dépôt is a great boon in situations where men have to travel for their work from long distances. Some of our best working men, when engaged at long distances from home, are obliged to eat dry crusts and drink cold tea and coffee. 3rd. A dépôt has been found successful in leading thoroughfares, where a large floating population is going and coming. While everything in detail has been organized with the express purpose of meeting the wants of the humblest working man, yet it is a remarkable tribute to the management of this undertaking that those dépôts which are in the busiest parts of the town are daily crowded with young men from shops and warehouses; while one near the university is at certain hours almost taken possession of by the students.

It is a striking sign of the independent spirit of our people, that while there is at every dépôt a notice inviting the public to the free use of the

reading-room, no solitary individual enters without purchasing some one of the penny rations.

In each dépôt there is a room for women only, very considerably placed near the entrance, so that timid girls may not have to run the gauntlet through a room full of strangers before reaching it.

The avoidance of waste is one of the most essential parts of this scheme. This is secured, in nine-tenths of the provisions, by the character of the food employed. The MEAT, upon which the only waste could occur, is *corned beef*, which serves for cold slices; and fresh meat, which is minced and supplied hot. As a fixed rule, nothing is ever warmed up twice; and so carefully are calculations framed, and so regular is the action of the law of average even with respect to the most unlikely probabilities, that the whole food cooked during each day is as nearly as possible consumed. Should anything remain, which is very seldom the case, it is sold at half price after 7 P.M. to the poor; so that every morning a fresh supply is cooked for the requirements of the day.

No intoxicating drinks are sold at any dépôt. This rule is a security for good order, essential when large numbers from the very poorest districts of the city are assembled together; and will prevent any establishment degenerating into a rendezvous for drinking parties, while the working man learns how many comforts are at his disposal apart from the accustomed glass of whiskey, the price of which is generally out of all proportion to the sum he bestows upon the food requisite for sustaining both health and cheerfulness.

The application of this scheme to the relief of the present distress is simple. A very small portion of the capital now contributed for the relief of the manufacturing districts would suffice for the establishment of dépôts in central situations. Let it be thoroughly understood that they are intended to pay their own expenses, so that all classes may frequent them with a feeling of independence. To secure this, *never give a free ration in the institution itself*, but supply free tickets for rations through an entirely distinct relief organization. The managers of the dépôt must not be identified with the relief committee, or only those in receipt of public aid will take advantage of it. Conscientiously supply every article of the best quality, and never open any hall that is not light, well ventilated, and elegant.

By following the plans indicated in this article, when the temporary distress has passed away, there will remain institutions able to compete with the dram-shop, as well as save for the adornment of the home many a hardly earned penny. If men are to be redeemed from excessive drinking, wholesome food must be within their reach, and a great step will be taken towards the purification of the habits of our people, if their supply of food can be surrounded with those comforts and elegancies which have hitherto been confined to their participation in drink alone.

Brotherless.

WITHIN the west the eve has set
 Its seal upon the summer night :
 I lose the swallow in his flight,
 But cannot see the stars as yet.

And lordly ship and shallow skiff
 Lie safe alike about the deep :
 The even-wind is half asleep,
 And scarcely climbs above the cliff.

"O Fatherland! so blest in peace,
 So fair," I say, "by field and shore!
 Peace is the blessing evermore
 That only gives a land increase."

For when the sunset fell on me,
 It seemed to flow, a lurid flood
 Of shadow from the land of blood
 Across the hills, across the sea.

Men have to reap what they have sown,
 But sad it is this latter day
 Needs look on warring hosts, and they
 Each other's brothers, and our own.

O brothers! will it have no end,
 This Hell you hold on earth above?
 Look up upon the stars of Love
 And learn to call thy brother friend.

In all the passion and the pain,
 The shock of arms, the overthrow,
 The outer and the inner woe,
 I cannot see that aught is gain.

And know, that watching every scene
 From hour to hour, from first to last,
 The present sits beside the past,
 And shapes its form from what has been.

For in your stern, relentless hate,
 Such things are done from day to day
 As tears will never weep away,
 Nor after-anguish compensate.

What Dæmon hath you in his hands?
 What shadow is it that allures?
 Go to! your brother's life is yours,
 And blood enough is on your hands.

WILLIAM SMITH.

August, 1862.

Roundabout Papers.—No. XXVIII.

AUTOUR DE MON CHAPEAU.



EVER have I seen a more noble tragic face. In the centre of the forehead there was a great furrow of care, towards which the brows rose piteously. What a deep solemn grief in the eyes! They looked blankly at the object before them, but through it, as it were, and into the grief beyond. In moments of pain, have you not looked at some indifferent object so? It mingles dumbly with your grief, and remains afterwards connected with it in your mind. It may be some indifferent thing—a book which you were reading at the time when you received her farewell letter (how well you remember the paragraph afterwards—the shape of the words, and their position on the page!); the words you were writing when your mother came in,

and said it was all over—she was MARRIED—Emily married—to that insignificant little rival at whom you have laughed a hundred times in her company. Well, well: my friend and reader, whoe'er you be—old man or young, wife or maiden—you have had your grief-pang. Boy, you have lain awake the first night at school, and thought of home. Worse still, man, you have parted from the dear ones with bursting heart: and, lonely boy, recal the bolstering an unfeeling comrade gave you; and, lonely man, just torn from your children—their little tokens of affection yet in your pocket—pacing the deck at evening in the midst of the roaring ocean, you can remember how you were told that supper was ready, and how you went down to the cabin and had brandy-and-water and biscuit. You remember the taste of them. Yes; for ever. You took them whilst you and your Grief were sitting together, and your Grief clutched you round the soul. Serpent, how you have writhed round me, and bitten me! Remorse,

Remembrance, &c., come in the night season, and I feel you gnawing, gnawing! . . . I tell you that man's face was like Laocoon's (which, by the way, I always think over-rated. The real head is at Brussels, at the Duke Daremberg's, not at Rome).

That man! What man? That man of whom I said that his magnificent countenance exhibited the noblest tragic woe. He was not of European blood. He was handsome, but not of European beauty. His face white—not of a Northern whiteness: his eyes protruding somewhat, and rolling in their grief. Those eyes had seen the Orient sun, and his beak was the eagle's. His lips were full. The beard, curling round them, was unkempt and tawny. The locks were of a deep, deep coppery red. The hands, swart and powerful, accustomed to the rough grasp of the wares in which he dealt, seemed unused to the flimsy artifices of the bath. He came from the Wilderness, and its sands were on his robe, his cheek, his tattered sandal, and the hardy foot it covered.

And his grief—whence came his sorrow? I will tell you. He bore it in his hand. He had evidently just concluded the compact by which it became his. His business was that of a purchaser of domestic raiment. At early dawn—nay, at what hour when the city is alive—do we not all hear the nasal cry of “Clo?” In Paris, *Habits Galons, Marchand d'habits*, is the twanging signal with which the wandering merchant makes his presence known. It was in Paris I saw this man. Where else have I not seen him? In the Roman Ghetto—at the Gate of David, in his fathers' once imperial city. The man I mean was an itinerant vendor and purchaser of wardrobes—what you call an . . . Enough! You know his name.

On his left shoulder hung his bag; and he held in that hand a white hat, which I am sure he had just purchased, and which was the cause of the grief which smote his noble features. Of course I cannot particularize the sum, but he had given too much for that hat. He felt he might have got the thing for less money. It was not the amount, I am sure it was the principle involved. He had given fourpence (let us say) for that which threepence would have purchased. He had been done: and a manly shame was upon him, that he, whose energy, acuteness, experience, point of honour, should have made him the victor in any mercantile duel in which he should engage, had been overcome by a porter's wife, who very likely sold him the old hat, or by a student who was tired of it. I can understand his grief. Do I seem to be speaking of it in a disrespectful or flippant way? Then you mistake me. He had been outwitted. He had desired, coaxed, schemed, haggled, got what he wanted, and now found he had paid too much for his bargain. You don't suppose I would ask you to laugh at that man's grief? It is you, clumsy cynic, who are disposed to sneer, whilst it may be tears of genuine sympathy are trickling down this nose of mine. What do you mean by laughing? If you saw a wounded soldier on the field of battle, would you laugh? If you saw a ewe robbed of her lamb, would you laugh, you brute? It is you who

are the cynic, and have no feeling : and you sneer because that grief is unintelligible to you which touches my finer sensibility. The OLD CLOTHES' MAN had been defeated in one of the daily battles of his most interesting, chequered, adventurous life.

Have you ever figured to yourself what such a life must be ? The pursuit and conquest of twopence must be the most eager and fascinating of occupations. We might all engage in that business if we would. Do not whist-players, for example, toil, and think, and lose their temper over sixpenny points ? They bring study, natural genius, long forethought, memory, and careful historical experience to bear upon their favourite labour. Don't tell me that it is the sixpenny points, and five shillings the rub, which keeps them for hours over their painted pasteboard. It is the desire to conquer. Hours pass by. Night glooms. Dawn, it may be, rises unheeded ; and they sit calling for fresh cards at the Portland, or the Union, while waning candles sputter in the sockets, and languid waiters snooze in the ante-room. Sol rises. Jones has lost four pounds ; Brown has won two ; Robinson lurks away to his family house and (mayhap, indignant) Mrs. R. Hours of evening, night, morning, have passed away whilst they have been waging this sixpenny battle. What is the loss of four pounds to Jones, the gain of two to Brown ? B. is, perhaps, so rich that two pounds more or less are as naught to him ; J. is so hopelessly involved that to win four pounds cannot benefit his creditors, or alter his condition ; but they play for that stake : they put forward their best energies : they ruff, finesse (what are the technical words, and how do I know ?) It is but a sixpenny game if you like ; but they want to win it. So as regards my friend yonder with the hat. He stakes his money : he wishes to win the game, not the hat merely. I am not prepared to say that he is not inspired by a noble ambition. Caesar wished to be first in a village. If first of a hundred yokels, why not first of two ? And my friend the old clothes' man wishes to win his game, as well as to turn his little sixpence.

Suppose in the game of life—and it is but a twopenny game after all—you are equally eager of winning. Shall you be ashamed of your ambition, or glory in it ? There are games, too, which are becoming to particular periods of life. I remember in the days of our youth, when my friend Arthur Bowler was an eminent cricketer. Slim, swift, strong, well-built, he presented a goodly appearance on the ground in his flannel uniform. *Militāsti non sine gloria*, Bowler my boy ! Hush ! We tell no tales. Mum is the word. Yonder comes Charley, his son. Now Charley his son has taken the field, and is famous among the eleven of his school. Bowler, senior, with his capacious waistcoat, &c., waddling after a ball, would present an absurd object, whereas it does the eyes good to see Bowler, junior, scouring the plain—a young exemplar of joyful health, vigour, activity. The old boy wisely contents himself with amusements more becoming his age and waist ; takes his sober ride ; visits his farm soberly—busies himself about his pigs, his ploughing, his

peaches, or what not. Very small *routiniers* amusements interest him; and (thank goodness!) nature provides very kindly for kindly-disposed fogies. We relish those things which we scorned in our lusty youth. I see the young folks of an evening kindling and glowing over their delicious novels. I look up and watch the eager eye flashing down the page, being, for my part, perfectly contented with my twaddling old volume of Howell's *Letters* or the *Gentleman's Magazine*. I am actually arrived at such a calm frame of mind that I like batter pudding. I never should have believed it possible; but it is so. Yet a little while, and I may relish water-gruel. It will be the age of *mon lait de poule et mon bonnet de nuit*. And then—the cotton extinguisher is pulled over the old noddle, and the little flame of life is popped out.

Don't you know elderly people who make learned notes in Army Lists, Peerages, and the like? This is the batter-pudding, water-gruel of old age. The worn-out old digestion does not care for stronger food. Formerly it could swallow twelve hours' tough reading, and digest an encyclopædia.

If I had children to educate, I would, at ten or twelve years of age, have a professor, or professoress, of whist for them, and cause them to be well grounded in that great and useful game. You cannot learn it well when you are old, any more than you can learn dancing or billiards. In our house at home we youngsters did not play whist because we were dear obedient children, and the elders said playing at cards was "a waste of time." A waste of time, my good people! *Allons!* What do elderly home-keeping people do of a night after dinner? Darby gets his newspaper; my dear Joan her *Missionary Magazine* or her volume of Cumming's Sermons—and don't you know what ensues? Over the arm of Darby's arm-chair the paper flutters to the ground unheeded, and he performs the trumpet obbligation *que vous savez* on his old nose. My dear old Joan's head nods over her sermon (awakening though the doctrine may be). Ding, ding, ding: can that be ten o'clock? It is time to send the servants to bed, my dear—and to bed master and mistress go too. But they have not wasted their time playing at cards. Oh, no! I belong to a club where there is whist of a night; and not a little amusing is it to hear Brown speak of Thompson's play and *vice versâ*. But there is one man—Greatorex let us call him—who is the acknowledged captain and primus of all the whist-players. We all secretly admire him. I, for my part, watch him in private life, hearken to what he says, note what he orders for dinner, and have that feeling of awe for him that I used to have as a boy for the cock of the school. Not play at whist? *Quelle triste vieillesse vous vous préparez!* were the words of the great and good Bishop of Autun. I can't. It is too late now. Too late! too late! Ah! humiliating confession! That joy might have been clutched, but the life-stream has swept us by it—the swift life-stream rushing to the nearing sea. Too late! too late! Twentystone, my boy! When you read in the papers "*Valse à deux temps*," and all the fashionable dances

taught to adults by "Miss Lightfoots," don't you feel that you would like to go in and learn? Ah, it is too late! You have passed the *choreas*, Master Twentystone, and the young people are dancing without you.

I don't believe much of what my Lord Byron, the poet, says; but when he wrote, "So, for a good old gentlemanly vice, I think I shall put up with avarice," I think his lordship meant what he wrote, and if he practised what he preached, shall not quarrel with him. As an occupation in declining years, I declare I think saving is useful, amusing, and not unbecoming. It must be a perpetual amusement. It is a game that can be played by day, by night, at home and abroad, and at which you must win in the long run. I am tired and want a cab. The fare to my house, say, is two shillings. The cabman will naturally want half-a-crown. I pull out my book. I show him the distance is exactly three miles and fifteen hundred and ninety yards. I offer him my card—my winning card. As he retires with the two shillings, blaspheming inwardly, every curse is a compliment to my skill. I have played him and beat him; and a sixpence is my spoil, and just reward. This is a game, by the way, which women play far more cleverly than we do. But what an interest it imparts to life! During the whole drive home I know I shall have my game at the journey's end; am sure of my hand, and shall beat my adversary. Or I can play in another way. I won't have a cab at all, I will wait for the omnibus: I will be one of the damp fourteen in that steaming vehicle. I will wait about in the rain for an hour, and 'bus after 'bus shall pass, but I will not be beat. I *will* have a place, and get it at length, with my boots wet through, and an umbrella dripping between my legs. I have a rheumatism, a cold, a sore-throat, a sulky evening,—a doctor's bill to-morrow perhaps? Yes, but I have won my game, and am gainer of a shilling on this rubber.

If you play this game all through life, it is wonderful what daily interest it has, and amusing occupation. For instance, my wife goes to sleep after dinner over her volume of sermons. As soon as the dear soul is sound asleep, I advance softly and puff out her candle. Her pure dreams will be all the happier without that light; and, say she sleeps an hour, there is a penny gained.

As for clothes, *parbleu!* There is not much money to be saved in clothes, for the fact is, as a man advances in life—as he becomes an *ancient Briton* (mark the pleasantry)—he goes without clothes. When my tailor proposes something in the way of a change of raiment, I laugh in his face. My blue coat and brass buttons will last these ten years. It is seedy? What then? I don't want to charm anybody in particular. You say that my clothes are shabby? What do I care? When I wished to look well in somebody's eyes, the matter may have been different. But now, when I receive my bill of 10*l.* (let us say) at the year's end, and contrast it with old tailors' reckonings, I feel that I have played the game with master tailor; and beat him, and my old clothes are a token of the victory.

I do not like to give servants board wages, though they are cheaper than household bills: but I know they save out of board wages, and so beat me. This shows that it is not the money but the game which interests me. So about wine. I have it good and dear. I will trouble you to tell me where to get it good and cheap. You may as well give me the address of a shop where I can buy meat for fourpence a pound, or sovereigns for fifteen shillings a-piece. At the game of auctions, docks, shy wine-merchants, depend on it there is *no* winning; and I would as soon think of buying jewellery at an auction in Fleet Street as of purchasing wine from one of your dreadful needy wine-agents such as infest every man's door. Grudge myself good wine? As soon grudge my horse corn. *Merci!* that would be a very losing game indeed, and your humble servant has no relish for such.

But in the very pursuit of saving there must be a hundred harmless delights and pleasures which we who are careless necessarily forego. What do you know about the natural history of your household? Upon your honour and conscience, do you know the price of a pound of butter? Can you say what sugar costs, and how much your family consumes and ought to consume? How much lard do you use in your house? As I think on these subjects I own I hang down the head of shame. I suppose for a moment that you, who are reading this, are a middle-aged gentleman, and paterfamilias. Can you answer the above questions? You know, sir, you cannot. Now turn round, lay down the book, and suddenly ask Mrs. Jones and your daughters if *they* can answer? They cannot. They look at one another. They pretend they can answer. They can tell you the plot and principal characters of the last novel. Some of them know something about history, geology, and so forth. But of the natural history of home—*Nichts*, and for shame on you all! *Honnis soyez!* For shame on you? for shame on us!

In the early morning I hear a sort of call or *jodel* under my window: and know 'tis the matutinal milkman leaving his can at my gate. O household gods! have I lived all these years and don't know the price or the quantity of the milk which is delivered in that can? Why don't I know? As I live, if I live till to-morrow morning, as soon as I hear the call of Lactantius, I will dash out upon him. How many cows? How much milk, on an average, all the year round? What rent? What cost of food and dairy servants? What loss of animals, and average cost of purchase? If I interested myself properly about my pint (or hogshead, whatever it be) of milk, all this knowledge would ensue; all this additional interest in life. What is this talk of my friend, Mr. Lewes, about objects at the seaside, and so forth? Objects at the seaside? Objects at the area-bell: objects before my nose: objects which the butcher brings me in his tray: which the cook dresses and puts down before me, and over which I say grace! My daily life is surrounded with objects which ought to interest me. The pudding I eat (or refuse, that is neither here nor there, and, between ourselves, what I have said

about batter pudding may be taken *cum grano*—we are not come to *that* yet, except for the sake of argument or illustration)—the pudding, I say, on my plate, the eggs that made it, the fire that cooked it, the table-cloth on which it is laid, and so forth—are each and all of these objects a knowledge of which I may acquire—a knowledge of the cost and production of which I might advantageously learn? To the man who *does* know these things, I say the interest of life is prodigiously increased. The milkman becomes a study to him; the baker a being he curiously and tenderly examines. Go, Lewes, and clap a hideous sea-anemone into a glass: I will put a cabman under mine, and make a vivisection of a butcher. O Lares, Penates, and gentle household gods, teach me to sympathize with all that comes within my doors! Give me an interest in the butcher's book. Let me look forward to the ensuing number of the grocer's account with eagerness. It seems ungrateful to my kitchen-chimney not to know the cost of sweeping it; and I trust that many a man who reads this, and muses on it, will feel, like the writer, ashamed of himself, and hang down his head humbly.

Now, if to this household game you could add a little money interest, the amusement would be increased far beyond the mere money value, as a game at cards for sixpence is better than a rubber for nothing. If you can interest yourself about sixpence, all life is invested with a new excitement. From sunrise to sleeping you can always be playing that game—with butcher, baker, coal-merchant, cabman, omnibus man—nay, diamond-merchant and stockbroker. You can bargain for a guinea over the price of a diamond necklace, or for a sixteenth per cent. in a transaction at the Stock Exchange. We all know men who have this faculty who are not ungenerous with their money. They give it on great occasions. They are more able to help than you and I who spend ours, and say to poor Prodigal who comes to us out at elbow, "My dear fellow, I should have been delighted: but I have already anticipated my quarter, and am going to ask Screwby if he can do anything for me."

In this delightful, wholesome, ever-novel twopenny game, there is a danger of excess, as there is in every other pastime or occupation of life. If you grow too eager for your twopenny, the acquisition or the loss of it may affect your peace of mind, and peace of mind is better than any amount of twopennies. My friend, the old clothes' man, whose agonies over the hat have led to this rambling disquisition, has, I very much fear, by a too eager pursuit of small profits, disturbed the equanimity of a mind that ought to be easy and happy. "Had I stood out," he thinks, "I might have had the hat for threepence," and he doubts whether, having given fourpence for it, he will ever get back his money. My good Shadrach, if you go through life passionately deploring the irrevocable, and allow yesterday's transactions to embitter the cheerfulness of to-day and to-morrow—as lieve walk down to the Seine, souse in, hats, body, clothes-bag and all, and put an end to your sorrow and sordid cares. Before and since Mr. Franklin wrote his pretty apologue of the Whistle

have we not all made bargains of which we repented, and coveted and acquired objects for which we have paid too dearly? Who has not purchased his hat in some market or other? There is General M'Clellan's cocked hat for example: I daresay he was eager enough to wear it, and he has learned that it is by no means cheerful wear. There were the military beavers of Messieurs of Orleans: they wore them gallantly in the face of battle; but I suspect they were glad enough to pitch them into the James River and come home in mufti. Ah, *mes amis!* à chacun son schakot! I was looking at a bishop the other day, and thinking, "My right reverend lord, that broad-brim and rosette must bind your great broad forehead very tightly, and give you many a headache. A good easy wide-awake were better for you, and I would like to see that honest face with a cutty pipe in the middle of it." There is my Lord Mayor. My once dear lord, my kind friend, when your two years' reign was over, did not you jump for joy and fling your chapeau-bras out of window: and hasn't *that* hat cost you a pretty bit of money? There, in a splendid travelling chariot, in the sweetest bonnet, all trimmed with orange-blossoms and Chantilly lace, sits my Lady Rosa, with old Lord Snowden by her side. Ah, Rosa! what a price have you paid for that hat which you wear; and is your ladyship's coronet not purchased too dear? Enough of hats. Sir, or Madam, I take off mine, and salute you with profound respect.

Kinglake's Crimean War.*

THE series of transactions, political and military, which terminated in the destruction of Sebastopol, and the "rectification" of the Russian frontier on the Pruth, deserve a special and elaborate history. The events were of a heroic cast. A great variety of characters came into play. The scene was novel and distant. The issues were momentous. Moreover, then occurred the first serious rupture of that stately European peace which had been secured at Waterloo, and cemented in a rough fashion at Vienna. Nor is this all. A new portent appeared in Europe. The French Empire had been revived; the energies, the resources, the passions of France were again in the hands of one man; and that man bore the name of Bonaparte. As if to mark the new era begun in 1850, England and France, old enemies, and recent adversaries on the ever-recurring Eastern Question, appeared side by side as allies in the council chamber, and in the field of armed action. The enemy against whom they contended, too, was a power which had been the friend of one, and the conquering foe of the other. This rupture of a long peace, this opening of the flood-gates of pent-up ambition, this bloody drama, destined to lead a procession of great changes, some of which have occurred, others of which are still growing up in the passing hours, deserved to be recorded by a faithful and an able historian.

For some years it has been known that Mr. Kinglake was engaged in the task of writing the history of the Crimean War. As the brilliant author of *Eöthen*, he had raised high expectations, and had not fulfilled them. Whether it arose from a dreamy indolence, or from a fastidiousness of mind, Mr. Kinglake produced no second work. He had travelled in the East, he had followed campaigns in Algeria; he loved a military life. The outbreak of an Eastern war attracted him naturally to the fields of Bulgaria and the Crimea, and when Lord Raglan died, and the war came to an end, he says correctly that men looked to him for a narrative of the conflict and began to supply him with information. Then Lady Raglan intrusted to him the papers of her noble husband, and it was known that he had fairly engaged in his task. From that time to this the outcome of his labours has been looked for eagerly, all the more eagerly because the first volumes were repeatedly announced, yet continuously held back. The mystery is now solved. In the preface to the volumes before us, we learn that ever-accumulating stores of material, most freely supplied, led to continuous revision; so that the publication was delayed year after

* *The Invasion of the Crimea; its Origin and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan.* By A. W. Kinglake. Blackwood and Co. Vols. I. and II.

year. For our parts we do not regret this. In the midst of the rolling flood of hasty writing it is a relief to repose now and again upon a real book, unfolding in all its massive breadth and radiant minuteness the history of some momentous passage in the Life of Nations. For this task Mr. Kinglake had an abounding mass of material, gathered from all quarters, of which the invaluable papers of Lord Raglan formed the nucleus. The result is a work of almost contemporary history, which will be widely read, and which will deserve to live.

Mr. Kinglake has spread a large canvas, but he has filled it well. A thousand pages only carry us to the crest of the hardly-won heights of the Alma. But from his pen no one could expect a dry summary of diplomatic disputes, a mere picture of military and naval actions. He begins at the beginning; he lays broad and deep foundations; he goes backward to the advent of Louis Napoleon, and traces its effect upon the fortunes of Europe; he describes with unflagging energy the progress of the great quarrel, and breathes life into the hard political facts which led up to the appeal to arms. The origin, the varied changes, the portentous growth of this phase of the Eastern question, are set forth with transparent clearness and vivid force. We are carried bodily backwards twelve years, and live again through the events which moved us then, and which have a treble significance now, because the veil has been lifted which then hid many things; because fuller knowledge ripens judgment, and because subsequent events have given weight and import to facts which were not perceived by, or did not tell upon, the mass of men. We assist at the birth of the Anglo-French alliance. We see how ably astuteness dealt with the gifts of fortune. We learn how there came to be a breach in the European concert, and witness the first cautious movements which have led to such mighty issues. It was in the transactions preceding and springing out of this Crimean war that the foundations of the Emperor Napoleon's power were laid. He made one opportunity, and afterwards they were never wanting. He sent M. de Lavalette to extort from the Porte the fulfilment of the terms of a treaty made above a hundred years before. The Porte yielded, and the flood-gates were opened. When M. de Lavalette demanded violently that the Latin monks at Jerusalem should have a key of the great door of the Church of Bethlehem, and that a silver star, with the arms of France, should be fixed on the wall of the sanctuary of the Nativity, the world only saw in the proceeding a quarrel between rival churches. They did not foresee a big war. The French Emperor desired to display his power in the eyes of his own people and of Europe; perhaps he desired to humiliate the proud potentate who called him "good friend," but would not style him "brother." It is certain that he knew what would please the French nation and make them forget his peculiar method of acquiring absolute power. And so within a month of the *coup d'état* he became the champion of the Latin Church, and thus loosed in the East the waters of strife. For Russia took fire at the insult to her church, and between the two the Turk, who had no interest in the question at issue,

and who only desired peace, was driven violently from one side to the other, and in attempting to please two masters offended both. Austria, by a fatal but well-intended intervention, increased the strife, and the Emperor Nicholas, who had long brooded over the future of Turkey, who had tempted England in vain, who had misread her temper, who had contemned France, but who thought he saw his time, sent the violent Menschikoff to the Porte with imperious demands. By degrees, and in the skilful hands of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, this question of the Holy Places was settled. But Nicholas was bent on a quarrel or inordinate concessions, and France was bent on fanning his wrath and frustrating his designs. The Czar was maddened, also, by the permanent ascendancy of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe at Constantinople, and, continually foiled in Stamboul, he went on from one act of violence to another, until his troops were in the Principalities, and the fleets of England and France were in the Bosphorus. "The strife of churches was no fable," writes Mr. Kinglake, "but after all, though near and distinct, it was only the lesser truth. A crowd of monks with bare foreheads stood quarrelling for a key at the sunny gates of a church in Palestine, but beyond and above, towering high in the misty North, men saw the ambition of the Czars."

Mr. Kinglake has imparted the highest kind of historic interest to his narration of this opening civil struggle. There is something heroic in the strife which he records between the Czar, through his chosen envoy, Prince Menschikoff, and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. The British Ambassador had acquired that dominion over the Turks for which the Czar thirsted. Lord Stratford had been absent for two years. Just as he hoped to force concessions from the Porte, "Nicholas was obliged to hear that his eternal foe, travelling by the ominous route of Paris and Vienna, was returning to his embassy at the Porte." He arrived on the 5th of April, 1853. "Long before noon the voyage and the turmoil of the reception were over, and except that a frigate under the English flag lay at anchor in the Golden Horn, there was no seeming change in the outward world. Yet all was changed. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe had entered once more the palace of the English Embassy. The event spread a sense of safety, but also a sense of awe. It seemed to bring with it confusion to the enemies of Turkey, but austere reproof for past errors at home, and punishment where punishment was due, and an enforcement of hard toils and painful sacrifices of many kinds, and a long farewell to repose. It was the angry return of a King whose realm had been suffered to fall into danger." In another place Mr. Kinglake says: "It was hard [for the Turks] to resist the imperious ambassador to his face. If what he directed was inconsistent with the nature of things, then possibly the nature of things would be changed by the decree of Heaven, for there was no hope that the great Eltchi would relax his will . . . Yet if the ambassador was unrelenting and even harsh in the exercise of his dominion over the Turks, he was faithful to guard them against enemies from abroad. He chastened them himself, but he was dangerous to any

other man who came seeking to hurt his children." And so the Emperor Nicholas found to his cost. For Lord Stratford did more than any other to save the Porte in the agonizing hours of 1853. The conflict between his will and that of the Czar, whose character is most ably drawn, creates an interest which never fails. It is the art of giving real dramatic force to the personal encounters, the contest of mind with mind, the art of bringing the men before us by the use of measured, and strong because measured, language, which gives so distinctive a character to this remarkable history. In its pages there are not the masks, but the living presence of four leading men—Nicholas, Napoleon, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, and Lord Palmerston. As the story grows, other figures glide in, and play their parts: Lord Aberdeen and Mr. Gladstone, Lord Raglan and Marshal St. Arnaud, Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright; but the springs of this history, so far as it is evolved in these two volumes, are the four we have mentioned. Lord Palmerston, indeed, flits by in a shadowy form, like a powerful yet unseen agent. We feel his presence by its effects on the game. But Lord Stratford and the two Emperors stand out boldly from the canvas, instinct with life. Mr. Kinglake seems to write of them as if they were all in the tomb with Lord Aberdeen and the Czar. He shows their strength, but he shows with merciless force their weakness. His portraiture of the Emperor Napoleon has been called an instance of vivisection; and not inaptly. Nothing of late days has been written more terrible than Mr. Kinglake's account of Louis Napoleon, and the mode whereby he became an Emperor. For, in order to account for the war in the East, Mr. Kinglake very properly goes back to the origin of that power which has so effectively disturbed Europe, and put the nations to so great a cost for armed men and armaments. He takes up and dissects the life and character of the Emperor in a manner which will rouse vehement criticism, and call forth vehement admiration; and some will say angrily that this cool flaying of the character of a living man has nothing to do with the war in the Crimea, and others will say that if it had not, still there is reason to be thankful that so complete and fine a piece of writing as this episode of the *coup d'état* has been given to the world. It is not, however, out of place; for the rupture of the peace and the two years of war did spring from this same imperial revolution. Louis Napoleon has won fame and glory. Incessant in rich clouds has rolled up before his throne. He has received, and been received by, nearly all the Sovereigns of Europe, as he has just reminded Europe in a royal speech. He has seen a Congress in his capital, he has commanded armies in the field, he has dictated peace to an Emperor. It is morally wholesome that this splendid veil should be torn aside, in order that we may see this stupendous and showy power in its origin. The skulls of the *coup d'état* should be presented at the gorgeous imperial feast. This is what Mr. Kinglake has done.

We may string together a few sentences from the cool and relentless analysis of the character of Louis Napoleon. First of all, Mr. Kinglake

admits his ability; admits that in England he made friends; that he was friendly, social, and good-humoured; that he rode fairly to hounds: but he says of him, that he passed his youth and prime "in contriving how to apply stratagem to the science of jurisprudence;" that the exigencies of his inheritance "made him highly skilled—not merely in contriving ambiguous phrases, but ambiguous schemes of action;" and that "he could maintain friendly relations with a man, and speak frankly and truthfully to him for seven years, and then suddenly deceive him. . . . His doubting and undecided nature was a help to concealment: for men got so wearied by following the oscillations of his mind, that their suspicions in time went to rest; and then, perhaps, when he saw that they were quite tired of predicting that he would do a thing, he gently stole out and did it." He had the boldness produced by reflection, but his boldness fell short in emergencies involving instant physical danger. "In short, he was a thoughtful literary man, deliberately tasking himself to venture into a desperate path, and going great lengths in that direction; but liable to find himself balked in the moment of trial by a sudden and chilling return to good sense." Yet "he was impelled to be contriving scenic effects and surprises in which he himself was always to be the hero." Mr. Kinglake describes him at Strasbourg in this terrible style. When he went with his staff to the barracks of the 46th Regiment, "the men, taken entirely by surprise, were told that the person now introduced to them was their Emperor. What they saw was a young man with the bearing and countenance of a weaver; a weaver oppressed by long hours of monotonous indoor work, which makes the body stoop and keeps the eyes downcast; but all the while, and yet it was broad daylight, this young man, from hat to foot, was standing dressed up in the historic costume of the man of Austerlitz and Marengo." Then came Colonel Tallandier into the barrack-yard—"fierce, angry, and scornful;" he "went straight up to the spot where the proposed Emperor and his 'Imperial' staff were standing." This was exactly what might have been expected, but it came upon the Prince with a crushing power. "To him, a literary man, standing in a barrack-yard, in the dress of a great conqueror, an angry colonel, with authentic warrant to command, was something real, and therefore, it seems, something dreadful. In a moment Prince Louis succumbed to him." "The sources of his boldness were his vanity and his theatric bent . . . the moment he encountered the shock of the real world, he stopped dead; and becoming suddenly quiet, harmless, and obedient, surrendered himself, as he always has done, to the first man who touched him." Having drawn the character of Louis Napoleon in this style, Mr. Kinglake does not spare his followers, the agents of the *coup d'état*, whom he describes with scornful coolness—"persons of the quality of Fleury, Morny, Maupas, Persigny, and St. Arnaud, formerly Le Roy," "the brethren of the Elysée," one of whom, not apparently Napoleon, but another, Fleury had to threaten with a loaded pistol if he refused to go on with the plot. But, enough of this. The horrors of the

coup d'état are not yet forgotten in England, and mayhap not in France. Those who want to brand them into their memories can do so by reading Mr. Kinglake's straightforward, cool, and deeply impressive narrative.

Quitting this dramatic and tragic episode, Mr. Kinglake proceeds to show how England was seduced into a special alliance with its hero, who saw at once what security it gave him, and how, through varying phases, the protracted negotiations kept edging closer and closer to the precipice of war; how war came upon us unprepared yet eager for it, and how then we found out what an onerous burden this alliance was to bear. It required all Lord Raglan's tact and exquisite management to prevent the bond from splitting asunder, and it required all his firmness and personal ascendancy to prevent the French from covering us and themselves with ridicule. Time, and space more than time, does not permit us to linger over these interesting pages, nor to extract many a skilful portrait or powerful passage. But before we glance at the Crimean campaign, we feel bound to insert the following wonderful story. The Duke of Newcastle, when Russia, beaten by Omer Pasha and constrained by Austria, retreated from the Danubian Principalities, felt with the British nation that the war should be carried into the Crimea, and that Sebastopol, "the standing menace," should be destroyed. It fell to his lot to draw up the despatch requiring Lord Raglan to do this. He drew it up, leaving to the general the barest possible amount of discretion, and he carried this important document to a meeting of the Cabinet at Pembroke Lodge, Lord Russell's seat at Richmond. "It was evening," writes Mr. Kinglake, and vouches for his story; "a summer evening, and all the members of the Cabinet were present when the duke took out the draught of his proposed despatch and began to read it. Then there occurred an incident, very trifling in itself, but yet so momentous in its consequences that, if it had happened in old times, it would have been attributed to the direct intervention of the immortal gods." It was this: "Before the reading of the paper had long continued, all the members of the Cabinet except a small minority were overcome with sleep." Twice he tried to rouse them; they dozed, or fell into an assenting frame of mind. The despatch was approved. And so, it is possible, that because the members of a full Cabinet dozed or snored over a despatch, Lord Raglan was constrained to invade the Crimea! Constrained, for he undertook it against his judgment; and this the Cabinet well knew, for the Duke of Newcastle wrote to Lord Raglan, "I cannot help seeing, through the calm and noble tone of your announcement of the decision to attack Sebastopol, that it has been taken in order to meet the views and desires of the Government [the sleeping beauties of Pembroke Lodge!] and not in entire accordance with your own opinions."

The military narrative in this work occupies the last half of the second volume. More than two hundred pages are devoted to the battle of the Alma. In his anxiety to give a clear and indisputable account of this action, Mr. Kinglake has been painfully and laboriously minute, and has marred the general effect by over-elaboration. It really requires very

earnest attention and familiarity with such affairs to understand it readily as he tells it. But, embedded in the story, there are some perfect battle pictures, and one who can reconstruct the whole in his imagination will find that he has a new and distinct conception of this first battle between the great Powers since 1815.

The battle of the Alma was, in many respects, a remarkable engagement; remarkable for the blunders and mischances on both sides, as well as for the tactics of the adverse armies, and their brilliant valour. To begin with: Prince Menschikoff was no soldier. Had he been one, having a mass of 3,000 cavalry, he would have harassed the Allies on the march, and he would have sought to defend the road to Sebastopol by taking up a position, not across it, but on its inner flank. But, seduced by the strength of the hills, and ignorant of the potency of "the English array," as Mr. Kinglake rightly calls our "line," he resolved to give battle on the hills south of the Alma. Here he stood with 39,000 men and 86 guns. On his left were steep cliffs rising sheer above the river, but broken by roads. These he deemed protection enough; and so sure was he that he did not survey the rough roads, or seek to defend them. Two-thirds of his force he posted on the right and centre, and here he had two batteries of heavy guns covered by entrenchments, and a fine-looking force of horsemen. On his left he had one-third of his men. His front was covered by the river and its fringe of vineyards. The error of Menschikoff was in taking a position and fighting a battle which the result showed he could not conduct. Next, the Allies came up from the Boulganak without any plan. Marshal St. Arnaud, indeed, proposed that both flanks should be turned, but the mere sight of the ground upset this scheme. The plan adopted arose out of the exigencies of the moment. The French, 30,000 strong, were to turn the Russian left, and when this movement took effect, the English were to storm the hill before them. Fortune decreed that it should be otherwise. The French duly crossed the river at its mouth, and a little above it; but when they had reached the heights, they formed two isolated bodies without guns, while a third body having got up a steep track, lay perdu there, blocking up the way. Yet Menschikoff was alarmed, and he carried a large body from his reserve to that side, and formed an immense column, the mere sight of which induced the French to keep still more below the crest. There was no diversion on that side beyond this, that Prince Menschikoff was there nearly all the afternoon.

In the meantime, pressed by the French to attack, Lord Raglan gave the order. His troops were in two lines, with a reserve, and cavalry on the flank. The men had been lying down under fire, and the order to attack was a relief. But the Light Division, with a near-sighted leader, and two near-sighted brigadiers, did not take sufficient ground to the left, and consequently interfered with the Second Division on its right. Hence arose derangement at once. Then, without skirmishers and without much order, they forded the river, and huddled under the opposite bank. When

carried on to the open to storm the height, they did so in a mere mob, regiments of one brigade mingled with those of another. Nevertheless, the mob of red-coats did contrive to force a Russian column to retreat, and did carry the Russian entrenchment. They had been enabled to do this by one of the luckiest of accidents. Lord Raglan had ridden through an opening in the Russian line right into the heart of their position. He had gained a knoll, and he got up two guns which flanked their batteries. The fire of guns from that point within their lines astounded the Russians, and drove their batteries away. Then it was that the soldiers rushed at the entrenchment, led by General Codrington, and captured it with two guns. On their right, Colonel Yea, with the 7th alone, had stoutly fought a Russian column and held it at bay, until the withdrawal of the batteries on the road enabled General Evans to come into line. The supports of the Light Division, the Guards, and Highlanders, were not at hand; yet the Light Infantry held their place under a heavy fire, until, a bugle sounding, nobody knows why, they ran headlong down the hill, carrying with them the centre of the now advancing Guards. This was a trying moment, and Mr. Kinglake has described it well. The Grenadiers and Coldstreams, separated by the interval where the Scots Fusiliers should have been, still advanced, two deep, and two deep they encountered and fought heavy Russian columns, showing impressively the superiority of the line. On their left came forward in *échelon* the Highland regiments, and by the time the Guards had reached the entrenchment, the Highlanders had successively fallen on the flanks of three columns, two of which were hastening to succour their comrades, so roughly smitten by the steady fire of the Guards. During this time, Lord Raglan had got a brigade on his commanding knoll, and General Evans had made progress on the great road. In fact, the battle was won. For the Russian general on the left, finding shot falling into his big column from Bosquet's guns, then up—shot which he thought came from the sea—edged away to the east, and finally seeing the defeat of the Russian right, he retired altogether, without, as our author alleges, coming to blows at all with the French. This is most singular; but so the fact seems to be. All the afternoon the French had clung to the slopes of the cliff in isolated bodies, doing nothing. During the fight they only lost three officers. Wherefore the British infantry, in fair combat, on an open hill-side, against an equal number of Russian infantry, but having fewer guns, won this battle. It is remarkable that on neither side did the cavalry engage. No captain could have conducted a battle worse than Prince Menschikoff. And now for another fact. There should have been swift pursuit. The French marshal, who had fresh troops in abundance, would not send one. This was the beginning of our disasters in the Crimea.

With the night settling down upon the Russians in ruinous disaster, and the Allies only half-satisfied, Mr. Kinglake's book comes to an end for the present.

Notes on Science.

On the Size of the Brain in Men and Women.—Aristotle asserted that man has a larger brain than woman; and although there have not been wanting investigators of some authority to oppose this assertion, it is now generally accepted. Dr. Sappey, who has reinvestigated the point on a new method of measurement,* informs us that the majority of anatomists leave the question undecided; but if this be true of France, it is assuredly not true of Germany and England, where the authorities are tolerably unanimous as to the marked superiority of man's brain. Dr. Sappey's measurements are welcome, although they add nothing new to the results already published by Tiedemann, Reid, Sims, Clendinning, and Wagner.

The fact is indisputable, that, taking the average, say of a hundred brains, the man has five or six ounces more brain than the woman. Some women will, of course, be found to have much larger brains than some men; but whenever the comparison embraces a sufficient number to yield a fair average, the superiority is invariably on the side of the man. And it is worthy of special remark that it is in the Cerebrum, or brain proper, that this difference is chiefly found; in the Cerebellum, and Medulla Oblongata, the differences are very trifling. Now, when we reflect that the Cerebrum is generally supposed to be the *exclusive* organ of the intellectual, volitional, and emotive faculties, and that it forms about nine-tenths of the whole mass usually designated as "the brain," or more correctly as "the encephalon," this marked superiority in the male Cerebrum seems to lend scientific authority to the general verdict respecting the intellectual inferiority of woman.

The reader may, perhaps, think that the authority of science is wholly superfluous in a matter so patent to common sense. But we would beg him to consider that by many this general verdict as to woman's inferiority is stoutly denied, and by many more is attributed to education, not to organic differences. Let women have the same advantages as men, it is said, and they will exhibit their intellectual equality. Of course there could be no sustaining such an argument if it were demonstrated that women *were* organically inferior to men. And on a superficial view such does seem to be the case, according to the measurements of the brain. Such a conclusion may, perhaps, be impugned by the fact that the differences of *sex* are very much less than the *individual* differences; in other words, that women differ less from men, than individual men differ among each other. The exact figures arrived at by Dr. Sappey show that

* *Mémoires de la Société de Biologie.* III. 109. Paris, 1862.

between the heaviest and the lightest female brains there is a difference of 288 *grammes*; whereas between the heaviest and lightest male brains there is a difference of 448 *grammes*. Here we see why the average male brain preponderates; it is because the range of individual difference is wider—there is a higher reach in some male developments; and this would account for individual superiority in men, leaving the general standard pretty equal.

But let us suppose that the current opinion respecting woman's inferiority wishes to claim the authority of science, can such authority be found in the fact that her brain is five ounces less? To answer this we must first settle whether the two facts are related as cause and consequent. Is it a necessary consequence of this lighter brain, that woman must have an inferior intellect? The majority of physiologists would unhesitatingly answer yes; but if they were closely pressed they would, perhaps, find that such an answer involved very considerable assumptions. In the first place we have no valid reason to offer why the volume, or weight, of the brain should *in itself* determine the absolute energy of intellect. It is a fact that no powerful intellect has ever yet been found accompanying a very small brain; it is a fact that very small brains accompany idiocy. But it is not a fact that the largest and heaviest brains belong to the greatest and most energetic souls; it is not true that cerebral activity is dependent solely upon size or weight; and it is absolutely false to say that size, or weight, is *in itself* the index of mental calibre. There are many other things besides size to be taken into account; as is obvious in the fact that the brain of an elephant is three times the size of man's brain. Nor is such a fact explained by saying that the elephant's body is more than three times the size of man's body; since if we estimate the brain *relatively* to the body, and not *absolutely* in itself, we find the smaller monkeys, rodents, and some birds, have much larger brains than man. Moreover, if we are to take the size of the body into account, then the obvious inferiority in woman's stature will help to restore the unequal balance in the compared brains. If her cerebrum is smaller than man's, so are her heart, her lungs, her liver, her muscular system. She is a smaller animal, and has a smaller brain.

Nor is this all. Cerebral activity will depend upon the cerebral structure, and the cerebral circulation. Two brains equal in size will differ greatly in structure; that is to say, they will differ in the *proportions* of their fat, water, salts, &c., and in the *arrangement* of their tissues (including the distribution of their masses, or what phrenologists call the localization of faculties); just as two brothers will differ greatly in constitution, though they may agree in height and weight. Moreover, there are important differences in the *vascular irrigation* of the brain, dependent on the size of the vessels, the energy of the circulation, and the nature of the blood distributed. Thus it is that there are marked individualities in character, where the differences in size are not so marked.

Further with respect to women, not only are they smaller animals

with smaller brains, but they are in important respects differently constructed, and the effects of these differences acting on the cerebral activity would have to be carefully estimated before we could draw a conclusion from size alone. Thus while the fact of woman's intellectual inferiority, —if it be a fact—would find a *parallel* in the inferiority of her brain, we should still have to prove these two things to be *causally related*. There may be a strict correlation between them; all we assert is that up to this time there has not been the vestige of a proof discovered. The functions of the Cerebrum are still too obscure, and the relations of these functions to size, or weight, are too undefined for any clear and steady conclusion to be drawn. The fact that woman's brain is five ounces less than man's is certain; the fact is interesting, and must have its importance; but as to its bearing on the psychological question, at present that is sheer guess-work. Much of the difficulty of this psychological question lies in the extreme vagueness of the terms in which it is stated. Let us grant that in the purely intellectual activities woman is, as history seems to prove her to be, on the *average* inferior to man, though often individually superior; this would not be elucidated by the inferiority in the size of her Cerebrum, unless the Cerebrum were proved to be the organ of the intellect *only*; and as it is obviously quite as much the organ of the affections, emotions, and volitions, these must be taken into account. The general verdict declares that woman surpasses man in the energy of her affections and emotions; and if this be true, it would require a proportional superiority in the size of her Cerebrum—if *size* is the determining condition. If it be not true, and if man has an equal expenditure of cerebral force in the direction of the emotions, must we say that he has five ounces more intelligence than woman? Before such questions can be answered we must know a great deal more than is now suspected in reference to the distributions of the cerebral force in the production of the intellectual and emotive activities. It is clear that the mere estimate of size is too general for any particular conclusion.

On the Nutrition of Plants.—One of the vexed questions in vegetal nutrition has long turned upon the source from which plants derive their nitrogen. As this gas is so abundant in atmospheric air, the early speculators naturally assumed that plants derived their nitrogen from the air, by the simple process of direct absorption. This was, however, subsequently shown to be eminently improbable, and the very chemists who propounded the hypothesis retracted it. The denial has for many years been stereotyped in text-books; and M. Dumas felt some hesitation in bringing forward the recent discovery of a young chemist, M. Jobin, which proves that the *Conservē*—if no other plants—really *are* capable of the direct absorption of nitrogen, instead of receiving it by a decomposition of nitrates. His experiments consist in placing *Conservē* where they can receive no nitrogen except that which is in the air, the rest of their food being furnished from simple carbonates, such as sugar, glycerine, &c. Under such conditions they grow and develop perfectly; and as

growth is impossible without a supply of nitrogen, the conclusion is irresistible. Moreover, M. Jobin finds that at the moment of the absorption of the nitrogen by the plant, the hydrogen, thus released, combines with the nascent oxygen given off by the plant, and thus forms water.

Frozen Well in Vermont, United States.—It is well known that in various parts of the world, where the mean temperature of the air is much superior to that of freezing water, under certain peculiar circumstances of local influence ice is found at all times of the year, in situations apparently such as would preclude the possibility of such a degree of cold in any season. Thus, to name a few instances, in the open quarries of Niedermening, near the lake of Laach on the Rhine, ice is very commonly found in the summer time—so also in caverns and even in retired recesses open to the air in the neighbourhood of Pont Gibaud, near Clermont, in France—on the Peak of Teneriffe, in the celebrated Ice Cavern, far below the limit of perpetual snow; and on Etna, under a bed of scorïe and ashes! In all these cases the soil is volcanic, either scorïa, or porous lava, or comminuted ashes. Again, in the caverns of Illetzkaya Zatchita, near Orenburg, in Russia (lat. $51^{\circ} 46'$), ice is found in the summer, while the external temperature is sometimes as high as 120° Fahr., but not in the winter, although the cold without is then excessive, the climate of Orenburg being what, in the language of physical geographers, would be termed an extreme one. In this case the soil is gypsum, much fissured, and the phenomenon is probably explicable by the slowness of transmission of the alternate heat and cold waves of summer and winter from the surface downwards.

The case we have now to notice is clearly, however, not explicable on any principle of that kind. It is that of a well sunk in 1858, on the estate of one Abraham Trombley, at Brandon, in the State of Vermont, United States (and therefore in a latitude not far from 46° N.), traversed by the isotherm of 41° Fahr., and where in ordinary wells of considerable depth the water is found of a temperature of 45° . Its depth is between 35 and 36 feet. In digging it the workmen, after penetrating 20 feet of unfrozen soil, came upon a stratum of frozen gravel, consisting of large and small pebbles embedded in mud, and containing lumps of ice as large as 12-lb. cannon balls, 15 feet in thickness, and resting on a bed of sand; on striking on which they immediately obtained water, which rose to the height of two feet in the well so cut through the gravel, and which has since yielded an unfailing supply, standing nearly at the same depth at all seasons. The well is regularly walled with stone, and the wall, to the height of five feet above the water, is always incrustated with a thick coat of solid ice. The water itself freezes superficially in the winter, but in the summer is always liquid.

The frozen stratum is very limited in area, and is confined to a bed of gravel or drift pebbles, which out-crops on the road-side at a distance of 450 feet from the well. It consists of water-worn boulders and smooth pebbles of quartz, sienite, and blue limestone, forming a hill about 45 feet

above the level of the mouth of the well. All around this hill the rocks are blue-gray compact limestone, probably of silurian age, but destitute of fossils. The drift boulders come from the north, and the surface of the limestone ledges is much worn by drift action. Springs and wells in the immediate neighbourhood are of the normal temperature, or rather somewhat higher than we should expect from the general course of the isotherm, inasmuch as the temperature (45°) above mentioned is that of a deep well in the mica-slate about half a mile to the westward.

When visited (in the summer of 1861) by a committee of the Academy appointed to investigate the circumstances of this singular phenomenon, they ascertained, in addition to the above particulars, this very important feature, viz., that a *current of cold air* is continually rising from the bottom of the well and overflowing at its mouth. This was rendered strikingly evident by the movements of the light objects thrown in, as by the floating and constant rejection of the puffs of the dandelion (growing abundantly around), as also by the movements of smoke from smouldering moist paper, and from the indications of a thermometer, held in the orifice, which marked $43^{\circ} 5'$, the temperature of the external air being 78° Fahr.

From the above description it is evident that none of the causes usually called in aid to explain such phenomena, such as evaporation (!), &c., can have any place here. The case is that of a *stratum of permanently colder soil of very limited extent interposed between beds of much warmer material*, and the only principle which science can lay its finger on in the accounts above given connects the effect obviously with the *continuous issue of cold air*. This air must have escaped by perfiltration through the porous medium of the gravel from a state of considerably greater compression, and must have emanated from some subterranean reservoir, taking up latent heat in its expansion, according to a principle which has now for a long time been rendered available for the formation of artificial ice. The only difficulty which this explanation involves is the maintenance of a perennial supply of this expanding air. On this point the report of the committee affords no information. It is indeed conceivable that water entering under hydrostatic pressure into vast caverns in the limestone from below upwards might condense the air contained in them sufficiently, but the supply of air thus obtained could be only temporary, while, as the gravel was found frozen and continues so, we must look for a perennial one—one, too, extending over a large tract of country—for a similar instance is referred to as existing at Oswego (? Oswego on Lake Ontario, not very remote from Brandon). Nor are these, if we are rightly informed, the only instances of the kind.

s
e
of
n
r
e
a

e
r
s
g
s
n
n
n
d
r

s
,
-
%
r
e
a
y
a
e
a
s
s
l
t
-
e
,
t
o
e